

The

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

10¢

LILA
LEE

THE UNKNOWN
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
by
JIM TULLY

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

PN1993
N4

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CLARA BOW



JOAN CRAWFORD



JOAN BENNETT



LILA LEE



ANITA PAGE



JUNE COLLYER



BESSIE LOVE

QUESTION

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SAUCY SLAPS AT SCREEN CELEBS!

WHAT HAPPENS TO BROADWAY STARS IN HOLLYWOOD



The New Movie Magazine

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

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Frederick James Smith—Managing Editor

Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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Something to it — There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years.
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, 25¢.

Not one out of ten escapes this social fault

Can you be sure that you never have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? Are you certain at this very moment, that you are free of it?

The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

Fermenting food particles, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and slight infections in the mouth, nose, and throat—all produce odors. You can get rid of these odors instantly by gargling and rinsing the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morn-

ing. Every night. And between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation because it is an antiseptic. It checks infection because it is a remarkable germicide.* And it quickly overcomes odors because it is a rapid and powerful deodorant.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it always before meeting others. Then you will know that your breath cannot offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
ends halitosis

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).

10¢ size on sale at all Woolworth stores

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

NOW that Amos 'n' Andy can be looked upon as screen folk, since they have been signed by RKO for special productions, their first record comes within the scope of this department. The record comes from Victor.

On one side is "I'se Regusted," which depicts the tribulations of Andy in a shoe store when he disregards the advice of Amos. The other presents "Check and Double Check," and shows how Andy instructs Amos in gymnasium exercises. The climax comes when Amos declines to co-operate further in unloading and holding his breath. Messrs. Correll and Gosden (the real Amos 'n' Andy) are excellent in both Victor skits.

THE popular John Boles is represented by two attractive Victor records this month. On one he sings his two numbers from "The King of Jazz": "It Happened in Monterey" and "The Song of the Dawn." The Mable Wayne waltz, "It Happened in Monterey," is one of the music hits of the year, by the way, and Mr. Boles sings it delightfully. The other John Boles record offers two of his numbers from "Captain of the Guard": "For You" and "You, You All Alone."

Maurice Chevalier is present with another swell Victor record. You will love his rendition of "All I Want Is Just One," which is one of the outstanding numbers of "Paramount on Parade." The reverse side of this record carries his singing of "Sweepin' the Clouds Away," which is another of his "Paramount on Parade" hits.

COLUMBIA presents a new Buddy Rogers record. Turn to Herb Howe's comments on page 54 and you will learn more about Buddy's phonograph activities. This new Columbia record offers two of his best songs of "Safety in Numbers": "I'd Like to Be a Bee in Your Boudoir" and "My Future

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

"All I Want Is Just One"

Maurice Chevalier (Victor)

"It Happened in Monterey"

John Boles (Victor)

"A Bee in Your Boudoir"

Buddy Rogers (Columbia)

"I'se Regusted"

Amos 'n' Andy (Victor)

Just Passed." Buddy does both of these numbers excellently. You will want this record, particularly if you are a Rogers fan.

One of the best Victor records of the month offers Victor Arden, Phil Ohman and their orchestra in two attractive fox-trot numbers from "The Cuckoos": "Dancing the Devil Away" and "I Love You So Much." We recommend "Dancing the Devil Away" as a corking record number.

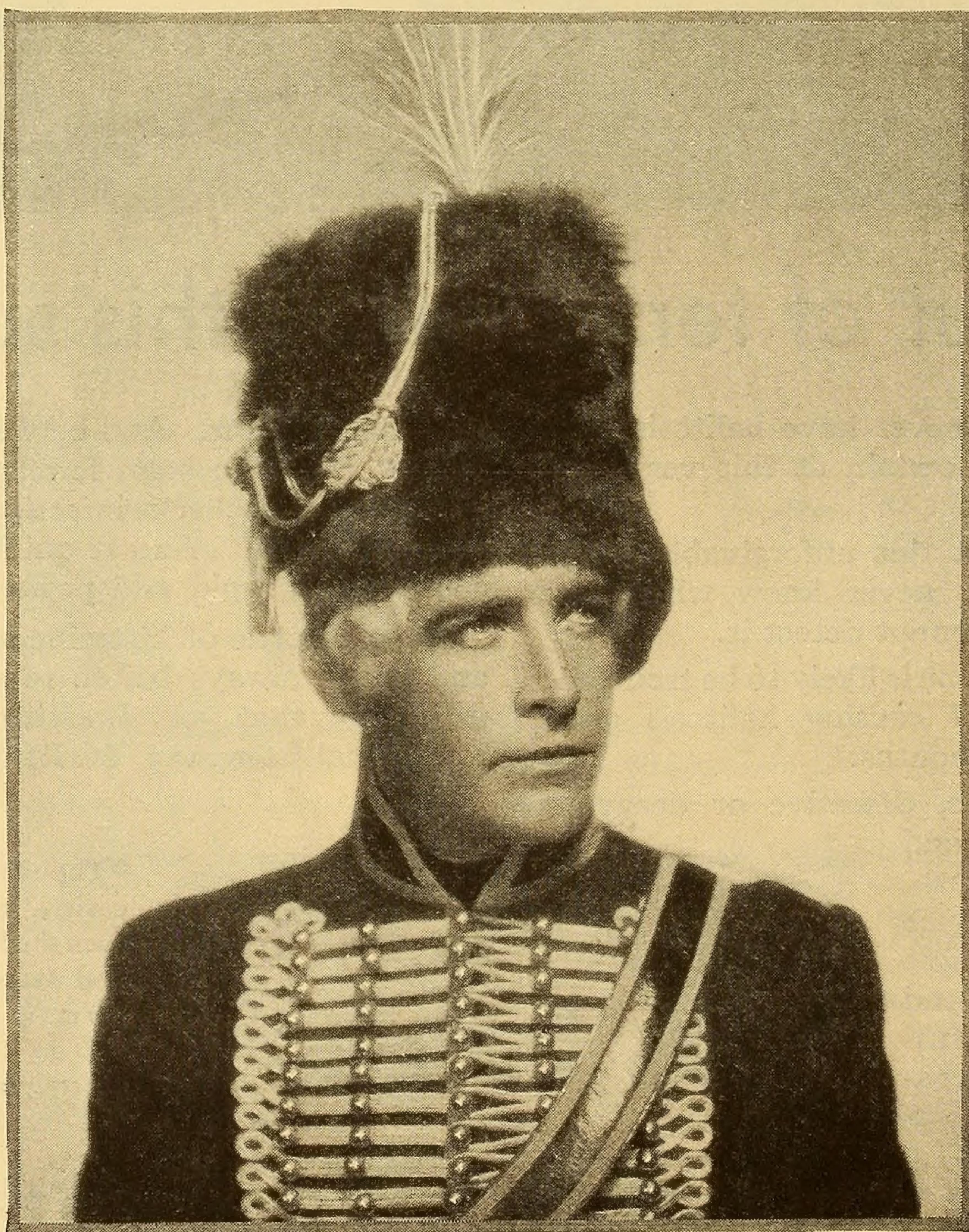
With Johnny Morris singing the vocal refrain, Paul Specht and his orchestra offer fine fox-trot renditions of two "In Gay Madrid" numbers: "Into My Heart" and "Santiago." This is a Columbia record. You will hear more of "Into My Heart" in the coming months. It's a hit.

THE "KING OF JAZZ" is getting a big play from the record makers. For Columbia, Paul Whiteman has made three "King of Jazz" records. The trio offer these song combinations: "The Song of the Dawn" and "It happened in Monterey," "Happy Feet" and "I Bench in the Park," and "Ragamuffin Romeo" and "I Like to Do Things For You." Another attractive Whiteman record offers two songs of "The Big Pond": "You Brought a New Kind of Love" and "Livin' in the Sunlight, Lovin' in the Moonlight."

For Columbia, Grace Hayes sings two "King of Jazz" numbers: "I Like to Do Things For You" and "My Lover." For Victor, George Olsen and his orchestra play "The Song of the Dawn" and "It Happened in Monterey." This, by the way, is a fine dance record.

SPEAKING of the Olsen orchestra reminds us that this band has made good dance records of "High Society Blues," "Honey" and "Montana Moon."

John Boles, who stars in "Captain of the Guard," is represented by two excellent Victor records this month. The best offers his song hit "It Happened in Monterey."





ONE WEEK LATER

I'M SO GLAD YOU GOT ME TO TRY RINSO JUST LOOK AT THESE WHITE CLOTHES!

YOU'LL FIND THEY LAST LONGER, TOO... FOR THEY AREN'T SCRUBBED THREADBARE



AND

Read what these women say about Rinso

"I don't have to scrub or boil a thing," writes Mrs. J. Egan, 38 Glendale Ave., Hartford, Conn.
 "You ought to see how sweet and clean the wash comes out!" declares a St. Louis woman—Mrs. J. A. Davids of 4971 Robert Ave.

"And how the scrubless Rinso way saves the clothes," says Mrs. J. H. Watson of 243 B St., Portland, Maine.
 "It's like magic for dishes, too," writes Mrs. E. F. Leach of 3202 K St., San Diego, Cal.

You never saw such rich active suds!

Rinso is all you need for tub or washer—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water—because it's granulated and compact.

Recommended by the makers of 38 leading washers for safety and for whiter clothes. Rinso is great for dishes—and all cleaning. Get the BIG package.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The makers of 38 leading washers recommend Rinso

for whiter washes in tub or machine

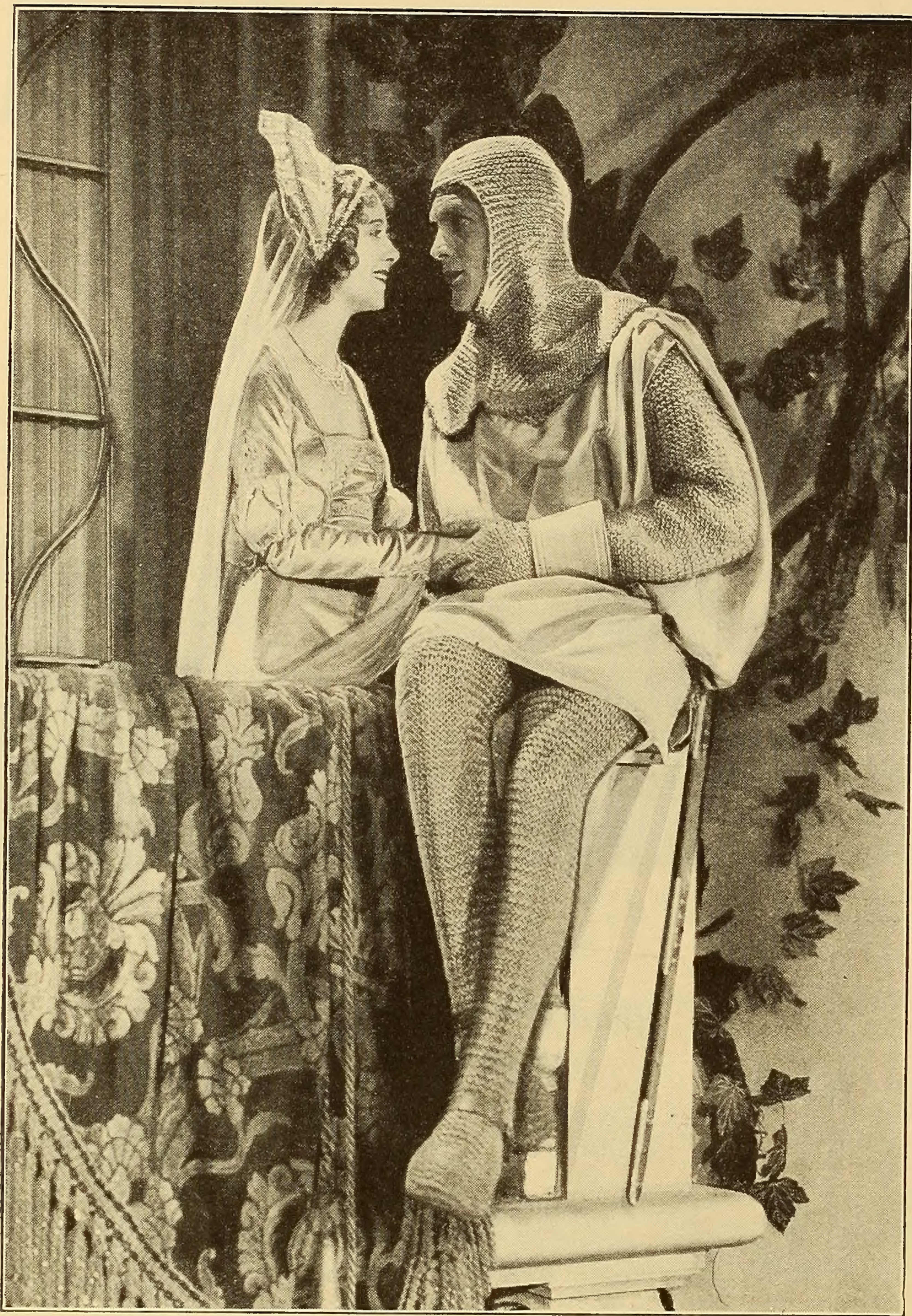


2

SIZES

most women buy the large package

for dishes, floors and all cleaning



Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell are co-starred again in "High Society Blues." Here they are in a fanciful flash-back to the days of chivalry.

Group A

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his screen debut in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded. He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

The Vagabond King. Based on "If I Were King," this is a picturesque musical set telling of François Villon's career in the days of Louis XI. Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald sing the principal rôles, but O. P. Heggie steals the film as Louis XI. *Paramount.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. 'Nough said. It's great. We mean Greta's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lummox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab and stolid heroine. A little heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. The best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Welcome Danger. Harold Lloyd's first talkie—and a wow! You must see Harold pursue the sinister power of Chinatown through the mysterious cellars of the Oriental quarter of 'Frisco. Full of laughs. *Paramount.*

They Had to See Paris. A swell comedy of an honest Oklahoma resident dragged to Paris for culture and background. Will Rogers gives a hilarious performance and Fifi Dorsay is delightful as a little

Parisienne vamp. *Fox.*

The Trespasser. A complete emotional panorama with songs, in which Gloria Swanson makes a great comeback. You must hear her sing. Gloria in a dressed-up part—and giving a fine performance. *United Artists.*

Sunny Side Up. Little Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charlie Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the widower. *Paramount.*

Hallelujah. King Vidor's splendid and sympathetic presentation of a negro story. Dialogue and musical background of negro spirituals. With an all-colored cast. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Group B

Sweethearts and Wives. A swell mystery yarn with nearly a perfect cast. Murder and a beautiful girl (otherwise Billie Dove) in lovely distress. A corking performance by Clive Brook. *First National.*

High Society Blues. A sequel to "Sunny Side Up," with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell co-starred in

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

songs and dances. Pleasant entertainment. *Fox.*

Honey. Nancy Carroll in a pleasant little sentimental comedy with songs. Lillian Roth, Harry Green and little Mitzi Green lend a lot of help. *Paramount.*

Puttin' on the Ritz. Introduces the night-club idol, Harry Richman, to moviedom. The romance of a song plugger. Mr. Richman gets swell support from Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman and James Gleason. *United Artists.*

Men Without Women. The action takes place in a submarine trapped on the floor of the China Sea. The harrowing reactions of the crew face to face with death. Grim and startling—and full of suspense. *Fox.*

Seven Days' Leave. The tender and moving story of a London charwoman in the maelstrom of the World War. Beautifully acted by Beryl Mercer as the scrub-woman and by Gary Cooper as the soldier she adopts. *Paramount.*

Son of the Gods. Notable for another fine Richard Barthelmess performance. The yarn of a young Oriental who collides with racial prejudices. Superb perform-



George Arliss gives a splendid performance in the new talkie version of "The Green Goddess", and he gets excellent aid from Alice Joyce.

ance by Constance Bennett as the girl he loves. *First National.*

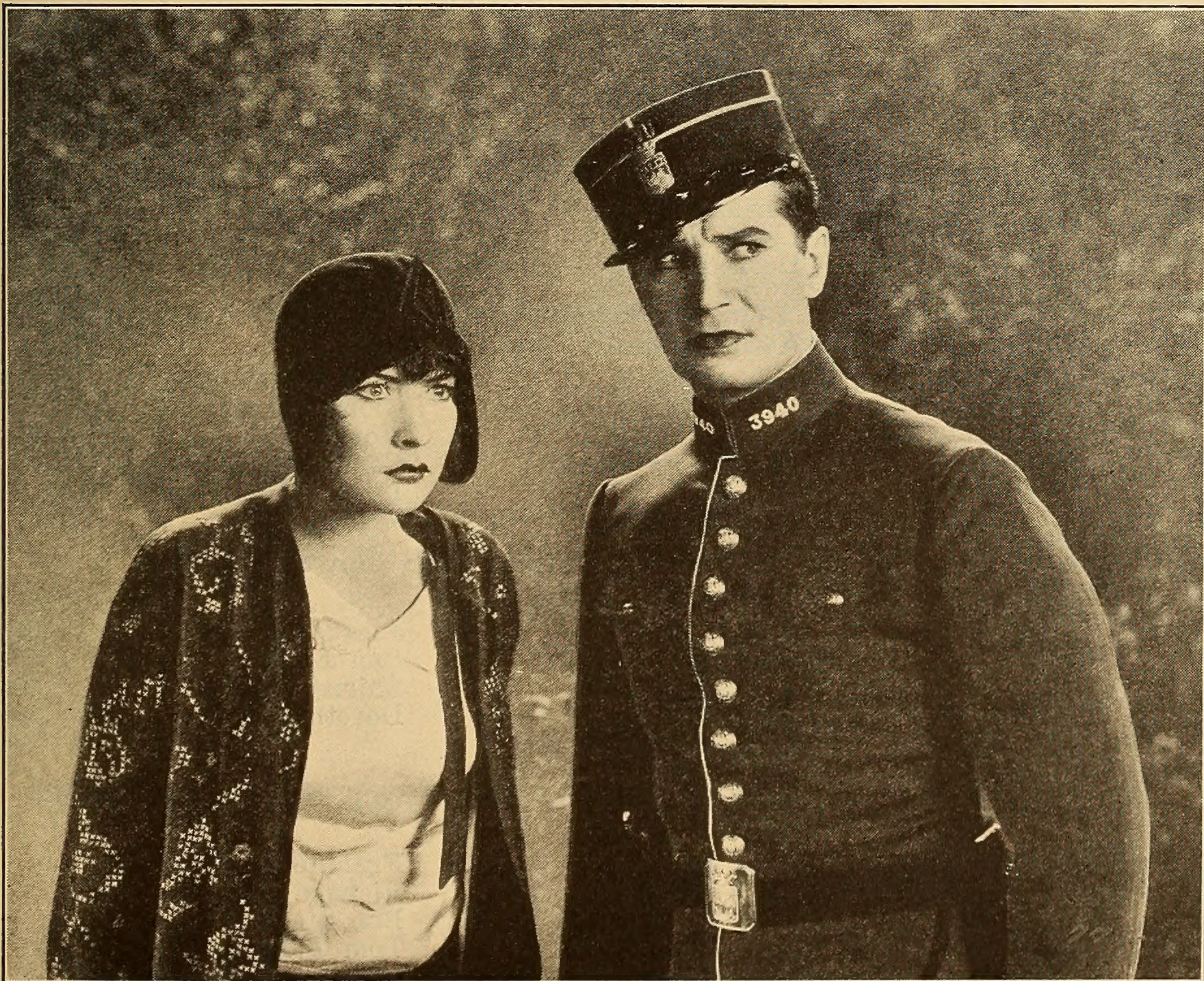
This Thing Called Love. A racy and daring study of marriage and divorce with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe giving brilliant performances. *Pathé.*

The Marriage Play-ground. Another study in divorce, based on Edith Wharton's "The Children." Sympathetic story and beautiful acting by Mary Brian. *Paramount.*

Half Way to Heaven. Buddy Rogers as a kid aerialist in love with a pretty trapeze performer, Jean Arthur. Buddy was never better. Pleasant entertainment. *Paramount.*

The Vagabond Lover. Rudy Vallee, the idol of the radio, makes his screen début as a young bandmaster trying to get along. He does well, but Marie Dressler runs away with the picture. You will find this entertaining. *Radio Pictures.*

Maurice Chevalier lifts "Paramount on Parade" from mere mediocrity to flashing moments. Here he is as a French gendarme in his song, "All I Want is One Girl."





Photograph by Preston Duncan

EDMUND LOWE



Photograph by Hurrell

LEILA HYAMS



Photograph by Hurrell

CONRAD NAGEL



JOAN CRAWFORD

Photograph by Hurrell



LON CHANEY



Photograph by Hurrell

RUTH CHATTERTON



Photograph by Russell Ball

GLORIA SWANSON

The New Movie Magazine



Gossip of the Studios

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has gone to England with Leo Diegel and George von Elm to see the international golf matches. Mary Pickford remains at home in Hollywood, to start work on her new talking picture, "Secrets."



Gary Cooper: "My darling little Gary, I love you," says Lupe Velez. The Velez-Cooper romance continues to simmer.

picture work. She is not only making a picture of her own, but anyone who knows anything about it will tell you that Mary Pickford is the chief factor in all of United Artists plans and that she keeps a close eye on both business and production.

Douglas, on the other hand, has lost a lot of his enthusiasm about making pictures. He wants to travel and do many other things. Mary has never cared greatly for a roving life and sporting events don't hold the thrill for her that they do for her athletic husband.

In consequence, this first trip of Doug's without his wife simply indicates that while there is no rift in the domestic happiness, they intend in the future to fulfill their own desires. There isn't anything very unusual about that. Plenty of wives don't trail around after their husbands when they attend polo tournaments and golf matches, and with much less reason for staying home than Mary Pickford has. And many men with as much money and as definite a success behind them as Douglas Fairbanks choose to devote more time to play and less to business.

As this is the first time since their marriage ten years ago that Doug and Mary have been separated for any length of time, rumors of trouble in the Fairbanks household began to fly as soon as Doug had actually departed.

Both Mary and Doug have treated any such idea with silent contempt. The fact is, probably, that these two famous stars have decided to compromise certain tastes and plans for the future. Mary is wrapped up in her

So there you are. Seems fairly normal. We doubt greatly that anything further will come of it.

* * *

Did you know that Lon Chaney used to sing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas? And that his voice will be heard in four parts in his coming picture—his first talkie? You will hear him as an old woman, a ventriloquist, the ventriloquist's dummy, and a parrot.

* * *

COLLEEN MOORE has filed suit for divorce against her husband, John McCormick.

John has sailed for Honolulu and Colleen is living alone in the beautiful home she recently built in Bel-Air. Her mother and one of her closest friends, Julianne Johnson, are visiting her there.

This divorce is the end of a romance that began when Colleen was a little known actress and John McCormick was a press agent. Their careers were built together, until Colleen became the biggest box-office attraction among the feminine screen stars and John was head of the First National studios.

Everyone who knows them feels a deep regret over their parting. Colleen intends to go to Europe for some months, unless a highly satisfactory picture contract now in the offing is signed.

Personally, we hope Colleen won't follow her own desire and retire from the screen to travel and study sculpture. We would miss her bright comedy sadly. So far, no one has appeared to take her place.

* * *

THE toughest assignment of the screen year, in the opinion of most Hollywood



Dolores Del Rio: Wants good pictures rather than good stellar close-ups. She let Eddie Lowe steal her last film.



All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Joan Bennett: Has the toughest assignment of the year in "Smilin' Thru"

experts, has been handed to Joan Bennett, who is to do "Smilin' Thru" for United Artists. To follow Norma Talmadge in her greatest picture and her finest performance, while the movie audiences still remember, is a big order for so young an actress as Joan Bennett. If she succeeds, it will be a real feather in her cap.

* * *

Florenz Ziegfeld of Follies fame is in Hollywood working on the United Artists lot. He says the 1930 girl should be a brunette, no taller than five feet, six inches, and weigh about 125 pounds. That she should be "more generously proportioned." That the boyish figure has gone out of style completely.

* * *

ZIEGFELD says that a good nose is the most important feature a girl can have. Also he says that most girls are knock-kneed.

* * *

A STRANGE thing took place at the Hollywood opening of "All Quiet on the Western Front." For the first time in anyone's memory many of the audience didn't return for the second half of the picture. Women found the horrors of this epic of war-torn battlefields too much for them. One long drawn out death scene after another, accompanied now by sounds of moans and shrieks, the long scene in a shell hole with a corpse, the battle in a graveyard, the fight in the dugout with enormous rats, the amputation of legs and the killing off of every important character in the story, proved a dish too strong for some.

If there is anyone not yet convinced that war is a horrible affair, filled with suffering and anguish, they should certainly see "All Quiet on the Western Front." Otherwise, unless you are seeking death and disaster in all its details, you won't enjoy this picture.

* * *

Rudolph Valentino left approximately \$800,000 against which are \$551,346.55 worth of allowable claims.

* * *

MANY social activities of the month centered around the engagement and wedding of Irene Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, to David Selznick. In

fact now that the Mayer girls are both married, society will seem very quiet for a while.

The wedding itself was a simple one, in the home of the bride's parents, with only a very few intimate friends and the immediate family present.

The bride wore a simple frock of white satin, with long sleeves, made beautiful by a wonderful bridal veil of duchess and rose point lace which swept the floor for several feet. Her bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

The matron of honor was the bride's sister, Edith Mayer Goetz, who wore a gown of pale green organdie, in bouffant style, and carried pale yellow roses. The other bridal attendants were Janet Gaynor, Marjorie Daw Selznick and Marjorie Strauss. Their costumes were of pale yellow organdie, and they carried showers of yellow iris.

The most elaborate entertainment given in Miss Mayer's honor was a dinner dance at the fashionable Beverly-Wilshire, at which Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg were hosts. The ballroom was a veritable bower of spring flowers. The guest of honor, Miss Mayer, wore a gown of coral satin, with a softly trailing skirt. Mrs. Schulberg was in white and wore emeralds.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco (Corinne Griffith), Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chevalier, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Forbes (Ruth Chatterton), Mr. and Mrs. Lydell Peck (Janet Gaynor), Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards (Evelyn Brent), Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll, Lillian Roth, Colleen Moore, Buddy Rogers, Elsie Janis, Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald and Hedda Hopper.

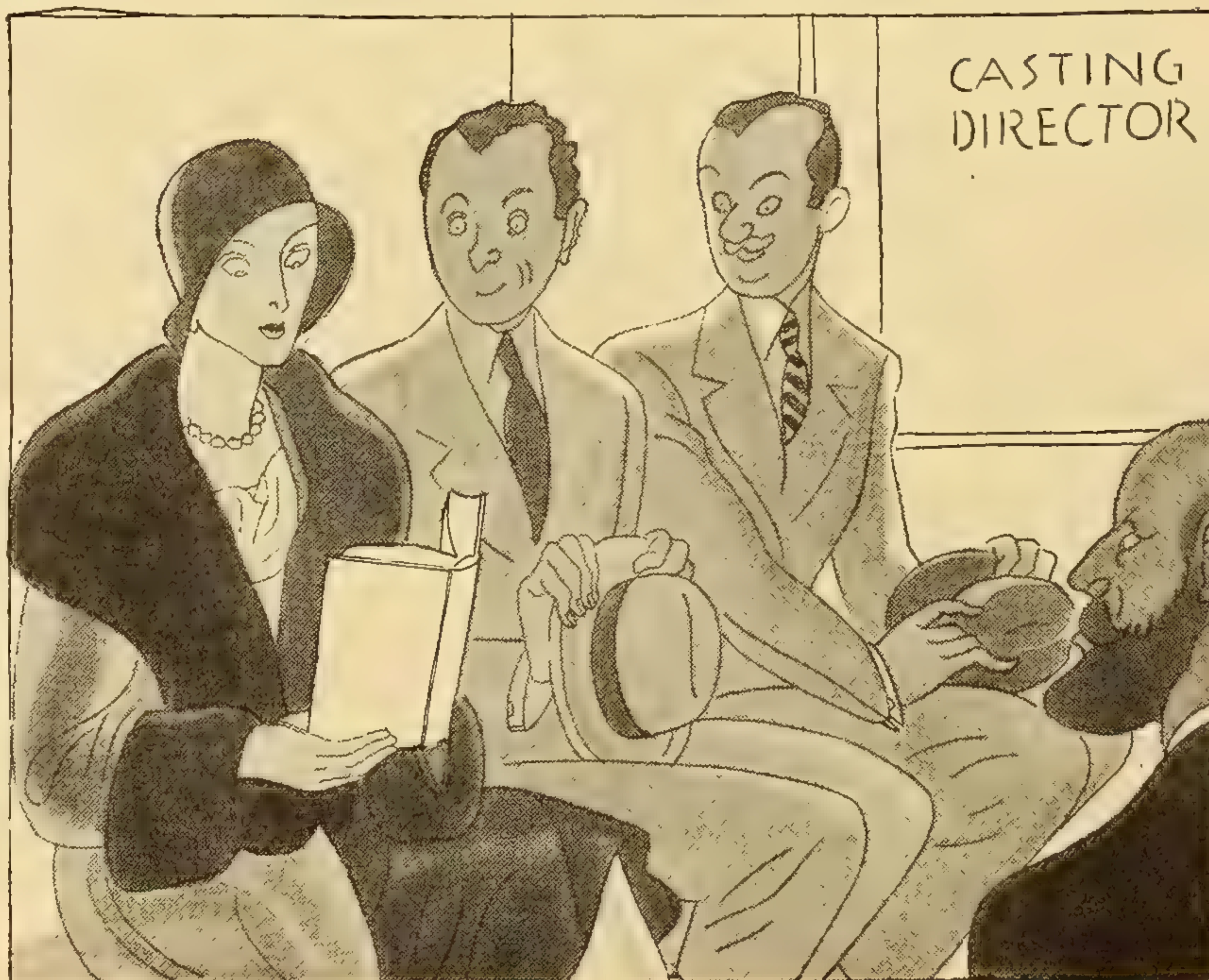
* * *

John McCormack, the opera singer who went to Hollywood for Fox, says that he is through with the opera. Reason: "I cannot sincerely make love to a prima donna twenty-five years my senior and 280 pounds in weight, which I must do on the operatic stage."

* * *

ROGER DAVIS, the well-known polo player and man-about-town, has finally been talked into appearing before the camera. Always bashful and shy, Roger, although one of the wits of London, Paris, New York and Hollywood, would never consent to becoming what he called a "professional actor." But he succumbed to the charms of Beatrice Lillie and will be seen and heard in her next picture.

"The polo set at Del Monte will miss me," said Roger after signing the contract, "but I have agreed to leave my string of ponies for them to play with, so I'm sure it will be all right. I think that half the time all they want me around for is my ponies."



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

Harold Lloyd's next picture, titled "Feet First," is all about a shoe clerk. Part of the picture will be shot on board a trans-Pacific liner and part of it in Honolulu. Harold has just ordered ONE GROSS of the specs which have become his trademark, which spikes the rumor that he would play his next picture straight—without the funny rims.

* * *

A FRIEND of Norma Talmadge had a fish pond. In it he had a turtle. The turtle went blind and could no longer feed himself. As the friend was a bachelor and away from home most of the time, he was going to make soup out of the turtle rather than let him starve to death. Norma heard about it. She asked if he would not give the blind turtle to her instead of killing it. He did. And now, daily, Norma either feeds that blind turtle by hand herself, or makes sure that her maid does, if she is working at the studio.

* * *

Helen Ferguson received more than \$250,000 from the estate of her husband, William Russell, who died last year. It has just been settled.

* * *

ANNA Q. NILSSON is still in the hospital. But everything is coming along nicely and she expects to be back in her Beverly Hills home in June. Already she has had a number of picture offers and the doctors say that by Autumn she will be back before the camera.

* * *

AFTER one long separation and a reconciliation, Betty Compson and Jimmy Cruze are once more living apart and Betty has filed a divorce complaint. That divorce complaint has been in existence for months and months, and at various times Betty has threatened to put it on record. Now she has taken the step.

Still, no one would be very much surprised if they went back to each other again. Betty and Jim still love each other, and these temperamental clashes can never definitely be taken as final.

* * *

The moon got between the sun and the earth on April 28th and all California took a peek at the resulting eclipse that morning.

A certain producer's secretary walked into his office just before it was to start and said, "Are you going to see the eclipse?"

"The Eclipse," he said, "never heard of it. Who is in it? When does it open?"

* * *

ONE of the most beautiful women in Hollywood is Mrs.

Don Alvarado, who is Dolores Del Rio's most intimate friend. A number of picture producers, including Sam Goldwyn and Joe Schenck, have been trying to persuade Mrs. Alvarado to go into pictures. But to date she claims she is too busy with her husband and her small daughter. She has bronze hair, enormous green eyes, and an olive skin.

* * *

NILS ASTER is back from a vaudeville tour, living in his house at Malibu Beach. Now that the talkies are making pictures in various languages, Nils will probably find himself working before the camera again.

* * *

EILEEN PERCY, the pretty blonde who used to be Doug Fairbanks' leading lady, has left her husband, Ulrich Busch, one of the heirs to the Busch millions. She is going to make some pictures for Columbia.

* * *

Warner Brothers will spend an even TWENTY MILLION dollars making pictures this coming year.

* * *

AND First National is going to spend \$17,500,000 this year. Which does not include 250,000 berries for a music hall where all the songwriters can play at the same time and only drive each other crazy, or crazier.

* * *

MRS. BASIL RATHBONE (Ouida Begere) is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's most prominent hostesses. A week never goes by without the Rathbone home being the scene of at least two elaborate parties. Ouida's enormous vitality, which used to be expended in writing scenarios, running booking agencies and doing interior decorating, has to find an outlet somewhere and society in Beverly Hills seems to have been elected. The Rathbones have taken a new home on Crescent Drive — they moved out of Marie Prevost's charming residence on Cano Drive a short time ago—and the new home lends itself beautifully to large parties.

Celebrating their wedding anniversary, Mrs. Rathbone entertained with a buffet supper the other night. Among the



Vilma Banky: Retiring from pictures, says she is all through with public life.



The Who's Who of Hollywood—what the



Clara Bow: Needs good stories and is suggested for "The Morals of Marcus"

guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. John Cromwell (Kay Johnson), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield, Mr. and Mrs. Rod La Rocque (Vilma Banky), Beatrice Lillie, Lois Wilson, Virginia Valli, Aileen Pringle, Gloria Swanson, Elsie Ferguson, Elsie Janis, Charlie Chaplin, John Loder, Ivan Lebedeff and Jack Gilbert.

A formal dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bromfield. The guests on that occasion included Mr. and Mrs. William G. McAdoo, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Mary Lewis, Kay Francis, Catherine Dale Owen, Jetta Goudal, Kenneth McKenna, Paul Bern and Gilbert Emery.

* * *

POLLY MORAN was telling Bill Haines about a man who insisted that his wife always wear white in the boudoir.

"That's a fetish," said Bill.

"It is not," said Polly, "it's the truth."

By the way, Bill and Polly played together in a recent picture directed by Fred Niblo. Bill and Polly are the prize practical jokers and wise crackers of the industry and Mr. Niblo is an extremely dignified gentleman, whose wife is one of Beverly Hills' social dictators. A good time was had by Bill and Polly, but Mr. Niblo is still to be heard from.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO is an extremely intelligent woman. In her first talkie, "The Bad One," she allowed Eddie Lowe to walk off with at least equal honors, some might think first honors.

"All I wanted was a good picture," she said. "I have it and am satisfied. I knew from the beginning that Mr. Lowe's part was as big or bigger than mine. But I did not care. He is a great actor and it was a privilege to work with him. I hope the audiences will just remember that if they see my name on another picture, I am trying to give them something they will like, not



just close-ups of me." Miss Del Rio is a farsighted star.

* * *

The cottage in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, where Mary Pickford was born, is going to be torn down and sight-seers who have driven by the house the last ten years will see instead a great big police administration building.

* * *

OVER at Paramount there is the usual uproar about stories for Clara Bow. It seems amazing that producers can be so short-sighted, and a shame for Clara's great career that Ben Schulberg hasn't time now to give her the direct supervision which made her our greatest star. Paramount's vision on Bow seems about as wide as a flapper's eyebrow.

The studio owns a story which would be a sensation for Bow. It is William J. Locke's "The Morals of Marcus." Can't you see Clara as the little girl brought up in a Turkish harem, doing all sorts of shocking things in a well-ordered English home, and finally coming to know life and love?

Clara Bow is a fine actress. She can do anything, if they'll only give her a chance. It's too bad that her career should be ruined because they can't find enough stories making her the sweetheart of the navy, the army or the marines.

* * *

LAWRENCE STALLINGS, author of "What Price Glory," "The Cock-Eyed World" and "The Big Parade," has been spending a few spare minutes knocking off a lyric for Tibbett.

* * *

THE casting of Edna Ferber's novel, "Cimmaron," occupies many a Hollywood dinner party these days. RKO owns the story and it is to be done by Richard Dix. There is talk of Lila Lee for Sabra, the wife, a terribly difficult rôle, and one which Lila would do to perfection.

* * *

Charles Spencer Chaplin, our "Charlie" who will live in the minds of men forever, was born on April 16. The stars say to those born that day: They have determination and tenacity. They are creative, enthusiastic and courageous. Their magnetic personalities, kindness and loyalty bring them many friends.

* * *

FRANCES MARION, the best scenario writer in

film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

Hollywood in the opinion of many, is going to China on a three months' vacation.

* * *

The average income of the more fortunate of the extras in Hollywood is less than \$700 a year. Yet, there are 17,000 extras registered in the Central Casting Bureau.

* * *

LUPE RUBIN has arrived in Hollywood. That may not mean much to Hollywood, but Lupe Rubin is one of the most famous writers in all Mexico and—not to be sneezed at even in Hollywood—she is a multi-millionairess, even if you count her Mexican dollars as dimes. Her aunt, the late Duchess of Meir, left a \$7,000,000 chunk of this world's goods in trust for charity. Lupe superintends the expenditure of this. She has five children.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND LOWE entertained recently in honor of Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, who has just returned from New York after an absence of a year, and Elsie Ferguson. The guest list included such famous names as Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Glazer, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Fred Worloch, George Cukor, Leonora Harris and Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March.

* * *

THE Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, made up of all the big guns in the motion picture business, has awarded its annual prizes.

"The Broadway Melody" they said was the best picture.

Clyde de Vinna was awarded the prize for the best photography of the year for his work in "White Shadows of the South Seas."

Warner Baxter, they said, was the best actor of the year for his work in "In Old Arizona."

Mary Pickford was given the prize for being the best actress as a result of what she did in "Coquette."

Frank Lloyd won the medal as best director for having megaphoned "Weary River," "Drag," and "The Divine Lady."

Of course, nobody agrees on these selections. Nobody ever agrees on any selection.

* * *

Monthly report on John Gilbert and Ina Claire. All seems to be well. Ina went to New

York to consult with theatrical managers about some plays and then returned to Jack's Beverly Hills house. Wouldn't buy any of this stock at par, but it's still a good gamble.

* * *

CORINNE GRIFFITH

has moved into her new home at Malibu Beach and rented her Beverly Hills place. She says that her one ambition right now is to learn to play a first-class game of tennis. She takes a lesson every morning.



Lois Moran: Becomes twenty-one and comes into inheritance of \$68,000 from an aunt.

* * *

ALMOST simultaneously with George Bancroft not liking the part he was to play in the picture which was scheduled for his next, "The Caveman," he lost his voice. Could not talk at all. Paramount has cast some one else in his part and sent to New York for specialists. George's voice will be all right again very soon.

* * *

Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez continue their romance. Hectic, but apparently satisfactory. Lupe chased Gary all over the house the other night because he said something about her guitar playing and then when the butler announced dinner, fell into his arms and said, "My darling little Gary, come and have your dinner. I love you."

* * *

PRINCE FREDERICK CHRISTIAN of Schaumburg-Lippe and Princess Alexandra, his wife, had a lot of fun last month playing around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio

and eating with all the stars. They would not believe that Lon Chaney was actually doing the talking for the parrot in "The Unholy Three," so he took them over to the set and proved it. They saw Bill Haines stop a ball on a roulette wheel wherever he wanted it to stop. And they saw Barbara Leonard, a newcomer to pictures, make a scene in "Monsieur Le Fox" in English and then turn around and do it in three other languages, with different leading men for each version. (Cont'd on page 96)



The Unknown CHARLIE CHAPLIN



(Jim Tully drifted to Hollywood, an unknown struggler for fame. Today he is one of America's foremost writers, author of such widely popular novels and collections of short stories as "Shadows of Men," "Jarne-gan," "Beggars of Life," "Emmett Lawlor," "Shanty Irish" and "Circus Parade." One of his first jobs in Hollywood was with Charlie Chaplin. Tully served, as he expresses it, as "one of the sad jesters in the court of the King of Laughter." His emotional analysis of Chaplin, consequently, comes from first-hand observation and, like all of Tully's literary work, is honest and fearless in its expression. Here is the first complete description of the real Chaplin.)

I FIRST met Charles Chaplin at a dinner given by Ralph Block. My first book had been published. Chaplin had read some of the reviews. When we parted that night he asked me to call on him and was kind enough to tell me that he liked me.

Several days later I telephoned the studio. Chaplin sent his limousine for me. He was very kind during that first private interview. I was ill at ease. We parted, I think, with a feeling of reserve on both sides. I was not natural that day. Nor was I ever quite natural in all the months that I was to be associated with the comedian. I have always regretted this fact.

Paul Bern is ever on the alert to be kind, as hundreds in Hollywood besides myself can testify. He secured me a position with Chaplin. My salary was small, but it was a fair wage, considering what little work I had to do. It was agreed upon between the comedian and myself that he was to sign certain articles which I was to write from time to time. His name had value in the magazine world. After signing two articles he refused to sign more. Feeling the inadequacy of my position, and hoping daily against hope, I remained on the job.

KONRAD BERCOVICI, the writer of gypsy romance, once wrote an article on Charles Chaplin for *Harper's Magazine*. In it he did me the honor to call me Chaplin's secretary. He described my entering the room and laying a paper on the great jester's desk. No attention was paid to me.

Mr. Bercovici was sadly mistaken. My principal duty with Charles Chaplin was to receive my weekly check. I was merely one of the sad jesters in the court of the King of Laughter.

The time arrived to select a leading lady for "The Gold Rush." Dozens of screen tests were made of ambitious young ladies. I often accompanied Chaplin's higher salaried yes-men to the projection room, where we watched the faces of these inane beauties flashed upon the screen.

An Emotional Analysis of the Famous Comedian, "The Most Complex of Human Beings"

BY JIM TULLY

AN ordinary-looking Mexican girl arrived one morning. She had played some years previously in "The Kid." Chaplin was not yet at the studio. The girl was about to depart, when lo—the little jester met up with his destiny. A screen test was made of the girl. Several of us agreed privately that it was the worst yet made. The girl did not photograph.

Chaplin watched her features on the screen the next day. In silence we watched him.

He rose from his chair.

"That's the girl," he exclaimed. A fearful silence filled the little room.

I walked to my office and allowed the yes-men to argue the great question. Something—perhaps a mood—as he had, and rightly, no respect for my judgment, compelled Chaplin to join me a few minutes later. He entered the room as tragic as Hamlet, hands held behind his back, a frown on his face, as though his next decision would rattle the stars from the sky.

"What do you think of her, Jim?" he asked.

Having been hungry, and knowing that he would choose the girl he preferred anyhow, I parried with, "I don't know, Charlie. She may be all right."

THE rug on my office floor was vivid red. Chaplin began to pace up and down, up and down, hands still behind his back. His good-looking face bore the same fearful frown. Now and then I would glance at him and then let my eyes rest once more on the scarlet carpet.

Suddenly the door opened. The Mexican girl entered. She was cheaply dressed, but her eyes flashed, her teeth were even, her body was so round and supple that one soon forgot the ugly black dress which clothed it.

Chaplin smiled benignly, as gracious and charming a smile as I have ever seen.

She stood before him and asked, "Well, what is it, Charlie? Am I hired?"

The comedian looked at her and then down at his spats, which, actor-like, he always wore.

I watched their expressions. The keen, fine face of the actor, mobile and finely molded, was a face that would be noticed in any gathering. The girl watched him, round-eyed, round-faced, full of life. I saw in her then everything which Chaplin did not see—a young woman who seemed to me devoid of spiritual qualities.

CHAPLIN answered at last, "You're engaged."

The girl leaped into the air with joy. Together they walked out of my office—to a troubled destiny for the man and a fortunate one for the girl. She afterward had the fine fortune to marry the comedian and garner for herself many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

If his marriage was a farce, his divorce was tragic. As Lita Grey Chaplin she brought him as much misery as it is possible for a misunderstanding young lady to bring to genius.

She worked in "The Gold Rush" at a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. Mr. Chaplin has no more sympathy with large salaries than any trust. During



THE REAL STORY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CLOWN

her stay at the studio, the officials from the Board of Education often called. She could scarcely be forced to study. Her grades were low and she had no interest in books. And to this girl was given by the Fates in marriage Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin, the most complex of human beings.

Just why he remembered Miss Grey from her childhood days and insisted upon making her his leading lady might be worthy the attention of a master of irony like Chaplin himself. He has undoubtedly been away from it long enough to smile—until he remembers the fortune it cost him. And then, if he weeps, he is but human.

IT is my opinion that Chaplin does not like intelligent men as companions.

Elmer Elsworth, one of the most whimsically humorous and highly intelligent men I have known, worked with him for many months. Chaplin once remarked to me that Elsworth was "a real highbrow." Given his choice between such a man and Henry, the heavy restaurant proprietor in Hollywood, the comedian chose the latter. They have been close associates for many years. Chaplin frequents his restaurant and spends hours in chatting with other ephemeral film immortals.

Chaplin often ridicules sentimentality in others. The publishers of Thomas Burke's "The Wind and the Rain" sent him a copy of that book. It is, so far as I know, one of the most maudlin and sentimental books written in any language. Burke is a product of the same London environment that produced Chaplin. Success has made both men dramatize self-pity. Chaplin read the book with tears in his voice. The true nature of the volume entirely escaped him. Secluded in a bungalow at the far end of the studio, oblivious to everything else, he read and discussed the book at great length.

When I asked to borrow the precious volume, he willingly loaned it to me, saying, "Take good care of it, Jim. It's my Bible."

THE book had touched the misery of his own childhood. After seeing the East End of London, I can understand why. For there poverty is groveling, supine—so listless and beaten that it dares not hope.

I said to him, "Charlie, it would be a nice thing to cable Burke and also send his American publishers a boost for the book."

He was immediately enthusiastic over the idea. I phrased cablegram and telegram, which he approved.

Burke had asked him for an autographed photograph. I found one and took it to him. He frowned.

"It's not good enough," he said.



The real and the shadow Charlie Chaplin. "The fine keen face of Chaplin, mobile and finely molded, is a face that would be noticed in any gathering," says Jim Tully.

portunity and sold himself to Warner Brothers to direct "Broadway After Dark." It was an immediate success and Bell's future was assured. I tried at many different times to get Chaplin to comment on the film. He would not.

It had seeped through Hollywood that Bell had been partly responsible for "A Woman of Paris." Chaplin heard the news and made no comment.

ONE of the most surprising qualities about him is his kindness and tolerance toward those who have been none too kindly to him. His attitude toward life is far from gentle, however. People interest him a great deal, though he has no love for them in the mass.

In all the months I was with him he expressed no love for the beauty of nature. I called his attention to a gorgeous sunset. He looked with narrowed eyes and said no word. He once, in a whimsical mood, spoke of the fog of London and wished that he might die in it. He told how it draped the buildings and hid their ghastly ugliness.

Once, long after I had gone, three men sat at a table with him. Being citizens of Hollywood, two of them evidently thought the shortest road to his heart was in disparaging me. Chaplin listened for some time, saying nothing. At last he said, "He can write," and the subject was changed.

His mind is ever in a furore. As restless as a storm, it is always charged with wonder. The vagaries of the human brain interest him a great deal. The Leopold-Loeb case kept him enthralled. He often expressed pity for the Chicago anarchists done to death as the outcome of the Haymarket riot.

One brave fellow in the early morning hour before his execution sang so that the entire prison could hear:

*"Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew—
It was there that Annie
Laurie*

Gae me her promise true."

Chaplin often talked of this incident. Whenever he did, his voice was soft.

(Continued on page 125)

SAYS JIM TULLY

CHAPLIN—

"—ridicules sentimentality in others."

"—does not like intelligent men as companions."

"—has the surprising quality of kindness and tolerance toward those who have been none too kindly to him."

"—is far from gentle in his attitude towards life. People interest him a great deal, though he has no love for them in the mass."

"—never expressed any love for the beauty of nature."

"—has a mind that is ever in furore. As restless as a storm, it is always charged with wonder."



Photograph by Don English

Miss MacDonald, the charming queen of "The Love Parade," is happy again. She is back in California under Ernst Lubitsch's direction, making another cinema operetta, "Monte Carlo." Jack Buchanan, the English actor, is her leading man.

**JEANETTE
MACDONALD**



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Lila Lee is just twenty-five. Into those twenty-five years have been crowded many fantastic and startling events. For twenty of those twenty-five years Lila has been an important figure in the American theater. At thirteen she was a screen star. At fourteen she was a film flop, struggling to start over again. She has been through the heartbreak of a tragic marriage. She had a baby. Today, however, she stands in a screen place all her own. Limitless possibilities are ahead of her.

The Drama of LILA LEE

By EVELYN GRAY

Act I.

HAVING seen Lila Lee's birth certificate, I am willing to swear that she is just twenty-five.

Of course she looks even younger. Lila still has a forceful awkwardness, a certain impulsiveness that is part of extreme youth. Only it seems hardly possible that anyone could crowd into twenty-five short years all the things that have happened to Lila.

Perhaps that is why there is a little weariness in Lila's young face. Perhaps that is why at times she makes mistakes and grows a little confused. Life has rushed her so—from one thing into another—always in a breathless sort of way—piling drama on top of drama.

FOR twenty years this girl has been an important figure in American theaters. At thirteen she had been a screen star—and the most colossal failure ever recorded in motion pictures. At fourteen she had to do that thing which staggers strong men—she had to come back or quit.

She has been through a strange and tragic marriage, had a baby, fought her way up and down through all the heartbreaks of the movie world—and now stands alone, with limitless possibilities ahead of her.

There is in her much foolish wisdom and much wise foolishness. Whether she was born to it or whether her amazing childhood bred it deep into her soul, Lila Lee is an artist and a Bohemian. Often she has thrown away great chances to follow her heart. Money has never meant anything to her. The theater and the screen she loves—I think she would wither and die away from them. She almost did when her husband persuaded her to follow him into the desert and give up her career.



Lila Lee was born in 1905 in New York, the child of immigrant parents from Southern Germany. Her name was Augusta Appell. It was while her father ran a hotel in Union Hill, N. J., that little Augusta caught the eye of Gus Edwards and his wife.

Every great career is influenced by someone. The career of Lila Lee was not only influenced, it was created by a woman. Perhaps she would have followed some yearning within herself and arrived at the same end if she had never seen Lillian Edwards. But I doubt it. Her whole life has been lived as the child of this spiritual mother.

IT happened like this:

Back in 1904 a little family arrived in New York on one of the small, slow boats. They stood at the rail, father, mother, and one little girl with straight, long pigtails, staring at New York Harbor. In swift German they spoke of the little inn they had left behind them in Southern Germany and of the fortune and freedom which were to be theirs in America.

Charles Appell and his good wife, Augusta, and their four-year-old daughter, Margaret, were just a drop in that great river of emigration flowing from the old world to the new. They were strange and frightened, but very hopeful.

They settled in the great city of New York, among a small colony of their own kind, and Charles found work as a waiter. His wife could not work for she was awaiting the arrival of a newcomer, the first American in that old family of German peasants. A son this time, surely, a son to be born in this new land where all men

The Absorbing Life Story of a Twenty-Five-Year-Old Veteran of Motion Pictures

AUGUSTA APPELL, CUDDLES AND THEN LILA LEE



Lila has an older sister, Margaret, born in Germany before their parents migrated to America. Above, Lila and her sister, now Mrs. Tuttle, in Lila's Hollywood home.

were equal and he might actually grow up one day to be President.

But it was not to be. On a morning in July, 1905, there arrived a very small, feminine mite who protested loudly against being born anywhere, and who for a whole year seemed bent upon leaving America for some unknown land.

"What shall we name her?" asked the mother.

"It matters not," said Charles. "If it had been a boy, we would have called her Charles, after me. Why not then Augusta, after you?"

So Augusta Appell received her first—and least known—name.

IN 1910 an act arrived to play the little theater. Gus the new daughter and began to make plans to better things for his family. He wanted to get out of New York. It was too big. A man must be a giant to lift his head above the mob. Besides, it was not a healthy place for the two little girls, especially for tiny Gussie.

When a chance presented itself the Appells moved across into New Jersey and Charles became boniface of an ancient and none too prosperous hotel in the old town of Union Hill. Once again they were within walking distance of the green fields and the flowers. They were away from the noise of New York. And since they were good innkeepers, these two, they made the old hotel pay a living. Charles knew what it meant to make guests comfortable and Augusta was a marvelous cook.

Next door to the hotel was a theater, where in summer a stock company performed old-time successes. In the winter, vaudeville bills played two and sometimes three-night stands there. The actors and performers always stayed at the Appell's hotel and complimented Charles upon the chicken noodles and the apfelstrudel.

IN 1910, an act arrived to play the little theater. Gus Edwards' boys and girls, his "School Days," were not so well known then as they became later. But they

were headliners, and Gus Edwards himself was popular with people everywhere. He and his wife and the youngsters then making up the act stopped at the Union Hill Hotel. In the morning they rehearsed the show, and later presented their host with tickets. All moved smoothly.

You have heard ere now of "little things" that alter lives. A little girl in Gus Edwards' act had a passion for apples, which Augusta kept for cooking purposes. At six o'clock Mr. Edwards came frantically to Charles. Disaster had befallen. The little girl was very sick. She simply couldn't appear. Where could he get another little girl to be on just for that night?

Charles shrugged. He knew how to provide most things for his patrons, but little girls to go in acts were out of his line. He gazed at his own younger daughter, playing calmly in the lobby, but could think of no solution.

Gus Edwards' eyes followed his. He saw a very tiny person, with a mop of black hair falling nearly to her knees, and a perfectly round little countenance out of which peered two enormous calm black eyes.

"**W**HO is that?" he said.

"That?" Charles shrugged again. "That is my own little Gussie. She is but four and a half years old. Much too little. But perhaps——"

"She'll do," said Gus Edwards. "I only want her to sit on the piano tonight. I'll get someone else tomorrow from New York."

But he didn't get someone else the next day nor for many days thereafter. For little Gussie Appell sat on the piano with such enormous success, her small fat presence and her amusing calm so delighted the audience that they insisted upon her having a curtain call all to herself. She took it with superb nonchalance, made a fat curtsy, and seemed not at all disconcerted at finding herself behind footlights with many people staring at her.

(Continued on page 120)

FLASH BACKS to 10 Years Ago

By Albert T. Reid

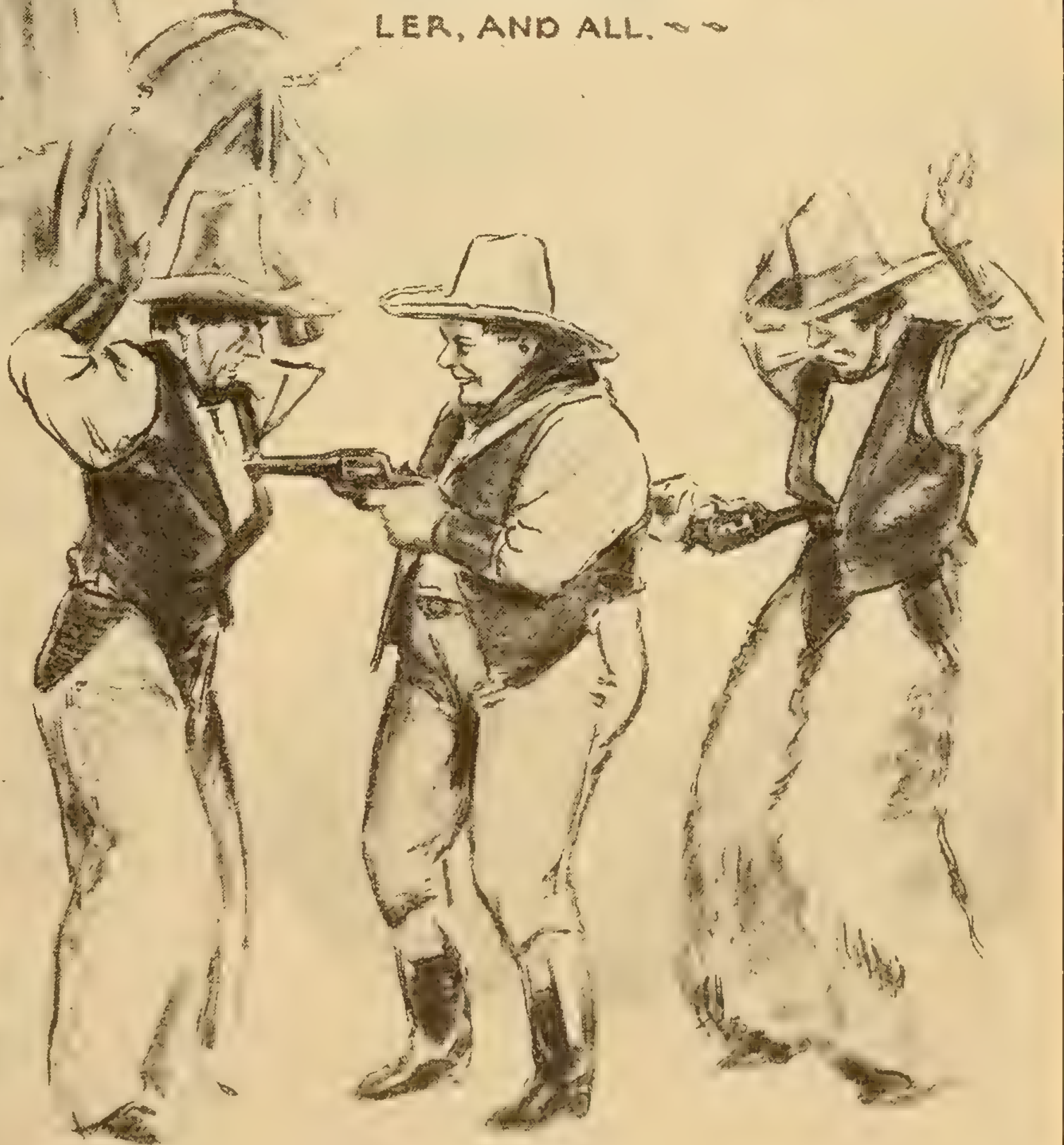
ACOUPE OF
POPULAR
YOUNG
AMERICANS
WERE ABROAD
ON THEIR
HONEYMOON



KATHERINE MACDONALD
IN THE SMARTEST OF
1920 SPORTS CLOTHES,
CAMEL'S HAIR MUFF-
LER, AND ALL. ~ ~



TWO-GUN BILL
HART WAS A
RIDING, RIDING,
RIDING, AND HE
ALWAYS GOT
HIS MAN



FATTY ARBUCKLE IN THE "ROUND-UP"
GETTING INTO AND OUT OF TIGHT
PLACES, WAS FURNISHING MOST OF
THE HEAVY LAUGHS OF THE TIME ~

Albert T. Reid



Lillian Gish



Norma Talmadge



Mae Murray

Adela Rogers St. Johns Compares the Film Youth of Today and of Yesterday

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

IN common with every other section of the globe, Hollywood has its problem of the younger generation.

On every hand, in fact and in fiction, youth occupies a large place as a subject of plot and conversation. The opinion has frequently been expressed that modern youth is setting a record for wild conduct and moral degeneration. You might almost get the impression, if you happened in from Mars, that the girls of our time are practically hopeless.

This is the first time the matter of a younger generation has presented itself to Hollywood. You see, there didn't used to be any. Everybody in the pictures business was young. It was the first dynasty and those who had begun the business were carrying on. They had no history and were too busy to consider the future, to foresee in any degree the gigantic thing which has developed in the last ten years.

Now the old order changeth. I have become definitely conscious of it because we are beginning to reminisce.

THE younger generation exists in force in Hollywood, socially and professionally. It must be considered.

They are very different, these new girls who are arriving, have just arrived, or may arrive some day. The girls of today who will be the stars of tomorrow, who occupy the same places now that were occupied only a short time ago by the Talmadges—by Swanson and La Marr—by Colleen Moore and Bebe Daniels—and just a little later by Joan Crawford and Clara Bow and Greta

Garbo. The girls from whose ranks will be called the next additions to the star groups.

They are different, but contrary to all expectation, there isn't anything flaming about them. The problem exists more upon the side of too much conservatism, too much standardization, too much caution in self-protection, too much calm and deliberate consciousness of self.

The truth of the matter is that I have a hard time telling them apart. There are the blondes and the Spanish and the Janet Gaynors and you can tell to which type they belong, but after that the identification be-

comes lost in a cloud of sameness. If one of them died in the middle of a picture, you could substitute nineteen others and nobody would know the difference.

Perhaps that is a little too strong. But in general it is true, and it is the opinion, I find, of many directors and male stars, in whose pictures a lot of these new girls appear as leading ladies. And

I mean ladies, in all the fatal senses of that word.

RESTRAINT and determination to avoid scandal have resulted in the whole place being overrun with ladies. With well-behaved, well-educated, beautiful young things who can't be told from members of the Junior League except by the fact that they behave with more dignity in public and are better gowned and better groomed.

In my opinion a lot of them are about as uninteresting.



Pola Negri



Constance Talmadge



Barbara La Marr

Hollywood's Younger GENERATION

Don't misunderstand me. It is excellent to be lady-like. It's a splendid thing for the morale of Hollywood as a community to have this multitude of sweet young things who live at home, save their money, get engaged and married according to Emily Post. Nice girls who think an orgy is something you take out in an operating room and regard the Volstead Act as an eleventh commandment.

It's a great improvement and a testimonial to the essential soundness of the motion picture industry.

But is it art?

I do not necessarily advocate the theory that one must live to act, or that one must have loved and sinned and suffered and starved to be an artist. Keats and Mozart, masters forever in their own fields, died before they could do much of any of that. Janet Gaynor's performance in "Seventh Heaven," will long rank as a perfect gem in the annals of screen acting. We shan't soon forget Jackie Coogan in "The Kid," nor Mae Marsh in "Intolerance."

But the fact remains that most great actresses and most great operatic prima donnas have been dynamic women who did not conform to the ordinary life around them, who expressed some beauty and some talent and some personality and some fire which made them stand out from among the ordered ranks of those meant by destiny for different ends than trying to captivate and move audiences through the medium of dramatic art.

The unrevealed capacity for these things is in many women who never are directed by fate into such chan-

nels as the stage or screen. But I am wondering where we are going to get any screen immortals out of this finishing school, any personalities which will be vital enough to command the attention of millions and awaken the real love and admiration of the world.

THEY are nice girls—lovely girls. You can offer them the most sincere respect. But that isn't enough, is it? It isn't enough to drag us away from home and fireside and a good book, to pay good money at the box office.

I am afraid sometimes that these new girls of the younger generation lack the vitality, the exaggerated personality, the depth of emotion and the breadth of human understanding which are eternally necessary to high drama or fine comedy.

I am not unjust. I do not compare these girls I see about the studios and at parties nowadays with the women of the screen

as they are today—the women whose charms have reached the zenith of mental and physical development. I don't compare a Jeanette Loff to a Gloria Swanson, or an Anita Page to a Garbo.

Nor do I discount the beauty and ability of many of these girls, and their appeal of youth. No one appreciates more than I do the loveliness of a Loretta Young, the kitten-like sweetness and comedy and pathos of a Nancy Carroll, the clean-cut fineness of a Sally Eilers.

Yet looking at them, and then remembering back ten or fifteen years, I cannot feel that they show the prom-

"Hollywood now is overrun with ladies, well balanced, well educated, beautiful, uninteresting young things but will they drag you from home to the box office?"

WHERE ARE THE VIVID FILM GIRLS OF YESTERDAY?



Three members of Hollywood's younger generation of 1930 at the bar: Fay Wray, Mary Brian and Jean Arthur. Do you think they possess less color and interest than the screen girls of yesterday? Mrs. St. Johns does—and she tells you why in this article.

ise of great things which was shown by the group I knew ten or fifteen years ago when we were all kids breaking into this racket together. They lack what writers call "color." Too often their thoughts and ambitions, as well as their mode of life, is stereotyped.

THEY don't seem to enjoy life as that earlier group did. It takes so much more to give them a kick. They are wiser in the ways of the world, but they haven't the power to live, the eagerness to see, the courage of freedom and progress that used to exist in the pioneer days. The close friendships, such as existed between Connie Talmadge and Dorothy Gish, between Mary Pickford and Lillian, are missing.

Glance over the outstanding and amazingly differentiated personalities that were the younger generation a very short time ago.

Constance Talmadge at the time she made her first big hit in D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," and for several years after that. There was a tomboy gallantry, a tremendous joy of living, about "Dutch" that made her unforgettable. She and Dorothy Gish were like a couple of carefree kids. They loved their work not because they were deeply impressed with success which meant fame and money. They didn't know it did. They just enjoyed every minute of it. The black sheep of the Gish family, as she used to call herself, and "Dutch" were a pair it would be hard to beat if you were looking for amusing companionship. They could think up more gags in one afternoon than now go to make up a Harold Lloyd comedy.

Beside them, put such mystery and spiritual beauty as made Mary Pickford the most famous woman in the

world. And shy, brilliant, little Colleen Moore, with her slim grace and her warmth and Irish understanding—Colleen who looked like a kid sister and could talk Wagnerian music, or Pater's essays, or football, or newspaper publishing with anybody if you got her started.

The unrivalled beauty of Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith—as different as two women could well be, yet both with minds and fascination back of their loveliness.

Where are we to match, today, the wistful genius of Mae Marsh, and the sublime comedy of Mabel Normand?

"The film girls of today don't seem to enjoy life as that earlier group did. It takes so much more to give them a kick. They are wiser in the ways of the world, but they haven't the power to live, the eagerness to see, the courage of freedom and progress that used to exist in the pioneer days. The old close friendships are missing, too."

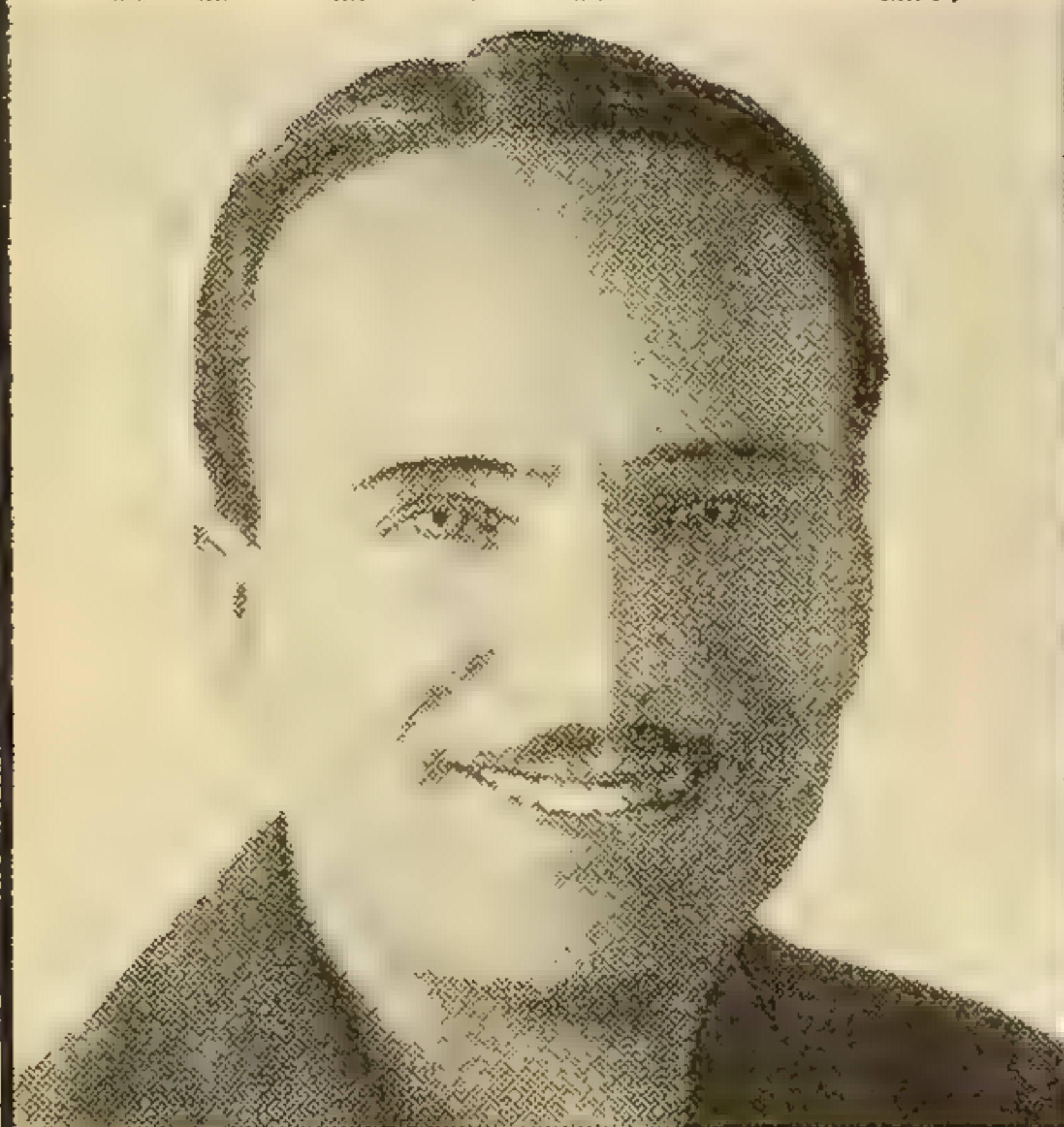

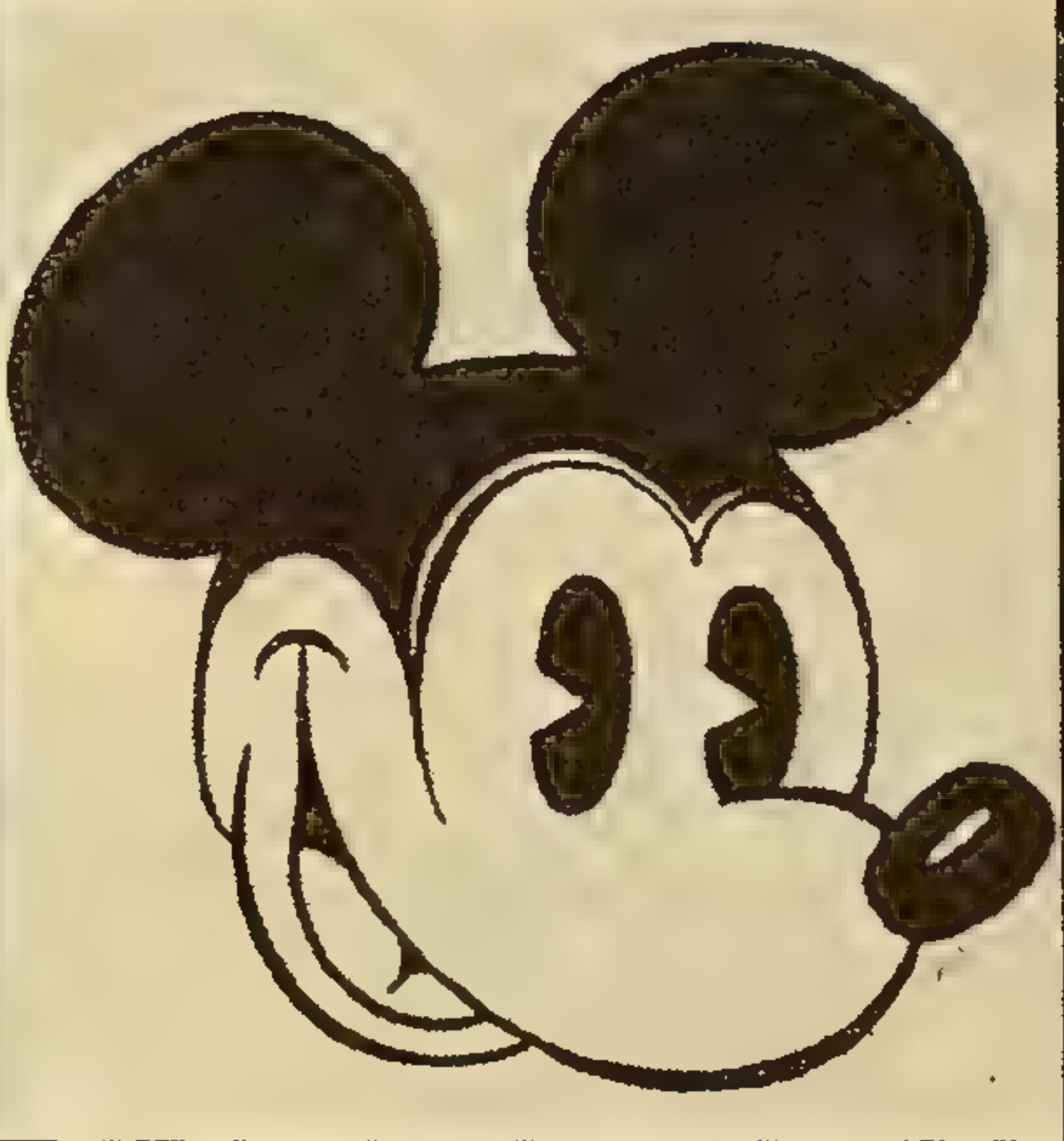

THE other day in a little chapel in Los Angeles I saw gathered about the blanket of lilies-of-the-valley which covered all that tragedy had left us of that lovable and unfortunate child, all the great comedians who made screen history—Charlie Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Roscoe Arbuckle, Harold Lloyd, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin. And the outstanding women who excel in the art of laughter, Marion Davies and Constance Talmadge, Marie Dressler and Polly

Moran. They sat with bowed heads, thinking of the one of them all who was master of comedy, the one they all acknowledge to have known more about comedy than anyone else who ever walked before a camera—Mabel Normand.

Possibly I am wrong, but I don't see any Mabel Normand in the shining ranks of the younger generation. Possibly she is there, hidden behind a five dollar a day extra check. Possibly it is Lillian Roth, or Helen Kane and they haven't yet shown their merits. But the moment you met (*Continued on page 124*)



VENICE. This month we present the Grand Canal as you fancy it after watching the endless procession of talkies. Here is the wettest of Italian cities—as Hollywood sees it.

Maurice Chevalier Likes	Janet Gaynor Idolizes	Mary Pickford Favors	Clara Bow Admires
			
Douglas Fairbanks	Mary Pickford	Mickey Mouse	Norma Shearer

THE STARS' OWN

The Screen Idols are as Human as You and I — and they have their own Motion Picture Crushes

SOME stars have million-dollar press agents! Yet they don't pay them a cent. Not only that, but the press agents themselves are famous!

Say, this thing is getting just too involved, isn't it? I'll tell you.

Probably the most enthusiastic fans in the whole wide world are the stars themselves. And I'll let you in on a little secret. They're very human about it. They like their stars in just the same way that you and I do. There are picture stars who are just as thrilled at seeing Greta Garbo as anybody in Centerville, Ohio. They may like the way a star combs his hair or wears clothes or the manner in which he or she twitches an eyebrow. And sometimes they get a real crush, even as you and I!

WHY, I've known Mary Pickford to rush from the studio at night without her dinner to view Lillian Gish in a new picture, not only because she thinks Lillian is a fine artist, but because she is her chum; and I've known Lillian Gish, after an all-night vigil with her sick mother, insist next night on going, though she was ready to drop, to see Mary in a review.

Janet Gaynor came from Catalina in a little launch at night, arriving wet and disheveled, to see Ann Harding in a new picture, and Doug Fairbanks raced across a desert from location in Summertime to be in time for a Chaplin premiere.

And I know an actress who has a perfectly awful crush on Ronald Colman without ever having met him! She's a pretty noted actress herself.

So if you think that a star is a person who stands off and says, "Look at me. I'm the only person worth seeing," you're all wrong.

Everybody is human, of course, actors the same as everybody else. And probably there are two or three stars who think they're infinitely superior to any other star. And maybe all of them, down at the bottom of their hearts, think there is some teeny little way in which they are a teeny bit better than any other star. But in the main—oh, well, let them speak for themselves

Maurice Chevalier

"AS long as I have been looking at Douglas Fairbanks on the screen," declared Maurice Chevalier, "he has been my favorite. I first saw him in 'The Mark of Zorro' in Paris almost ten years ago.

"I like Fairbanks because of his vitality and his physical prowess.

"But he is also a fine actor. Don't forget that.

"Fairbanks' taste is always faultless, and his productions are made with the most meticulous care.

"My meeting with Fairbanks was a real event in my life. He is a gentleman on and off the screen."

Mary Pickford

WELL, you won't believe it maybe, but Mary Pickford declares that her favorite actor is Mickey Mouse!

"Mickey Mouse," Mary said, with her humorous grin, "seems to me to be the only actor who has so far really mastered the new art of talking pictures. His voice suits him and he never says too much. He has poise and is entirely lacking in that horrible self-consciousness in the presence of the mike which be-devils most of us actors.

"I do hope that Doug won't be jealous. I think he is good, too!"

Harry Langdon

"**S**OME comedians like a little tragedy relief in their lives—like dramatic actors best. Not I. I'm so serious about my own work, I like to go and laugh at other comedians' antics," explained Harry Langdon.





"I like Charlie Chaplin and Louise Fazenda best. No matter how great a star Charlie becomes, he never forgets to keep the common touch—without being common. And no matter how small a part Louise Fazenda has, she brings everything she has to it. I could sit up all night to view either of them!"

Clara Bow

EVEN the *It*-Girl of the screen herself has her favorite actress.

"I like Norma Shearer because she seems to me always to be a real girl—like the girl you might know next door," says Clara.

"Then she has a lovely voice, which is a God-given thing. Her voice seems just made for the talkies.

Doug, Senior, Selects	Gary Cooper Names	Victor McLaglen's Favorite is	Most Hollywood Stars Select
			
Doug, Junior	Charlie Chaplin	Janet Gaynor	Greta Garbo

FAVORITE STARS

By GRACE KINGSLEY

And her clothes! There is a certain chic required for the screen, a sophistication, and Norma has it."

Richard Dix

"**R**EALLY I have two favorites," said Richard Dix. "One for drama and high comedy, the other for low comedy. Please may I have two?"

"George Arliss is my ideal—the one I would like to resemble. He has such an amazing versatility in his character portrayals. And his technique is so perfect—there's not a lost gesture. And down underneath there's such an understanding of human nature and such a compassion for its frailties.

"Benny Rubin is my favorite comedian. He has me in stitches. I don't know why. If I could analyze his comedy, I probably wouldn't laugh."

Janet Gaynor

"**I**'M just like a lot of other young actresses in that I admire Mary Pickford above anybody else. She has been my ideal ever since I began going to pictures," said Janet Gaynor.

"One of the main reasons is that she understands child psychology so well. She does the exact things that any other child could do, or at least that any child would wish to do. No other actress ever has understood child psychology so well.

"But that doesn't mean that she isn't great in grown rôles, too. She is. She has an understanding of art and life that seems boundless to me."

Doug Fairbanks

"**M**Y favorite actor, did you ask? Not the greatest actor?" demanded Douglas Fairbanks. "Well, then, I'll just have to tell you it's Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

"I can tell you why he's my favorite actor. You've got to admit that young Doug has subtlety, a quality seldom found in so young an actor. And he has great naturalness and an effortless manner. And, more than anything else, perhaps, he is always sympathetic.

"There are faults in his acting, lots of them. But I'm not going to tell you what they are. He remains my favorite actor."

Joan Crawford

WELL, now, if we can get Doug, Jr., to say that Joan Crawford is his favorite actress, this will

be just one big happy family with nothing to hide.

For Joan Crawford admits, too, that Doug, Jr., is her favorite actor. She stands right ready, also, to tell you why—there's no mere sentimental mush here!

"Young Doug, to my way of thinking, has actual genius. I know that's a large order. But genius is more or less instinctive, isn't it? That's the way with Doug's acting. He seems always to re-act emotionally exactly right to a situation. And yet he has restraint. There's never any hamish over-acting. And please remember Doug's acting has always been like that, from the first moment he stepped into a scene."

Bill Haines

MAYBE Joan Crawford is just a bit of an old meanie not to say that Bill Haines is her favorite actor, inasmuch as he admires her so much.

And Billy has another favorite, too. She is Gloria Swanson.

"I admire Joan because I think that she embodies all that is lovely and spontaneous in feminine youth. She is youth incarnate. But that isn't all. She has the makings of a very great actress—temperament, the right sort of intelligence. And in the meantime she is pretty and human.

"Gloria is amazing," says Billy. "She is both deeply human and gorgeously artificial."

Gary Cooper

"**I**'LL admit that, take him all around, Charlie Chaplin is my favorite actor," declares Gary Cooper.

"He makes me laugh, and I love to laugh. All these dead serious rôles they've wished on me make it necessary for me to laugh. No other comedian can strike just the same responsive chord that Chaplin does.

"He's a great artist—but why bring that up?"

Victor McLaglen

"**A**NY actor who has to play all the rough and ready guys I have to play is bound to adore some little, sweet, adorable morsel of femininity when he goes to the theater," said Victor McLaglen.

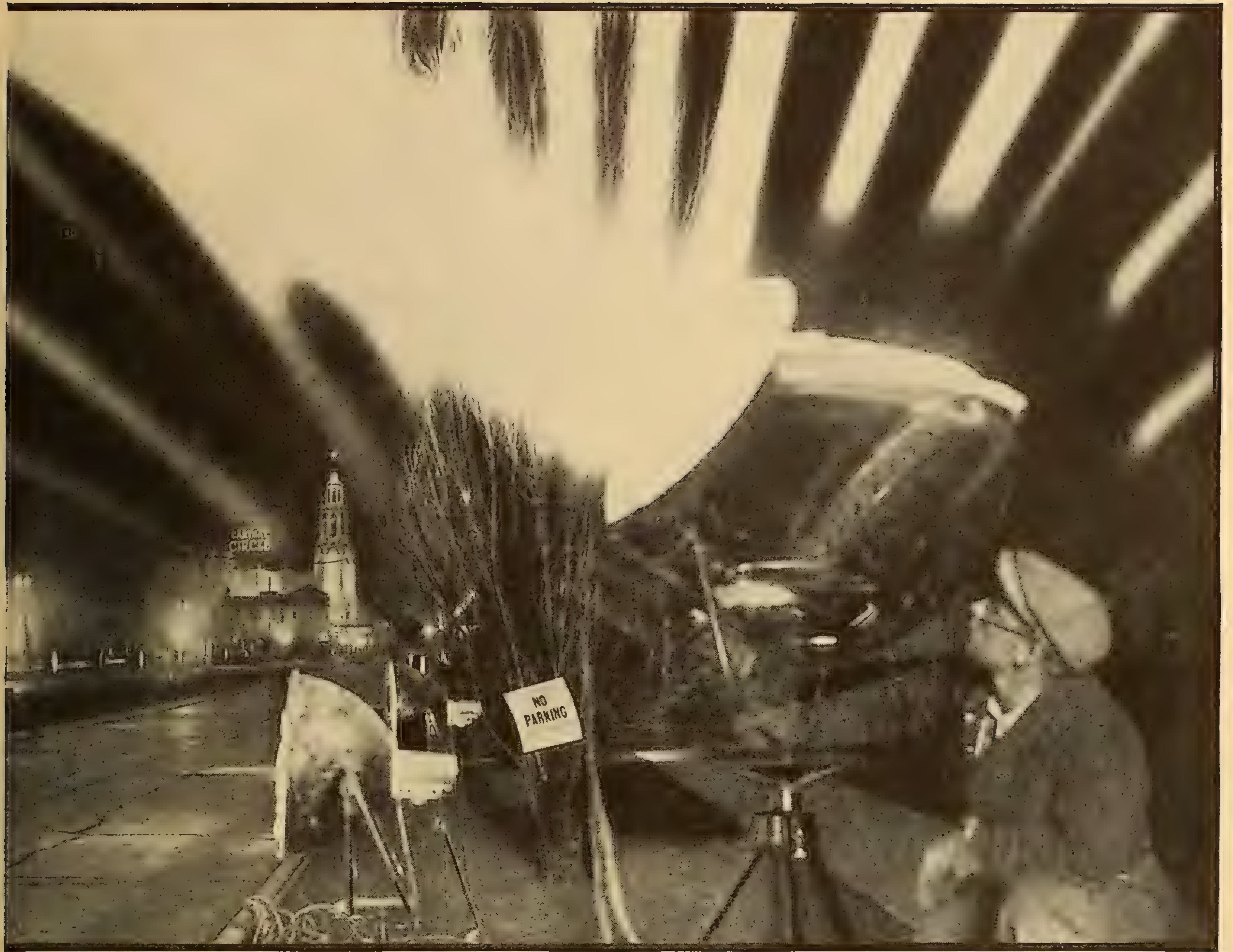
"And to my way of thinking, Janet Gaynor is the utmost embodiment on the screen of all the qualities that are the opposite of the hard-boiled characters I play. I can get quite sobby over Janet's troubles on the screen. I'll bet she'd laugh if she could (Continued on page 108)

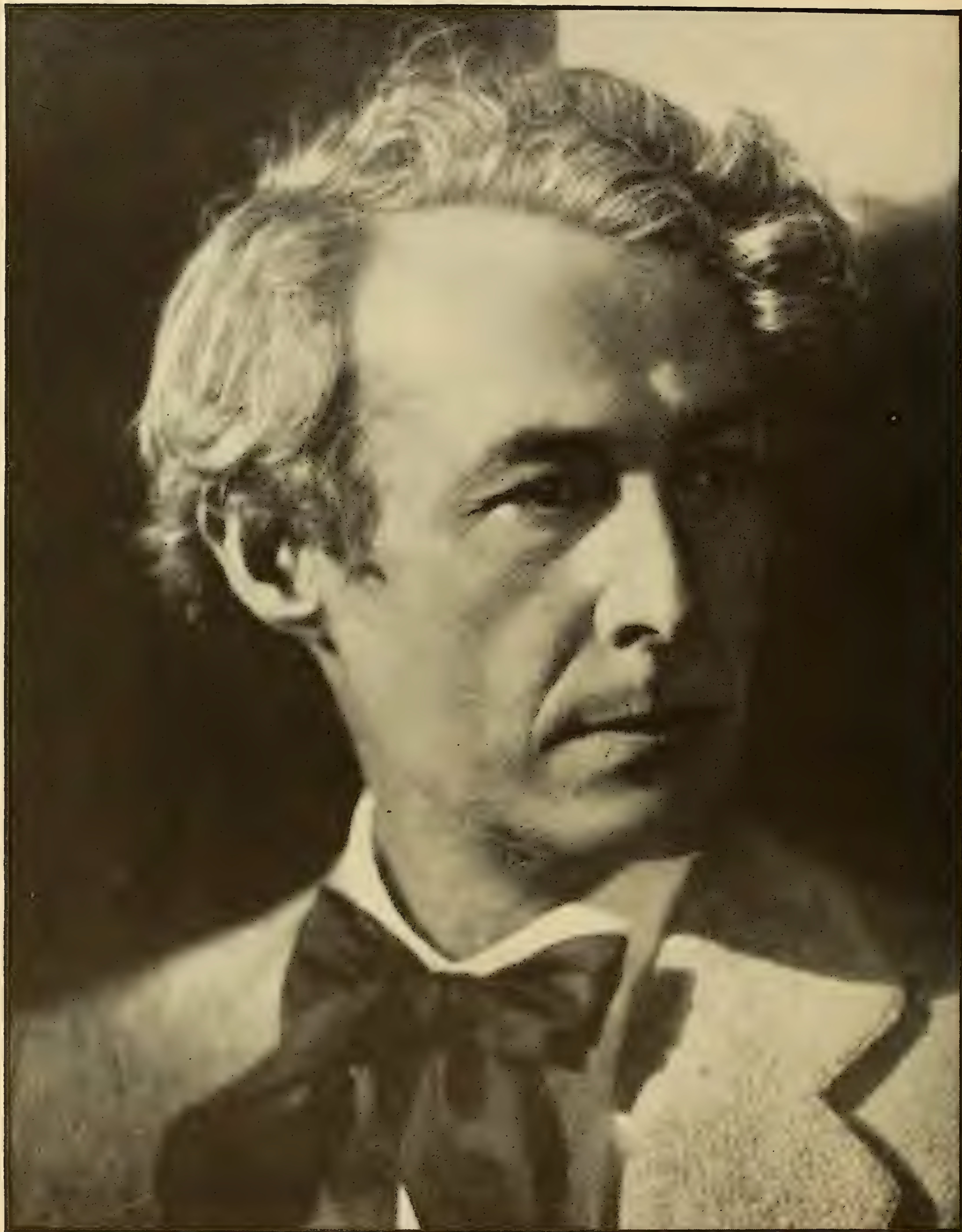


SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGG

All Quiet on the Hollywood Front

These striking night shots were made by NEW MOVIE'S own photographer at the opening of "All Quiet on the Western Front" at the Carthay Circle Theater on Wilshire Boulevard, half way between Hollywood and Los Angeles. By means of sun arcs, the night was made as light as day. The statue in the picture at the left is the much talked about study of an early Californian panning gold. That was before they discovered there were films in them thar hills. Yes, the premiere of "All Quiet" was a big social event. Everybody in the film business was there.

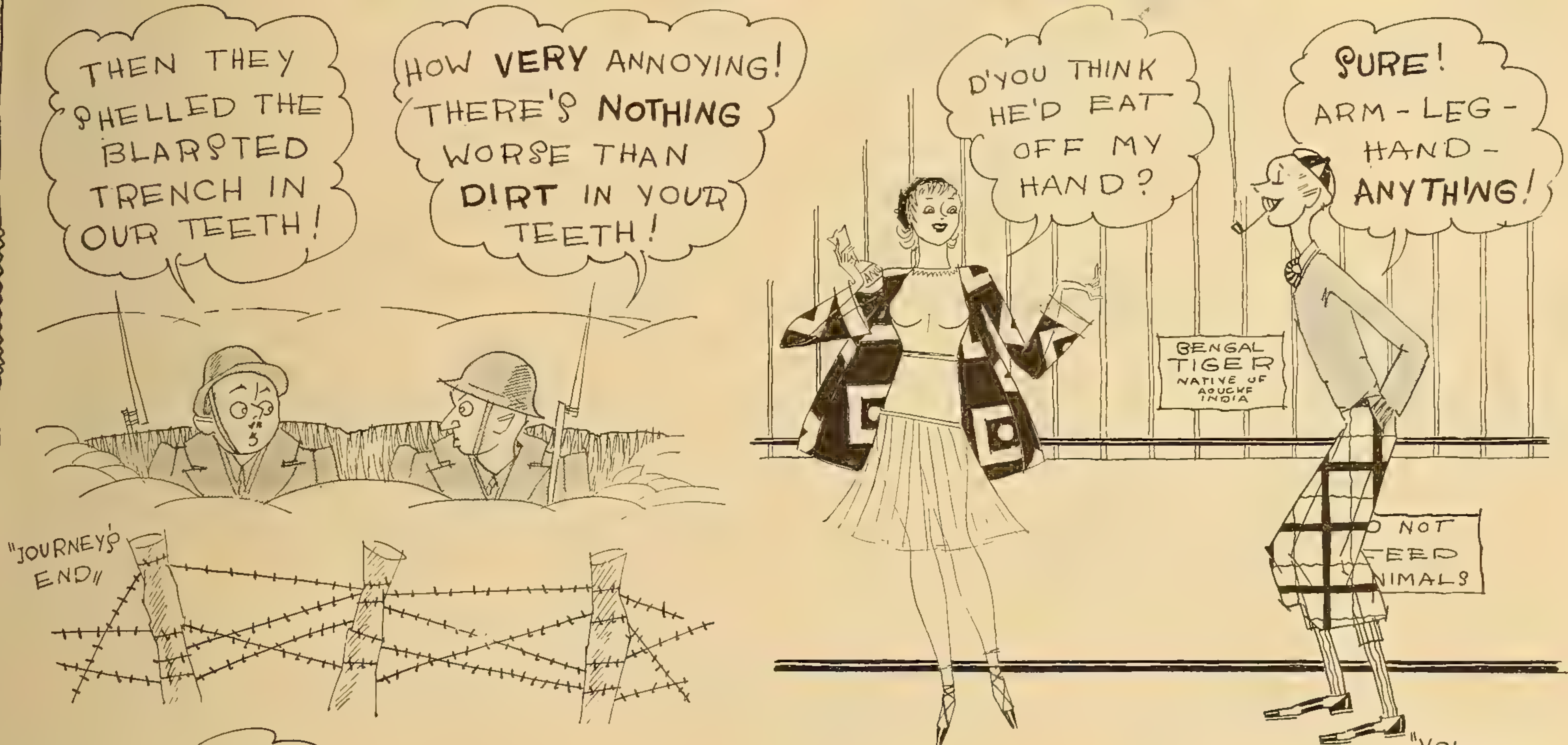




Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

It is the night of March 3, 1915. The scene is the Liberty Theater in New York. It is the never-to-be-forgotten premiere of "The Birth of a Nation," the picture by which all things cinematic are dated. The little colonel, Ben Cameron, in his tattered grey uniform, has passed through the broken gate of the old Cameron homestead, up the steps to the waiting arms of his sister, done by Mae Marsh, in her pitiful make-shift ermine. The great audience sobs—and cheers. Walthall is famous. Today Henry B. Walthall plays small roles in the talkies, forgotten by the newer generation. But, to the older, there will never be a screen actor so compelling, so romantic, so lovable. To him—the little colonel of "The Birth of a Nation"—this page is dedicated.

LAUGHS of the FILMS



What do you consider the funniest talkie joke of the month? THE NEW MOVIE will pay \$5 for the best written letter relating the best talkie joke. If two or more letters prove of equal merit, \$5 will go to each writer. Address your jokes to Laughs of the Films, THE NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



The first exit from a Hollywood party. Tiburcio Vasquez, bandit, was shot as he dived from the window of his girl's house, in what is now Hollywood, fifty years ago. Thus Vasquez set a social precedent.

TIBURCIO VASQUEZ, bandit, was shot in the pants as he dived through the window of his girl's house in Hollywood some fifty years ago. He was the first man to make exit from a Hollywood party in this manner. In so doing he set a precedent that has proved most unfortunate to the social standing of the cinema capital.

Tiburcio, though a bandit, was not of the movies. They came later. Nevertheless, the early love life of California, with its shooting affrays, gave to Hollywood a sort of romantic hang-over. The pioneer leaders of movie society were quick on the trigger and casement.

It was difficult for conventional Eastern people to catch this spirit of whimsy in romance and fiesta that was Hollywood's heritage from bandit days. They were quite right in criticizing us from their viewpoint. It was our mistake to turn tail under this criticism and attempt to imitate the effete East. Arrayed in manners unnatural to our soil we have presented a sight as pathetic as the South Sea Islander in top hat and mother hubbard. We should have remained true to our traditions, to the pattern of Vasquez, Murrieta, Chavez, who, unlike the bandit immigrants from the East, were always gallant and never failed to ask a mother's blessing before holding up a stage coach and scamouching off with the good looking dames. But we have betrayed that heritage and so must suffer consequential laughter when we attempt the tricky etiquette of the East.

YOU doubtless read Thyra Samter Winslow's yawn at Hollywood society in a recent issue of *NEW MOVIE*. It was the topic of many Hollywood salons (one "o", printer!). You must have read, too, the indignant comments of the actors the month following. They said that evidently Thyra did not meet the right people. (Each said he had not met her.) Obviously she did not. I did not meet her. So how unfair of Thyra to talk of our aristocracy when she hadn't met us.

Why It Has Been Difficult to Reconcile Effete Eastern Social Customs with California's Spirit of Whimsy in Romance and Fiesta

Had Thyra come to me with credentials from blue-booked persons of New York—say the dowager Vanderbilt, Jimmy Walker, Texas Guinan or any of the big mattress and soap endorsers I would have initiated her into the inner circle so to speak. Society anywhere is a bore when it strains to rules. Dinner parties are probably the most artificial attempt at pleasure ever conceived. No other animal aside from the human ever assembles at *trough en masse*, save, of course, under the artificial compulsion of the barnyard. Certainly my dog, of pedigreed ancestry and blue ribbon title, has never been caught summoning the neighboring pedigrees when he had a good bone. *Au contraire*, he seeks isolation and concentrates. He realizes that eating is an animalistic sensuality which should not be a part of well-bred social intercourse. No one, dog or man, is at his best intellectually whilst chewing the leg of a dead hen.

It is only when people are utterly themselves that they are unique and therefore interesting specimens, be they what they may. The charm of Hollywood is waning because of the effort to be something else. And because Hollywood does everything in a Bigger and Better way, the stupidity of the conventional party is stupendous, gigantic, colossal and . . . see billboards for further adjectives. Nothing is so pathetic as this trying to do the right thing. Again I refer piteously to mother-hubbard Polynesians and to well-bred dogs that are forced to perform tricks at the command of humans.

There are among us, however, staunch souls who refuse the yoke of our conquerors. True Hollywoodians they may be found in all integrity in the privacy of their homes provided you know the password.

THERE is, for instance, Corinne Griffith, who, though she has had to compromise somewhat with current Hollywood manners, is the very essence of refinement and femininity. I lunched alone one day with Corinne in her Beverly Hills palazzo. I confess I prefer Corinne tête-à-tête than at one of her larger parties. Her gaiety amid the consuming mob always appears to me forced and ill at ease.

We lunched alone and it was a brilliant affair. She had new servants. Pie came on with the salad. We chortled lustily to show we knew better, then fell upon both. Afterward we sat under an oleander tree of her garden and reminisced of our Vitagraph days when Corinne was so poor she had only one diamond bracelet. She told me her secret was saving a percentage of her salary always, even when she got only fifty a week. "Because money," she drawled, "is the only way to freedom in the present scheme."

We discussed our Beverly Hills properties and wondered how long we could pay the taxes. Then Corinne suddenly veered to the poems of Verlaine and Mallarmé. Perhaps it was the juxtaposition of pie and salad. I'm sure Corinne would have cut her throat rather than make such reference at one of her big parties.

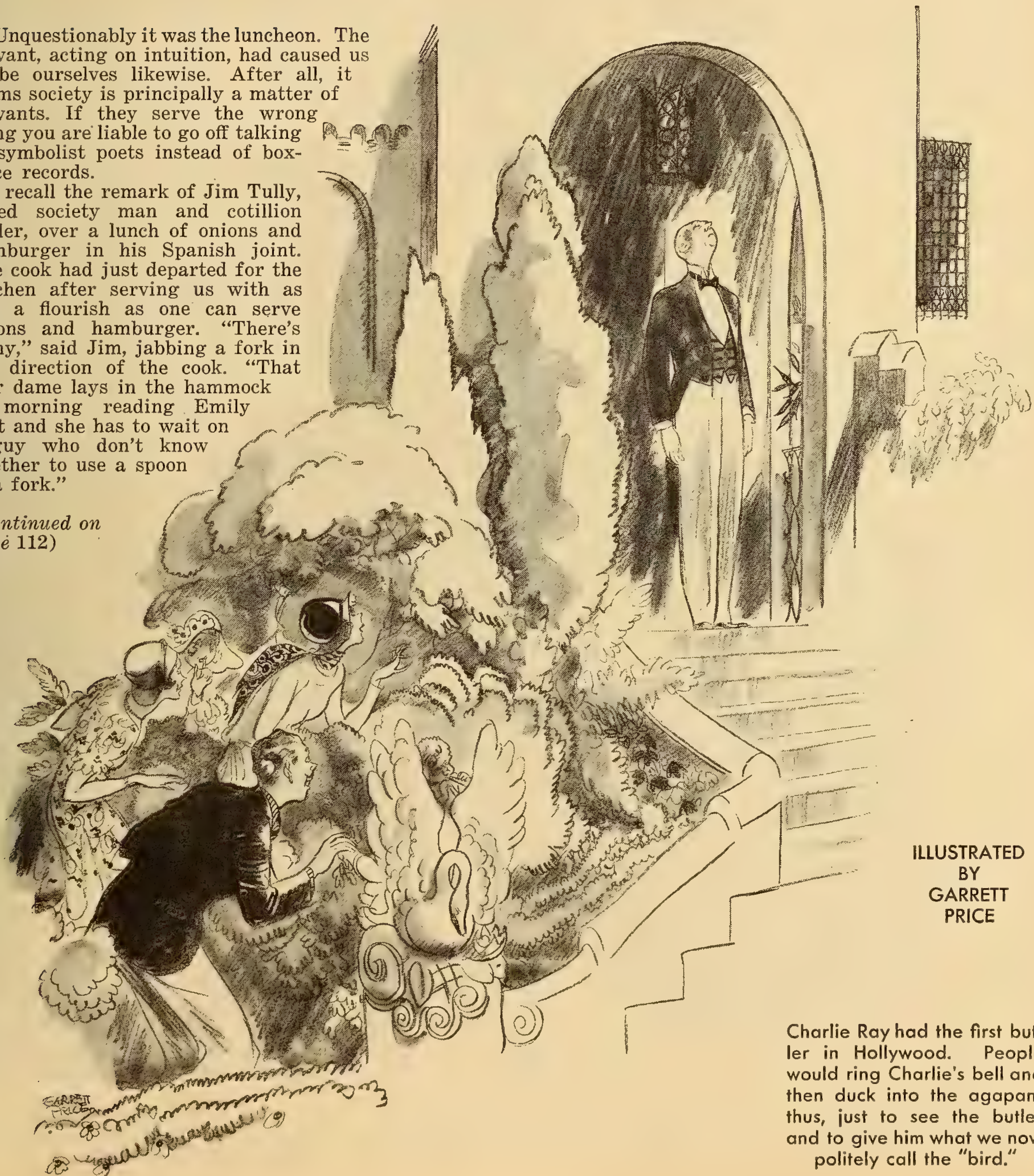
The LOW-DOWN on HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIFE

BY HERBERT HOWE

Unquestionably it was the luncheon. The servant, acting on intuition, had caused us to be ourselves likewise. After all, it seems society is principally a matter of servants. If they serve the wrong thing you are liable to go off talking of symbolist poets instead of box-office records.

I recall the remark of Jim Tully, noted society man and cotillion leader, over a lunch of onions and hamburger in his Spanish joint. The cook had just departed for the kitchen after serving us with as fine a flourish as one can serve onions and hamburger. "There's irony," said Jim, jabbing a fork in the direction of the cook. "That poor dame lays in the hammock all morning reading Emily Post and she has to wait on a guy who don't know whether to use a spoon or a fork."

(Continued on
page 112)



ILLUSTRATED
BY
GARRETT
PRICE

Charlie Ray had the first butler in Hollywood. People would ring Charlie's bell and then duck into the agapanthus, just to see the butler and to give him what we now politely call the "bird."



Judge Henry Cooper, formerly of Montana, must be mighty proud of his son, Gary. His boy comes close to being the most popular young man in Hollywood, getting more letters every day of the week than dad received in a half dozen years. They've even named a Montana town after Gary.



Bebe Daniels is becoming the bride of Ben Lyon at about the time you read this issue of NEW MOVIE. Read here how Miss Daniels and Mr. Lyon met for the first time -- and how the romance started.

HOW THEY MET

The Real Story of How the Famous Hollywood Romance Started, Told for the First Time

By HOWARD GILL

HOW they met—and when—and where. The beginning of a romance is one of the things poets have always sung about. It's one of the things cherished in memory forever.

Sometimes first meetings are casual and the two would be amazed and incredulous could they see a few years into the future and know that the introduction wasn't a mere social convention but something momentous and glorious.

Sometimes first meetings light an instantaneous spark.

Often such meetings come about by what seems almost a fluke, and later in their happiness the man and woman are almost afraid to think how nearly they came to not meeting at all.

And still oftener business—particularly in the film colony—is responsible for bringing life partners to that first contact.

HERE is how some of them met:

A young man named John McCormick was acting as business manager for a certain big film corporation. He had received a wire from the bosses in New York to see Marshall Neilan and get a definite answer from him on a certain point in his contract. So John, after much telephoning, located Mickey at his rooms in the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Mickey told him to come on down—and John went.

In Mickey's rooms were a dozen convivial souls. John sat—and sat—and sat, getting madder by the minute. Finally, dinner time (*Continued on page 107*).



Taylor Holmes, the veteran comedian of the stage shows his son, Phillips, some make-up tricks. Phillips' mother, Edna Phillips, was a well-known actress of her day, while Taylor was long a Broadway star.

Children of Stage Folks Always Turn to the Theater, for There Is No Way to Fight the Glamour of Acting

of Joan and Constance Bennett, children of Richard Bennett, have a record that stretches back into the days in the sixteenth century, when they were a group of strolling players. Lupino Lane, amusing comic that he is, learned his art from parents descended from another medieval family of strolling players and mimes. Every generation has had its players, the art being passed from one generation to another and cherished.

Other families of famous ones may not be able to trace such a lineage, but there are

WHEN John Barrymore was working as a cartoonist and illustrator on the *New York Evening Journal*, the editor of which was Arthur Brisbane, there came one fateful evening on which the youthful Barrymore was saved for the American stage. According to the account, John had gone off with some boon companions to while away the idle hours in one of those quaint pre-prohibition resorts. There was made wassail, and finally, after some search, the editor's emissaries brought the young artist back to the office to illustrate a most important murder case. The picture drawn did not show the artist at his best, as Barrymore puts it. Brisbane drew him aside and the conversation went thus:

"Your family are actors, I hear, young man."

"Yes."

"Well, I would strongly advise your trying the stage."

"I have anticipated you," answered the young artist, and that was the end of journalism and the beginning of a stage career for John Barrymore.

This sad story of the child of an actor striving for better things, as it were, and its most unhappy ending for such worthy ambitions, is illustrative of a deep-seated instinct, affliction, inspiration, ambition, call it what you will. The children of actors are always actors. Once the magic of the make-believe land behind the footlights has touched the family tree, any limb may go gay; and then you have another actor or actress.

MANY a present-day star, like Barrymore, chose another path for a time, but the glitter and the glamour are in the blood. Back they come, for better or for worse, praising or blaming the theater, but always feeling that here among the backdrops and stage sets, the grease paint and the excitement, are their people. The theater is not an unkind mother; to all children of her blood she offers her gifts of fame and fortune, sometimes withheld for a time, for she is a stern mother; but merit she recognizes with wealth beyond what can be gained in any other realm. Kings and queens are proud to claim the great ones of the stage as their friends and favorites.

The annals of some of the stage families who are now working in pictures are long and ancient. The family

very many stars who can claim parents and even grandparents who trod the boards and made the rafters ring.

An actor, it is well known, may come from people of any station in life. All strata of society contribute a quota. Professional men, such as doctors, lawyers, ministers, college professors, ditch-diggers, trollops, saloonkeepers, servants, all may have children who turn to the theater to earn its rich rewards. But their children will be actors, it is almost safe to prophesy.

THE American stage has its aristocracy, with its Barrymores and Drews and Bennetts and many others. The circus people have their aristocracy as well, and it is a proud one. How many of these families have turned to the films is interesting to see.

When John Barrymore and Dolores Costello married, there was, as all the world knows, the linking of the first aristocracy of the stage with the first family of the screen. The career of Maurice Costello, brilliant first star of the films, is one that began on the stage, in stock and in road shows. Maurice Costello played in many of those heart-wrenching melodramas of the old days, "Human Hearts," "The Night Before Christmas," and others, so that he was well known when he went into the old Vitagraph studio and made film history. Prior to him he knows of no stage folk; but the virus was transmitted to his daughters, Dolores and Helene. Their father was not particularly anxious to have them start a stage career, at least just then, but when the two girls went out and got themselves jobs in the George White "Scandals," he recognized the urge and let them go ahead.

John Barrymore has behind him a record of three generations. His grandmother, of the Drew family, on his mother's side, was starred at the age of six in London as a child actress. Her daughter, Georgiana Drew, and the mother of John, was famous in her time, playing with his father, Maurice Barrymore. Incidentally, Joan and Constance Bennett's maternal grandmother, Rose Wood, played with them. Now Joan is playing with John in the talkie version of "The Sea Beast."

There is no information as to any ancestors that

You CAN'T GET AWAY From IT

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

Maurice Barrymore may have had being on the stage, but the surmise is that he had some. The Irish family name of Blythe had in it a title, a Lord Barrymore, and from this comes the Barrymore name, and the crest of the crowned kingsnake which John flies on his yacht.

Through his mother, Georgiana Drew, Barrymore is related to Sidney Drew and John Drew, both of whom were famous. Sidney Drew preceded his talented nephew into the films, and made, among other things, a series of successful domestic comedies with his wife. Lionel and Ethel, John's brother and sister, are typical of the Barrymore and Drew talent. The daughter of Ethel, whose married name was Colt, has shown talent, and it is probable that she will succeed to the mantle of the Barrymore name.

When John and his brother Lionel were young men they went to Paris to study art. As they ran through their money, it was back to America and the stage for John, via the newspaper illustrator route. It was a quick and easy way to make money and, anyway, the boys liked it. Ethel was already established.

A child of John Barrymore and his wife, Dolores, could hardly fail to carry on the dramatic career of such talented ancestors.

SWITCHING back to the Bennett family, composed of Constance, Joan and Barbara, they possess one of the most significant figures in the American theater today in their father, Richard Bennett. Their mother is Adrienne Morrison, a star in her own right before



Ruth Roland comes from two generations of theater folks. Her grandmother was a Tyrolean yodler and her Mother was famed as "the California Nightingale," an idol of San Francisco.

she married Bennett. Her father, Lewis Morrison, was a noted actor abroad and in America, touring for seventeen years in Shakespearean plays and as Mephistopheles in "Faust." The Morrisons are descended from the old English theatrical family of Wood, who come in turn from the Welsh Wodens, traveling troubadours of the sixteenth century.

Another old theatrical family is that of the James Gleasons and their son, Russell Gleason. Lucille Webster Gleason had no forbears in the theater, she married into it. Jim Gleason had as his mother, Nina Crolius Gleason, a famous stage actress of New York and the Pacific Coast. She appeared in New York under the Frohman banner for some years. As soon as she recovers from a recent accident she expects to be at it again, though she is now seventy-seven. Her mother was a French actress, and her mother before her was a famous French dancer of her time. Russell Gleason represents the fifth known generation in the family of stage folk. All three Gleasons are in films now.

Lupino Lane has grease paint all smeared over a long and glorious theatrical ancestry. The funny little comic from "The Love Parade" claims descent from the oldest theatrical family in the world, the Lu-

Constance and Joan Bennett with their mother, Adrienne Morrison. Richard Bennett, their father, is a famous theater star and Adrienne Morrison was a popular actress, the daughter of Lewis Morrison, a road star of other days.

Why Do Children of Actors Always Become Actors?

pinos. The family was originally Italian, pantomimists who came to England three hundred years ago, after a two-hundred-year-old stage ancestry in Italy. Chevalier Georgius Lupino brought the first puppet show to England, the old favorite, Punch and Judy, and the amazement of the Britishers, beguiled from their maypoles and bowling on the green, must have been terrific, for the family stayed and prospered. In this generation there is Lupino Lane, his brother, Wallace Lupino, his foil in pictures, and three cousins, Stanley Lupino, who is starring in London, Mark, famous in the Colonies, and Barry Lupino, who has been featured in the New York musical shows.

Lupino's real name is Harry Lupino, not Lupino Lane, and thereby hangs a tale. On his mother's side, the family of Lane were eminent as managers and producers. Most famous among these was Mrs. Sarah Lane, proprietress of the famous old Britannia Theater in London and one of England's greatest actresses in her heyday. Such great actors as Sir Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree appeared with her. She enacted tragedy rôles up to the time of her death in August, 1899, at the age of seventy-seven.

It was out of favor to this grandmother that Harry Lupino became Lupino Lane. "There are plenty of Lupinos, but few Lanes," she said. His father was willing, but the proud old Grandfather Lupino could not see why Lupino was not a good enough name for any male member of the family. However, he took the name Lane. All of his trick dancing, falls and eccentric comedy were taught him by his father, and he was such an adept pupil that he was billed as a child as Master Harry Lupino.

ANY stage ancestry after this one is something of a let-down. However, turning to the case of Douglas Fairbanks and his son, we find a case where the father much preferred the son to delay his dramatic career until he was a little older. As it was, Doug, Jr., began on his own at the age of fifteen, in "Stephen Steps Out." Doug, Jr. had wished to be an artist and had studied in Paris, but due to financial reverses of his mother's, he accepted the offer from films to make the picture men-



Mitzi Green, the screen child film star, with her parents, Joe Keno and Rosie Green, the long popular vaudeville team. Little Mitzi appeared with her parents and as a variety "single."

dancing. She grew up in a family atmosphere of things theatrical.

John Gilbert comes of a pair of theatrical parents, celebrities in their day. His father, John Pringle, was a handsome leading man in stock, and his mother, Ada Adair, was a talented and beautiful actress who played opposite John's father at one time. John, too, essayed something else than the theater, but came back to it when he joined the Baker Stock Company, in Spokane, Washington. As a child of one year he played with Eddie Foy. Later years saw him attempting success as a rubber salesman and as a reporter on *The Portland Oregonian*, after the Baker company went broke, but he was itching to get back to the theater, and finally compromised with going to work as an extra for Tom Ince. After rising to leads in films, he digressed to write and direct, but always he went back to acting. He stifled his higher emotions in gold and grease paint.

Another child born in a theatrical trunk is Eddie Quillen, whose father, Joseph Quillen, was a noted comic. Eddie is one of nine children, all in the racket. His father managed five of them in their own act. Now it's all pictures at Quillen's and everybody works but father, and he worries.

The names of Rudolf and Josef Schildkraut are known the length and breadth of the (Contin'd on page 114)



James and Lucille Gleason, with their son, Russell. Jim Gleason comes of a stage family. In fact, Jim's mother, Nina Gleason, is still acting, at seventy-seven. Russell Gleason represents the fifth generation of a noted stage family.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

CLARA BOW

The new—and sylph-like Clara—with her newest pet, Duke, a great Dane. Duke goes everywhere with Miss Bow, past no admittance signs and into sound stages where no one ever enters save a star or a director.



Photograph by Don English

Introducing Mitzi Green, the first child star of the talkies. Mitzi grew up in the theater, her parents being known to vaudeville as Keno and Green. She used to go on with her father and mother and do kid impersonations. Now, a film luminary, she is exactly nine years old.

The PENALTY of BEAUTY

BY GEORGE CHAPIN

AT sixteen she was just another girl selling hairpins.

She was happy.

At nineteen she was "Miss America." Judged, at the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant, the girl most beautiful of face and form in the entire United States.

After that she was unhappy.

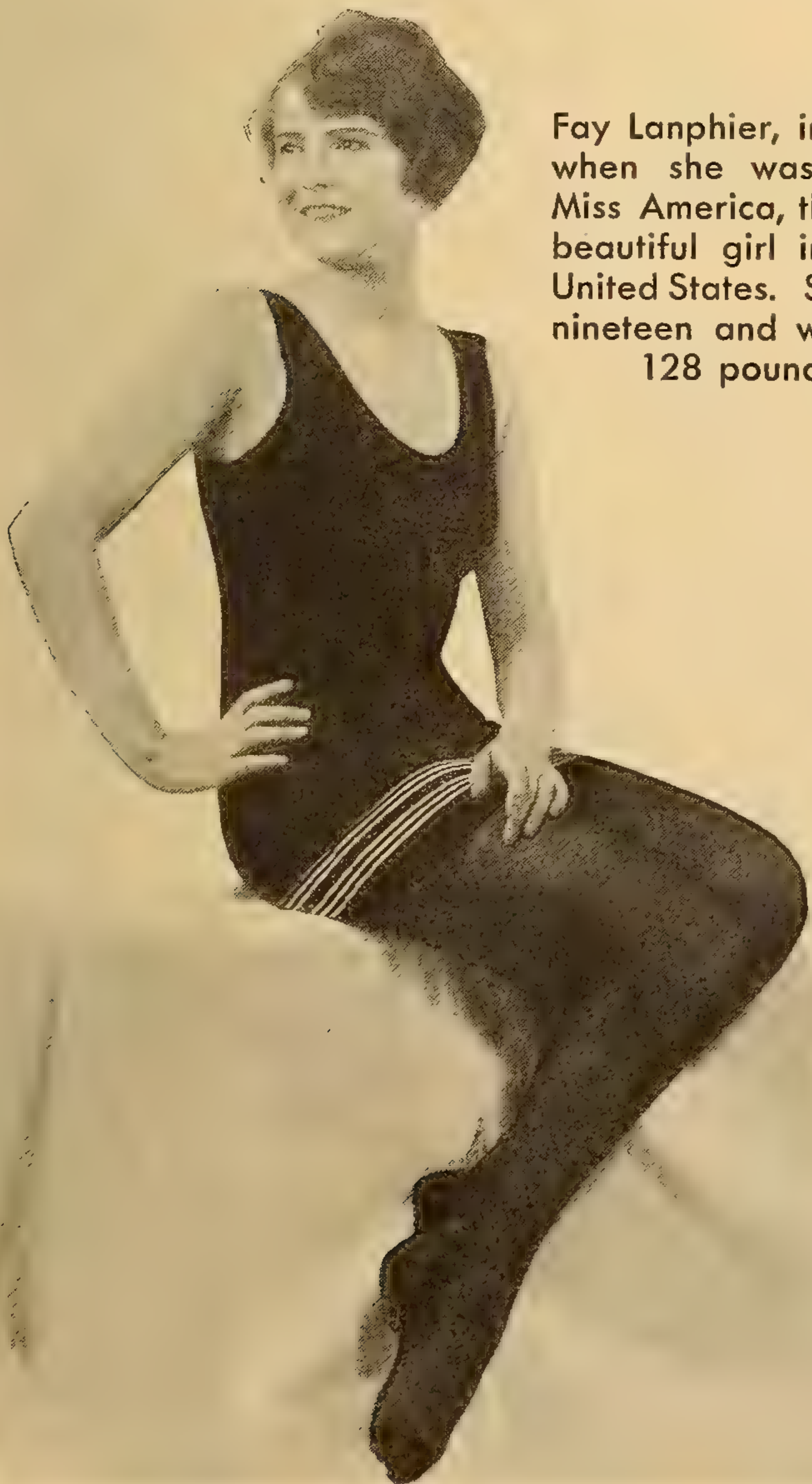
At twenty-four she is just another stenographer in Hollywood.

Now Fay Lanphier is happy again.

The lot of others always seems to be the most fortunate. No doubt many a girl envied the gorgeous Fay Lanphier, perfectly gowned, as she was hailed the



Fay Lanphier as she is today, weight 157 pounds. She is just one of hundreds of stenographers in a Hollywood studio—but she is happy.



Fay Lanphier, in 1925, when she was voted Miss America, the most beautiful girl in these United States. She was nineteen and weighed 128 pounds.

most beautiful girl of the year. No doubt they saw pictures and read accounts of her going from place to place in a luxurious Rolls-Royce—and wished that they could but change places with her. That *they* might be given all the attentions which were showered upon Fay Lanphier, that *they* might enjoy the sensation of having rich and handsome men contest for the honor of taking them to dinner, the opera, and a night club.

They no doubt thought that if they could have these things they would be happy and content. So did Fay Lanphier.

But she found out otherwise. That is why she deliberately set out "not to be a beauty." And worked at it just as hard as do thousands of other girls who slave and punish themselves that they may have one small part of the beauty this girl is trying to erase.

"I PUT on weight," she said. "And although I never did use much makeup I stopped using it altogether. I wanted to be plain, to be able to fade into a crowd and never be noticed.

"Those days when I was 'Miss America'—they were nice in one way—but I was never happy. Something was always bothering me, causing me to worry.

"I wondered about getting a picture contract, and then worried about making good when I did. I flopped. And found out that I did not want to be a picture star and that no one else wanted me to be one either. The one picture I made, 'The American Venus,' made a star out of Esther Ralston, but it was a heartbreak to me. I had nothing to do in it and doubt if I could have done anything had the part I played (*Continued on page 128*)

Fay Lanphier deliberately gave up
the pursuit of beauty for comfort
and happiness

HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

YOUTH has the habit of making predictions.

A tall, dark-eyed boy and a slim, golden-haired girl met at a musicale in Minneapolis eighteen years ago. They appraised each other critically, and sat apart when tea was served.

Handsome Ernest Brimmer, of St. Paul, gave dramatic readings, and comely Edith Day's voice already had won her the adulations of Minneapolis. Their hostess introduced them to the other guests as "two young persons of exceptional dramatic and musical ability." She divined brilliant futures for them.

The dapper young man, so the story goes, threw his very soul into his recital that afternoon. The applause was inspiring, reassuring. But he didn't observe the mocking smile of the pretty young singer as she floated towards the grand piano. She sang like a lark, and flushed exultantly at the plaudits. Her eyes saw far beyond the face of a certain, in fact, the only male in the drawing-room. His upper lip was almost touching the tip of his nose. Bored? Well, Ernest was on the defensive.

"I THINK Mr. Brimmer recites very well—so dramatic, so much fire," ventured the hostess while chatting with the fledgling songbird.

"Why, I think he is just terrible," the girl replied. Her feathers were ruffled.

Somewhat taken aback the dear woman approached the St. Paul boy on the subject of sweet young sopranos. One in particular.



Ernest Brimmer (now Richard Dix) at the age of eleven was the delivery boy for Kessler's grocery store in St. Paul—and, at that, pretty much of a trial for Old Man Kessler.

"Miss Day has a lovely voice, and she is so pretty."

"Oh, yes, she's cute in her way," he admitted. Then impetuously: "But she'll never amount to anything."

That was in 1912. Today that "terrible" dramatic reader of the peg-top trouser era is one of the "best sellers" in the motion picture world. He is known to millions of movie patrons as Richard Dix. Incidentally, Miss Day did very well. In her "cute" way she won fame as the original "Irene" in the musical comedy of that name.

Let Hollywood and cinema audiences know the square-jawed, straight-as-an-Indian screen star as Richard Dix, but back in St. Paul, his home town, he is known as "Pete" Brimmer. Just plain "Pete" to his boyhood pals. None of the old gang remembers just how he came by the nickname. It doesn't matter, anyhow. Most of the men, who as youngsters comprised the St. Anthony Park gang, have, like "Pete" Brimmer, sought fame and fortune outside the Twin Cities. Yet, one of the motion picture actor's closest friends still lives in St. Anthony Park. He is William Grant Gray and his home is but a short distance from 1208 Raymond Avenue where Brimmer was born, July 18, 1896.

The house still stands. "Pete" and Grant inspected it last summer when Brimmer spent a week in St. Paul. The apple tree in the yard was bearing fruit, but it was a taller tree than when "Pete" last plucked a green apple from it.

No one, except Dix himself, knows more about the boyhood of "Pete" Brimmer than Mr. Gray. He and "Pete" fished and swam and fought and worked together in the magic days. Assuming the role of biographer Mr. Gray recounted the high spots of Dix's youth. He confessed that he was "holding out a bit," but his word picture was enough to show that Brimmer's early life was that of a normal, red-blooded American boy. Biographer Gray began by disclosing the actor's stage name was devised and used many years before "Pete" gave serious thought to a theatrical career.

Former playmates of Ernest Brimmer remember him as a "regular fatty." Here you will learn how he first hurriedly adopted the name of Richard Dix, under the questioning of a policeman.

Our gang decided to raid one of the agricultural college apple orchards. (The University of Minnesota College of Agriculture is in St. Anthony Park.)



How "Pete" Brimmer Grew Up to be Richard Dix—and the Idol of St. Paul

By CHARLES W. MOORE
of the
St. Paul Pioneer Press

Park.) The fruit was good—scientifically propagated, you know. 'Pete' was one of the first to crawl over the fence into the orchard. We were having a swell time disposing of the spoils when out of the gloom a huge figure waddled toward us. It was Ole Hanson. (Ole was and still is the limb of the law in the district.) We were caught red-handed. One or two of the gang got away, but Ole herded the rest together and started asking questions. He wanted our names. Ole knew every mother's son of us in daylight, but the orchard was dark. The first boy gave a fictitious name. So did the next and on down the line until it was 'Pete's' turn.

"I'll never forget him. He stood there calmly chewing on a filched apple. He smacked his lips. 'My name's Richard Dix,' he told Ole, and sauntered away as if the fat old copper had caught the chief of police himself. I guess nothing ever came of that escapade, except that we were watched very closely from then on by college authorities. 'Pete' used the name Richard Dix many times afterward. The gang got used to it.

"'Pete' was pretty husky when he was a kid. He——"

"Oh, he was a regular fatty." This from Mrs. Gray. As the sister of Harold "Clemmy" Clemons, one of Brimmer's pals, she remembers "Pete" vividly.

"No, he wasn't dear."

"Well, I guess my memory is pretty clear. 'Pete' was pudgy and sort of awkward when he was eleven or twelve years old. I knew him pretty well.

"One summer before he entered Central High School 'Pete' was delivery boy for Kessler's grocery store. The

groceries were transported in an old rickety wagon drawn by an aged grey mare. 'Clemmy' was the assistant helper. 'Pete' and unpaid would wait un-

At the right, the house at No. 1208 Raymond Avenue, St. Paul, where Richard Dix was born in 1896. It still stands. In the yard is the same apple tree that Dix, as little "Pete" Brimmer, used to climb for greenapples.



Richard Dix always had a flare for reciting. He played roles in the various student shows of the Central High School and, after graduation, overrode parental objections and turned to the stage as a profession.

til the wagon was jammed full of orders before starting on a delivery trip. Old Man Kessler's hardest work was finding 'Pete' when the load was ready. The first stop every morning was in front of our house. The stop was always made whether or not my mother had ordered food. 'Pete' was there to get my brother.

"Morning after morning (until young Brimmer lost his job) the indolent young upstart would sit out in front and shout: 'Clemmy, oh Clemmy!' His voice was monotonous. 'Clemmy' usually was in bed and he'd come

downstairs and eat breakfast before joining 'Pete.' Sometimes it was an hour before they would get started. Meanwhile, neighborhood housewives were waiting for their groceries.

"Whenever 'Pete' had an order for us he would leave everything but one item outside the door. Then he would knock, walk into the kitchen and stumble purposely. Whatever was

(Continued on page 118)



By HERB HOWE

flavor. Old patriotic pussies who prefer the gin and orange juice of delusion may not enjoy it; nevertheless let them plunge the proboscis for an evening. It may save them knitting themselves nuts through another war. It may even prevent them—silly hope—from tossing the word "Red" as carelessly as "Boche," stay them from baiting Russia on hearsay for "religious persecutions," lessen their zeal in fattening little boys for another big devil stew.

OUT of the mud of this picture arises the most sensitive face I've seen. Through the shrieking, quivering, whimpering screen crashes a new star. Mr. Lew Ayres. Not since I saw Charles Ray in "The Coward" and Richard Barthelmess in "For Valor" have I pounded the drum of "discovery" with such assurance. The Boulevardier's boutonniere for the month goes to Lew's lapel.

FOURTEEN years ago Julian Johnson heralded Charles Ray "Ince's Wonder Boy." I might be tempted to swipe the title and call Lew "Laemmle's Wonder Boy" were it not for the ludicrous fact that he and producer "Junior" Carl Laemmle are the same age, twenty-one.

"Uncle" Carl Laemmle, a loved character of the film world, gave son Carl Jr., the Universal studio to play with. Offered eighty million for the property, Uncle Carl said: "No, Junior thinks he'd like to have it, and so I guess I'll let him play with it."

I WAS at Buddy Rogers' home in Beverly Hills the other night. He recently bought a house on Bedford Drive, which he shared with his dad and mother. He played me his two phonograph records which he had just received.

"I take your word for it," I said, "but the voice doesn't sound like yours."

For that matter Buddy's voice off screen is utterly different from on; the victrola reproduces still a different one. Buddy is a vocal Chaney.

BUDDY gets three cents for every one of his records sold. I need not urge the sisters of my congregation to buy until it hurts. Buddy must be kept.

Buddy's personality differs from the one on the screen as much as his voice differs from the talkie. He is taller, more mature. There is not the pop-eyed puppy eagerness. On the screen he wears a white make-up; off the screen he has a tanned olive skin and—on occasion—a stubble of beard as black as Harold Lloyd's. He reminds me of Harold in other ways. He speaks to you



A Hollywood extra leaves home for the day's work. Extras stagger from dugout to dugout these days. During the last few years, says Herb Howe, the World War has become Hollywood's leading industry.

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" will not end war, but it should end war pictures, a boon almost as great.

The armistice was signed twelve years ago, but our Hollywood boys are still in the trenches. They stagger from dugout to dugout, going nutty. Indeed, I'm safe in saying—my passport in paw—that there's scarcely a Hollywood actor who hasn't gone nuts. All cases are not due to shell shock; nevertheless, I see no reason to stimulate a natural aptitude artificially. Hollywood is trying enough on one's sanity without having it imitate Verdun day and night. During the last few years the World War has become our leading industry. There is more acreage seeded to shells than to citrus. However, I foresee a sharp return to normal conditions.

(That should be in quotes, but I don't know who said it first.)

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" leaves nothing more to be said. It's the straight stuff, genuine as Pilsener, unneeded by the go-goofy tonic of romance and glory. The Boulevardier's business is not reviewing pictures. (Never mind what it is, it beats work.) But this is not a picture, it is the war itself. As one who dipped a beak in French mud, I know the

The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

in the same hushed confidential tones. He also deprecates himself. He's careful about what he says since an interview quoted him saying he received more letters than Valentino.

"What the Valentino fans wrote me, oh boy!" Buddy shudders. It's ironical but a fact that the dead Valentino is more popular than any living star.

THE reason everybody is getting by as a singer in the talkies is that before the talkies we never knew that was singing.

THE other morning, while I was in my bath, Jeanette MacDonald started singing in the next room. I didn't know my colored boy had been fumbling with the phonograph. It is rather startling, to say the least, to hear a girl's familiar voice singing "The Love Parade" at you in your shower. I mean to say the heart may start pounding, and you are liable to slip on the soap reaching hastily for the bathrobe. It was a Victor record, of course, for Jeanette does not broadcast in the bathing hour. When television permits her to do so, I shall become a friend of radioland.

Tries to Get Hollywood Out of the Trenches — Discovers Young Lew Ayres — Visits Buddy Rogers and Writes About Doug Fairbanks, Senior.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., says his father is primarily an actor. All actors are primarily actors. I once asked Florence Deshon, then close friend of

Charlie Chaplin, if Charlie really was a Socialist, a Communist.

"Charlie a Socialist, a Communist? . . . Charlie's an actor," said Florence with a gentle smile.

I recall an afternoon at the studio when Doug Fairbanks, Sr., was worrying about Doug Jr., becoming an actor.

"I'd like to send him to college, get him away from Hollywood," said Doug Sr. "I'm afraid if he hangs around here he'll become an actor. I hate actors, don't you?"

A smile was my only reply—on advice of counsel.

"I'm not an actor," said Doug quickly. "Charlie Chaplin is."

DOUG FAIRBANKS, SR., is one of the few actors who does not disappoint off screen. He transmits the same enormous energy and exuberance. Most actors like to pose as something different than their screen selves. Naïve, they go sophisticate and talk women. Roués, they act like swooning saints and cry a little. In a word, actors act harder off screen than on. Doug doesn't. He plays himself (Continued on page 97)

Two gobs looking wistful in Hollywood. They take their movies seriously and are looking for Clara Bow, the sweetheart of the navy.



DRAWINGS BY
KEN
CHAMBERLAIN

BANQUET
PATTER
BY
HOMER
CROY



WHEN Louise Fazenda opened her eyes and put on her make-up for the first time, they told her the place was Lafayette, Indiana, and the date June 17, 1895. "Personally, I do not remember it," she says frankly. "All I know about it is hearsay."

That is her real name; her family is Italian and, back in sunny Italy, Fazenda means "farmer." She did not remain long in Lafayette, for, when she was three months old, she left Lafayette and went to Los Angeles, California. This, of course, was with the help of her parents.

The family did not have a great deal of money and Louise had to go out where money was and help bring it back. She got a job in a candy factory and became a chocolate dipper. Here, day after day, Louise worked, dipping chocolates and dreaming of grease-paint.

She also taught a Sunday School class, and while teaching this class got a job briefly with Mack Sennett as one of his bathing beauties. Sunday morning she would teach her Sunday School class and Monday morning she would put on a smile and a bathing suit that could be sent through the mail to Guam for a six-cent stamp, and kick up her heels in front of the camera.

I shudder to think what would have happened if her Sunday School superintendent should have wandered into the Bijou some Saturday night and have seen his Sunday School teacher come galloping out on the screen in a smile and a bathing suit about as big as a pen-wiper.

After a time, Louise took off the bathing suit, put it carefully away in a pill-box, skinned back her hair and became a comedienne.

Yes, boys, she is married. Hal Wallis, one of the big shots at First National, saw her, took her out riding in a rubber-tired buggy and gave her a bag of chocolates in the moonlight. The old chocolate urge came over her, she could not resist, and when the census taker called at 5402 West Ninth Street, Hollywood, and asked her what her business was she had to answer "Housewife."

So hooray! for the little chocolate dipper who turned out to be one of the best comediennes on the screen.

KEN MAYNARD: My friends, we have come to a place in our program this evening which you ought to remember all the rest of your lives. I am now going to introduce to you a cowboy actor who is a real cowboy, and never bought anything in a drug store in his life except silver polish for his spurs. **KEN MAYNARD**, stand up, you bean pole, and let the ladies and gentlemen rest their eyes on you.

Ken Maynard made his first appearance in the saddle July 21, 1895, at Mission, Texas, and has been riding ever since.

The most wonderful thing that could happen to anybody in the whole world happened to him—ask any boy. His father gave him a saddle, he began to practice fancy riding—and became chief rider for Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Brothers' Circus. If that isn't success, I don't know what is!

WE HAVE WITH US

Reading around the banquet table from left to right: Ramon Novarro, Lew Ayres, Louise Fazenda, Mr. Croy, Ken Maynard, Norma Shearer and Edmund Lowe.



But Kenneth (that's the name he was born with—think of a cowboy being named Kenneth!) has more on his rope than a double flying-loop, for he also went to an engineering school and was graduated with the degree of "civil engineer."

He was such a real *bona fide* cowboy that, in 1920 in Chicago, he won the world's championship for trick riding and roping. So when you see him climb into a saddle you can know that you're going to see something to talk about when you get home.

However, he is only a cowboy on the stage. He would no more think of putting on a ten-gallon hat and a pair of spurs and swanking down Hollywood Boulevard than a Scotchman would think of treating his Sunday School class to double deck ice-cream cones.

He has been married five years and has a Wright Whirlwind airplane and a pilot's license.

EDMUND LOWE: Ladies and gentlemen, if you will remain seated I will introduce another speaker to you. He is none other than EDMUND LOWE. Now aren't you glad you stayed?

Edmund opened his eyes and yelled defiance into Victor McLaglan's face for the first time on March 3, 1892. The place was San Jose, California.

Edmund was smart in school, his career upsetting the idea that the boy who stands at the head of his class will never get any further in life than a white apron behind a soda fountain.

Edmund ran to brains (this was before he had the mustache) and took every scholarship prize that came along. He graduated at High School and then went to Santa Clara University and finished there at the age of eighteen with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Not content with this he kept right on going to college and

finally walked off with the degree of Master of Arts. Pretty good for Sergeant Quirt, *n'est ce pas?*

But all the time he was bent over his books he was dreaming of grease paint, and once you get the smell of grease paint in your nostrils you're ruined for life. He came down to Los Angeles and got a job play actin' in a stock company, and pretty soon Broadway said, "Come East, young man," and Eddie came. When he returned he was a star with his name on a dotted line.

The most remarkable thing about Edmund Lowe is something you never see in the papers. It's his ranch. He's as proud of it as he was of his first degree. It's at Skyland, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and is considered one of the finest grape ranches in that section of California. He produces tons of grapes.

What happens to those grapes? Nobody knows. The only thing we know is that when next year rolls around he's plumb out of grapes.

Now can you understand why people fight in the street to get a week-end invitation to the Santa Cruz Mountains?

Stand up, Edmund Lowe, and tell us about them grapes.

(Continued on page 132)

TONIGHT

DRAWING BY HERB ROTH

Homer Croy Presides at Another New Movie Magazine Banquet

Too Good to Be True

Alameda, Calif.

The magazine with a personality! That is a full description of this amazing NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. It has IT—to say nothing of “them” and “those.” When I hear that a new issue is out I hotfoot it to get my copy. Once I get started looking at the pictures and reading the clever “write-ups” I never stop until I have finished the book. And to think—all this joy for one thin dime! It is almost too good to be true, isn't it?

*M. Vigen,
1533 Mozart Street.*

A Word for Ruth

Bronx, N. Y.

Hollywood, the haven of the best producers and directors. But, what is the matter with these great men? They are supposed to recognize talent, to glorify it, and yet, out there in Hollywood is the greatest actress America has ever had, Ruth Chatterton, and she is barely appreciated. Actresses who do not possess half of her ability are placed on a pedestal, admired and a great fuss is made over them. Give a little more credit to Ruth Chatterton.

*E. McPartland,
2351 Grand Concourse.*

Speaks with Authority

London, Canada.

Yours is the first magazine of the movies which tempts me not to miss a copy. The price, of course, is attractive, but the quality of stories and pictures is decidedly the best in this class of magazine.

I particularly liked the story of Mary Pickford by Miss St. Johns, with its overtone far above the usual. Your stories have a sane authoritativeness that is convincing as well as entertaining.

*Amy E. Thorburn,
8 The St. George Apts.*

The One Movie Magazine

St. Louis, Mo.

Have just been reading the latest issue of your wonderful magazine. Have enjoyed all of the numbers so far, and cannot wait for the next to appear. It is the only movie magazine I am buying now and I used to buy almost all of the film publications every month. The NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE contains all of the news, pictures and reviews essential for the readers to know just what is going on in the motion picture world. In addition, I like the recipes, beauty articles and cartoons. Mr. Hyland's articles are an especially good part of your magazine.

*Angeline Frockman,
573 Paul Brown Bldg.*

The Greatest 10-Cent Bargain

Toledo, Ohio

A cozy chair, a soft breeze, and a NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE—that's real comfort. This monthly, with its hosts of remarkable stories, vivid interviews, startling confessions, screen reviews, countless pictures of screen favorites, and numerous other comments and details on filmland is certainly the greatest 10-cent

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

my NEW MOVIE book. Of course I get them every month.

*Jeanine Capillo,
7 Marshfield Street.*

Tip-Top

Huntington, W. Va.

Hurrah for THE NEW MOVIE! A tip-top magazine at rock-bottom price! How can you do it? But anyhow I am glad you do it—for I love THE NEW MOVIE, and it fits my meagre purse in price and fills my big hungry heart that cries for movie news.

*Mary Harvel Kerns,
1308 10th Avenue.*

Wants Her Photograph

Detroit, Michigan

I wish to write about something which has been on my mind for a long time and is puzzling me.

Why don't Buddy Rogers' studio secretaries, or whoever they are that take care of his mail, take better care of all of the letters which he receives?

I am referring to an incident which happened to me while Buddy was making a personal appearance at one of our theatres.

I sent a letter requesting a photograph and I enclosed a coin with which to help defray expenses. A short time later I received a card telling me in a very nice way that the money was forwarded to the studio and my request would be taken care of.

Well, it's over six months now and I doubt if I'll ever receive that photo.

*Anna Maceopa,
3410 Leuschner Ave.*

15 Miles to Get Her Copy

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Upon reading one number of your magazine I immediately became a NEW MOVIE fan, and when I heard there was another number out, I spent the whole day searching for a store that was not “sold out.” I eventually had to travel fifteen miles out of town to get my copy, but it was well worth the effort.

If you will get Miss Rogers St. Johns to give us an interview with that delightful exponent of poise and suavity, Mr. Clive Brook, I would willingly travel fifty miles out of town for a copy of the magazine.

*Alice Louise Cowlard,
199 Worcester Street.*

Suggestion to Producers

Canton, Ohio

I feel the same as many other fan people do. I think the list of characters should be shown at the end of the picture also: When the long list is shown at the beginning it is impossible to remember who takes some of the minor parts. Often one is
(Continued on page 104)

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Photograph by Hurrell

STANLEY SMITH



Photograph by Hurrell

BESSIE LOVE



LILLIAN ROTH



Another
STAR
from
ABROAD

Early next fall Samuel Goldwyn will present Evelyn Laye in a musical film. Miss Laye recently starred on Broadway in the musical comedy, "Bitter Sweet."

Miss Laye grew up in the theater. Her father was an English actor and stage manager. She has played in all sorts of footlight entertainment: melodrama, comedy, pantomime, revue and operetta. She became a London idol, following her hit in "Madame Pompadour." Since that she has played in a revival of "The Dollar Princess," in "Princess Charming," "Lilac Time" and in "The New Moon." She is unusually pretty and possesses a voice of distinct loveliness, all of which indicate high possibilities for her on the sound screen.

Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe



Photograph by W. F. Seely

LAURA LA PLANTE



Photograph by Otto Dyar

NANCY CARROLL

LILLIAN GISH

Turns to the

FOOTLIGHTS

Years ago, when David Belasco starred Mary Pickford in the fanciful "A Good Little Devil," Lillian Gish appeared in the minor role of a good fairy. The other day, however, Miss Gish returned to the speaking stage in New York. Her reception was remarkable.

Miss Gish came back in "Uncle Vanya," a comedy by the Russian, Chekhov. She had the role of Helena. Of her, Robert Littell said in The New York World: "She is not quite like any other actress I have ever seen, with a lovely repose and certainty, a combination of delicate shades and pastel dignity which make us realize how great the screen's gain has been all these years, to our loss."

No announcement has been made of Miss Gish's possible return to the films. The two portraits on this page show Miss Gish as Helena in "Uncle Vanya."





Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Not so long ago Dorothy Revier, then known as Dorothy Valergo, danced at Tait's in San Francisco. Her loveliness caught the eye of Harry Cohn, who signed her for the movies. Dorothy, half English half Italian, was the daughter of a musician father and an opera singer mother.



Photograph by William A. Fraker

Dorothy Revier's face was famous to thousands of movie fans who never knew her name. She played in small productions from Poverty Row—and her publicity was practically infinitesimal.

Up From Poverty Row

For Two Years Dorothy Revier was a Hollywood Star, Without Moviedom Knowing Much About It

By Dick Hyland

THIS story probably has a proper opening, but I am not going to bother about where it is. The story in itself is enough.

It concerns Dorothy Revier, the former Queen of Poverty Row. The girl whose face is so much better known than her name.

Some years ago, when I was a freshman in college, a group of Stanfordites trekked regularly to San Francisco. Many sons of the Stanford Red did that. But not for the same reason. *They*, poor youths, did not know about Dorothy Revier.

We went to Tait's Café, which was just about the snootiest place in the city by the Golden Gate, and, for that reason, perhaps a bit off the beaten path of the collegiate. It used to mean—to some of us—saving those nickels and dimes rather carefully.

AT certain times during the evening the lights were dimmed, a spotlight thrown upon the dance floor, and into that circle of light would float a vision. No

less. Full head of hair settling softly about her shoulders, a form that would make a sculptor's hands itch to get at his tools, features which bore the classic stamp of Old Italy. A gliding grace that convinced you she could dance upon eggshells without cracking them.

That was Dorothy Revier.

She worked in the midst of beauty, of riches. Everything was fine and clean and leisurely. Tait's was the highest-priced place in San Francisco, and no one went there who did not spend money. Money was something few—unless they were like we were—ever thought about. Remember that background a few paragraphs further on in the story.

While Dorothy Revier was dancing before us we were silent. But in between times we talked—about her. We wondered where she lived, what kind of a girl she was. We wondered if she would sit with us if we sent her a note. We wondered lots of things, as is the habit of freshmen when looking at someone like Dorothy Revier. Finally we met her. (Continued on page 130)



Buddy Rogers now has his whole family with him in Beverly Hills. His father sold his newspaper property in Olathe, Kansas, and moved westward with Mamma Rogers and Buddy's brother, Bert. Buddy has his family installed in a new house of light tan stucco. Above, the new house with Buddy in front.



At the left, the main hallway of Buddy's house. At the front of the stairs is an old white, red and gray Mexican chest. The beams of the redwood ceiling are covered with yellow and brown stencil work done by hand. The three pictures on the walls are early Spanish prints. An old Mexican drape of red and tan hangs from the balcony. The floor is deep red tile. Walls are of rough plaster, finished in a cream color.

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS
FOR NEW MOVIE BY
DON ENGLISH

The First Published
Pictures of Buddy
Rogers' New Home

The Kansas BOY Who Made GOOD

Comfort is the keynote of the living room of Buddy Rogers. The rugs are henna and brown colored Persian. The armchair by the window is covered with a heavy tapestry in tan and brown. The overstuffed set in the room is covered with bright green triple weight ribbed silk. An ebony grand piano stands near a massive window of light orange colored glass. A black iron and ruby red glass lamp hangs in the middle of the room.

The only pictures are etchings.



At the left, Buddy's bedroom, featuring light cream walls and a tan Chinese rug. The bed has no footboard and a spread of cream lace over tan silk covers the foot. The drapes are light orange tan brocaded silk. The big armchair is covered with red leather. The table and chest are made of walnut.

The Home that Youth and a Saxophone Built



Above, the reunited Rogers family: Buddy, Mamma Rogers, Papa Rogers and Bert Rogers. At the left, the Chinese dining room. The rug is a red, blue and black Persian. The window drapes are henna, pale blue and yellow figured chintz. The table is of black walnut. The chairs, benches, tea table and stools in the room are of walnut, figured with hand carved poppies. The walls are a pale yellow gold and the ceiling is stenciled in brown and gold.

At the right is young Bert Rogers' room, adorned with Indian rugs, baskets and curios. The bed is of light and dark brown walnut. The bedspread is of black, brown, brick red and gray dyed linen. The lamp is of gilt covered wood with a yellow ribbed parchment shade. The entire room is done in bright colors typical of the early Spanish west.





ROMANCE

Here are the first published shots from Greta Garbo's newest picture, "Romance," based upon Edward Sheldon's romantic drama in which Doris Keane starred for two seasons in New York and for a thousand nights in London. The play is built around the concert triumph of an Italian singer, Mme. Rita Cavallini, at the Academy of Music in New York in the late '60's. One of the big scenes shows the Golden Nightingale being drawn by her admirers in a carriage down Fifth Avenue to her hotel, the old Brevoort. Much of the action of "Romance" takes place at No. 58 Fifth Avenue, just across from the editorial offices of NEW MOVIE. Lewis Stone appears opposite Miss Garbo as Cornelius Van Tuyl, a wealthy banker of the day and Mme. Cavallini's patron. A newcomer, Gavin Gordon, is seen as the young rector, Thomas Armstrong.





The fortunate bride who discovers that her mother's bridal gown and veil will create a picturesque costume for her journey to the altar, is illustrated by June Collyer at the left. (This gown is actually the wedding gown of Mrs. Heermance, June's mother.) Miss Collyer wears, with intriguing results, the hand-made lace gown worn by her mother in the early part of this century. The fitted lines of the gown comply with the modes of the moment. Miss Collyer adds a tulle and lace veil, caught in an old-fashioned manner with orange-blossoms well off her forehead. Elbow length gloves are worn and in place of a bouquet she elects to carry a beautiful mother of pearl prayer book.



The midsummer bride might prefer the romance of a garden wedding. Virginia Bruce at the right illustrates the proper costume for such an effect. A youthful frock of pale green net is created with a high waist-line, cap sleeves and a semi-bouffant skirt. An off-the-face hat of the same net is stitched into chic contours. An arm bouquet of yellow roses is carried, and a single strand of pearls is worn. Her slippers are dyed to match the hue of the frock.

HERE COMES the BRIDE



For the very youthful bride Mary Brian offers a likely combination of souffle, lace and apple blossoms. The frock, which is delightfully jeune fille, is a piece of delicate workmanship, merging silken lace and cream souffle, into graceful lines. The veil is a shower of souffle, utilizing a band of cream satin to form half of the cap that fits snugly over the bride's hair. Clusters of apple blossoms that point outward and brush the cheek take the place of the usual orange blossoms. A bouquet of apple blossoms caught with cascading ribbons is carried. The bride adds a triple strand of pearls to her costume.

When time is short and the wedding takes place in the magistrate's office and the next train or boat is caught for the honeymoon days, Nancy Carroll, Paramount player, offers several chic suggestions. A slim tailleur in bright blue tweed is worn. The coat is a belted affair and the skirt is slightly circular. A jaunty blouse of egg-shell satin, a semi-beret hat in blue belting, a navy suede envelope bag and doeskin gloves are also worn.



Even a bride may elect a sophisticated mood for her bridal robes this season. Kay Francis, upper left, suggests a striking manner of wearing a tulle veil. The tulle is caught over the head, covering the forehead in a snug cap effect. A second veil is caught under the chin, and crushed to meet the sides of the cap, thus covering the bride in a cloud of misty tulle. The gown, which is just discernible beneath the folds of the veil, is created in ivory chiffon, a fitted bodice and a trailing skirt of sunburst pleating. Shoulder length ivory suede gloves are worn and Miss Francis carries a sheath of Easter lilies.



A 1930 mode for brides is introduced by Jean Arthur, at the upper right. Her bridal costume is created in steel blue with extremely chic effects. The gown is an intricately cut affair of sheer blue velvet that falls from a high waist-line to a circular skirt and three-yard train. The unadorned tulle veil is also in blue, and is caught over the head in cap fashion without benefit of flowers or jewels. Miss Arthur adds shoulder length white suede gloves, pearls and an armful of callalilies to the cool blue background of her bridal costume.

For the second marriage Lillian Roth offers modish hints. The costume for the second ceremony should never include a trace of the first bridal robes. Extreme chic and dignity are the qualities to attain for such an occasion. Miss Roth wears a softly draped frock of flowered chiffon, utilizing such shades as dusty rose, cornflower blue and deep yellow. A large horsehair hat of dull rose is worn in the new off-the-face-manner. A corsage of yellow orchids and lilies of the valley is worn at the waist.



Photograph by Apeda

MARILYN MILLER



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

David Wark Griffith's Filming of Life of the Great Emancipator Is Completed

It was inevitable that Griffith eventually would film the life of the immortal Lincoln. Remember how graphically he touched upon the life and martyrdom of the great President in "The Birth of a Nation"? The assassination of Lincoln, as pictured in that screen classic, was an unforgettable film moment. At the left, Walter Huston, the actor, as the younger Lincoln.

At the right, Lincoln's famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas, as pictured in Griffith's new screen life of the famous President. E. Allen Warren plays Douglas. The Griffith cast includes Helen Freeman as Lincoln's mother, Una Merkel as Anne Rutledge, Kay Hammond as Mrs. Lincoln, and Hobart Bosworth as General Robert E. Lee. Ian Keith is said to give a vivid performance of the assassin, J. Wilkes Booth.





Above, Lincoln in session with his War Cabinet, including Secretary of the Navy Gideon Wells, Secretary of War Stanton and Secretary of State Seward. At the right, Lincoln and his wife in the box of Ford's Theater, in Washington, on the night of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, a few moments before the assassination. As if sensing the ominous presence of death, Lincoln has just drawn his scarf tightly around his shoulders. Below, a few seconds after Booth had shot the President, jumped from the box and escaped across the stage. Panic reigns as Laura Keane, the star, tells the startled audience of the tragedy. Lincoln was carried across the street to Peterson's lodging house, where he died some hours later in a dingy little bedroom.





DOROTHY JORDAN

BELLES of the BEACHES

Joan Marsh has been called the prettiest girl on the Santa Monica beach. That's a high compliment, for the beaches near Hollywood are crowded with the most beautiful girls in the world. The picture at the right was made at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. Miss Marsh is wearing a one-piece backless bath suit designed for comfort as well as beauty. With it she uses a very tailored bath coat of green jersey to match her bathing suit.

Miss Marsh is with Universal and it has been rumored that Charlie Chaplin might borrow her to play the leading role in his next screen comedy.





MOVIE BOUDOIRS

III. JOAN CRAWFORD

The bedroom of Joan Crawford (Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.) is remarkable for the supreme simplicity of its furnishings and the spaciousness of its arrangements. The walls and ceilings are of cream-colored plaster. The woodwork is of a darker cream. The floor is carpeted in dark green velvet, broken only by a fine hook rug in apple green, yellow and black. The bed is an antique mahogany four poster in spool design. A light note is given by the ruffled canopy of cream-colored net and the bedspread of écreu lace over cream-colored taffeta. Joan, by the way, is wearing a suit of black satin pajamas with a fine white satin blouse, her favorite costume for home wear.





Note the spaciousness of Miss Crawford's bedroom and how the furniture centers around the bed. The window draperies and the upholstery of the big armchair are glazed chinz, with an apple-green background and a design of many colors, in which yellow, red, orange and black predominate. The chest of drawers, shown above, is of mahogany, an antique piece of simple design. On it Joan keeps her favorite picture of her husband and a basket of pale yellow roses, her favorite flowers. The chaise longue, shown on the page opposite, is done in glazed chintz of a different design from the armchairs. This has a green background.

At the right, Joan is shown at her dressing table. This is draped in the same chintz used for the window curtains. Twin lamps, originally antique pewter oil lamps, wired and with parchment shades of deep cream, are placed at each end. The scarf is of cream-colored handmade lace. Otherwise, the dressing table is given over to Joan's collection of perfume. She has every known kind of perfume and a rare collection of bizarre bottles.





The HEART of GRETA GARBO

How the Tragic Plight
of Her Leading Man
Touched the Sympa-
thies of the Star Who
Walks Alone

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

THIS is a story about Greta Garbo.

The woman who walks alone. The mysterious hermit who never enters into the life of Hollywood. The girl who is known to no one and whom millions desire to know.

It is a revelation of the real Garbo which she herself would never make, a searchlight turned upon her soul.

When you have read it perhaps you will understand, as I did, a side of Garbo's character which has not before been revealed. For it isn't a cold heart which is hidden behind her strange silences and iron reserve, but something very different.

IT begins with a boy born and raised in the mountains of the South.

Until he was nineteen this hill-billy had never seen a motion picture. His world had been bound by the hills of Kentucky, inhabited only by the mountaineers, who are a people unto themselves. Stern, silent, illiterate people, inured to poverty and loneliness.

Then through the medium of the screen the world unfolded before him—the far places of the earth and sea—the glories of ancient times—the beauty and drama of life itself.

Motion pictures created for him a new universe, fresh from the hands of the gods, new, amazing, wonderful. He loved them and sought them whenever he might.

One day, in a newspaper some traveler had cast by the wayside, he saw an advertisement. A firm in Chicago was looking for actors to play before the camera and they mentioned the enormous salaries paid



Gavin Gordon was a mountaineer from the hills of Kentucky. He came to Hollywood drawn by one dream—the fantastic hope that he might act with Greta Garbo one day.

to stars, told in glowing terms of the unknowns who had arisen to great heights.

So Gavin Gordon left the mountains of the South and went to Chicago, wearing his boots, carrying his carpet bag, silent before the many strange things that he saw. With his slouch hat in his hand, he stood before the desk of the man who had written the advertisement and in the deep, pleasant drawl of his people, he said, "Air you the man that wrote in the paper fer movie actors? I aim to be one naow and I guess I don't mind startin' any minit. How much did you say a man gits for thet?"

But it turned out that they didn't want to pay anybody. They wanted to *be* paid for training aspirants in the art of motion-picture acting. Gavin

Gordon listened in stern silence, fingered the nine dollars in his pocket and walked out without another word. That afternoon he got a job in the stockyards—for he was hard and strong from working among the timbers. But his purpose was not altered. Others had become part of that glamorous life, others acted in motion pictures. Some day he would do it, too.

SILENTLY, persistently, he pursued his goal. New York, he discovered, was the nearest place to go, the nearest place where pictures were made. So, when he had saved enough money, he went to New York.

And there he had his first bit of luck. An agency to which he applied listened to his deep drawl and told him they could get him a small part on the stage because of it. He took it.

But he didn't stay in New York very long. For one afternoon, in a great theater on Broadway, he looked upon the silver sheet and saw a woman.

Women had never meant anything in his life. He knew nothing about women. He had been too busy. The loneliness of the big cities had been harder to bear than the loneliness of the hills, but the only girls he admired, those who drove along Michigan Boulevard and Fifth Avenue, were beyond his reach. They alone approximated the visions he had seen on the screen.

This woman was perfect. All other women became nothing. Here, though he did not so phrase it to himself, was the

"It may be that Garbo had heard all the things Gavin Gordon said in his delirium, may have looked into the boy's heart and been a little glad to be the ideal of such a man. No one will ever know."

Helen of Troy who comes once to every man—the acme of feminine loveliness.

Her name was Greta Garbo.

GAVIN GORDON went to Hollywood, because he found out that Garbo lived and made pictures in that distant land of which he had heard so much.

The tall, tanned, handsome young man who got off the Santa Fe train in Los Angeles was very different from the boy who had made his way along the crowded streets of Chicago that first day. He had discarded boots, slouch hat. Already he had begun to assume some of the ways and habits of his idols of the screen. Quick to learn, terribly observant, he had copied as far as he was able. The vivid charm of John Gilbert, the nonchalance of Menjou, the manli-

ness of Dick Barthelmess had appealed to him most. All these he had watched—and for three years continued to watch—and had taken from them such things as he felt he could use.

This newcomer had for his weapons in his attack upon the closed corporation of Hollywood a delightful voice, a certain shy reserve, and a lean face full of character.

But Hollywood would have none of him. For two years he went from disappointment to disappointment, trod the well-worn path from studio to studio, which has often enough been watered with tears.

Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon as you will see them in "Romance."

(Continued on page 106)



The New FILMS in REVIEW

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

JOURNEY'S END—*Tiffany*

Another war picture in the midst of an avalanche of battle dramas—but one of the very best of them. Based on R. F. Sherriff's splendid study of British officers under the devastating shock of continuous gunfire in the mud of a Flanders dugout. It is superbly directed by a stage producer, James Whale. It is stunningly acted, particularly by Colin Clive, as Stanhope, the young captain who drinks to steady his nerves, and by Ian MacLaren, as the gallant Osborne, the school-teacher turned killer. Of high emotional effectiveness and tremendous punch.



PARAMOUNT ON PARADE—*Paramount*

They call this an intimate entertainment rather than a revue. Like "The Show of Shows" and M.-G.-M.'s "Hollywood Revue," this picture is a series of specialties contributed by the company's various stars. Many of these efforts are amateurish, since the stars are shunted away from the things they do well. Actually "Paramount on Parade" would be pretty dull without the jaunty Maurice Chevalier, who contributes brilliant first-aid three or four times. The best bit, in fact, is "The Birth of the Apache," done by M. Chevalier and our own Evelyn Brent.



FREE AND EASY—*M.-G.-M.*

Built around a small-town cutie and her efforts to be a movie star. She goes to Hollywood with her mother and a boob manager and flops. But mama gets a job and Elmer becomes a comedy star. Anita Page is the blond baby who fails. Buster Keaton is her manager and Trixie Friganza is her mother. Keaton is hilarious and the comedy moves swiftly in and about the M.-G.-M. Culver City studios, with backstage glimpses of the stars and directors. This always has fan interest, with its informal disclosures of stars at first hand. Keaton has nothing to fear from the talkies. His voice is excellent.



REDEMPTION—*M.-G.-M.*

Gloomy. Because of its story—and because, as Jack Gilbert's second film, it shows that star is still suffering from serious voice difficulties. Jack's voice is nervous and high strung. Still, it isn't beyond help. This Tolstoy drama was acted by John Barrymore some years ago. It presents the triangle of the man who can't adjust himself to marriage; the woman (Eleanor Boardman) who loves him; and the man (Conrad Nagel) she should have married. These three never achieve reality or humanness. Better is Renee Adoree as a passing gypsy light o' love. Better stay away from this hefty slice of cinematic gloom.



THE DIVORCEE—*M.-G.-M.*

Modern life through the eyes of cynicism. Based on Ursula Parrott's tawdry but popular try for sensationalism, "Ex-Wife." What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Equal philandering rights for the wife and the husband. It works out disastrously, of course, but not until the plot has moved through a panorama of night clubs, modernistic apartments, swank 1930 revelry and lively situations. Norma Shearer does a great deal to make the story real and compelling. Hers is a striking characterization. She is aided by Chester Morris, Conrad Nagel and Robert Montgomery.



ALL YOU WANT TO KNOW



ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT *Universal*

The New York critics raved over this faithful visualization of Remarque's detailed word picture of German youth's reaction to the Great War. It is remorseless in its picturing—gruesome, harrowing and bloody. You see whole lines of oncoming soldiers mowed down by machine guns. The whole film is done to the accompaniment of shrieking shells and bursting shrapnel, a vivid panorama of Death on parade. It is ghastly in its truth. Does the public want to stomach truth? That remains to be seen. The film is a monumental sermon against war and its futility. It tears away all the hypocrisy and bunk.



LADIES LOVE BRUTES—*Paramount*

Unless George Bancroft quickly recovers his voice, this will be his last picture for some time. Here he plays a builder of skyscraper skeletons—the master mind behind the machine-gun rattle of the riveters. He glories in his work—until he falls in love with a beautiful young woman of wealth and background. Then the builder tries to make himself over—to the quick disaster of everyone within reach. Bancroft gives a fine performance of the two-fisted remaker of skylines and Mary Astor is excellent as the young woman who whirls his life topsy-turvy. This is not one of Bancroft's best films but it has a lot of vigor.



YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN—*Paramount*

A story of newspaper folk, based on Katherine Brush's best seller. The marriage of a famous sport writer and the young woman who writes the movie reviews—and what came of it. The sports specialist can't adjust himself to marriage and the girl can't tolerate his weakness. Back of the drama is the pageant of sports, swinging from the first Tunney-Dempsey fight to great football battles and the Spring training of the big baseball teams. Claudette Colbert is an interesting heroine and Norman Foster (her husband in real life) is good as the sports specialist. Charles Ruggles scores.



THE KING OF JAZZ—*Universal*

A disappointment—but a lavish one. An over-produced revue. Universal called in Murray Anderson, a foot-light revue producer, and let him run riot with an unfamiliar medium. The result is a dull mélange of tremendous sets, dancing girls, and indifferent principals, save for Paul Whiteman, who registers. The color photography, too, is bad, keeping events in vague semi-darkness. Jeanette Loff looks beautiful but falls down vocally. John Boles scores briefly (with "It Happened in Monterey") and everyone else is buried in the extravagance of scenery. This picture cost \$2,000,000 to make—and is miles too long.



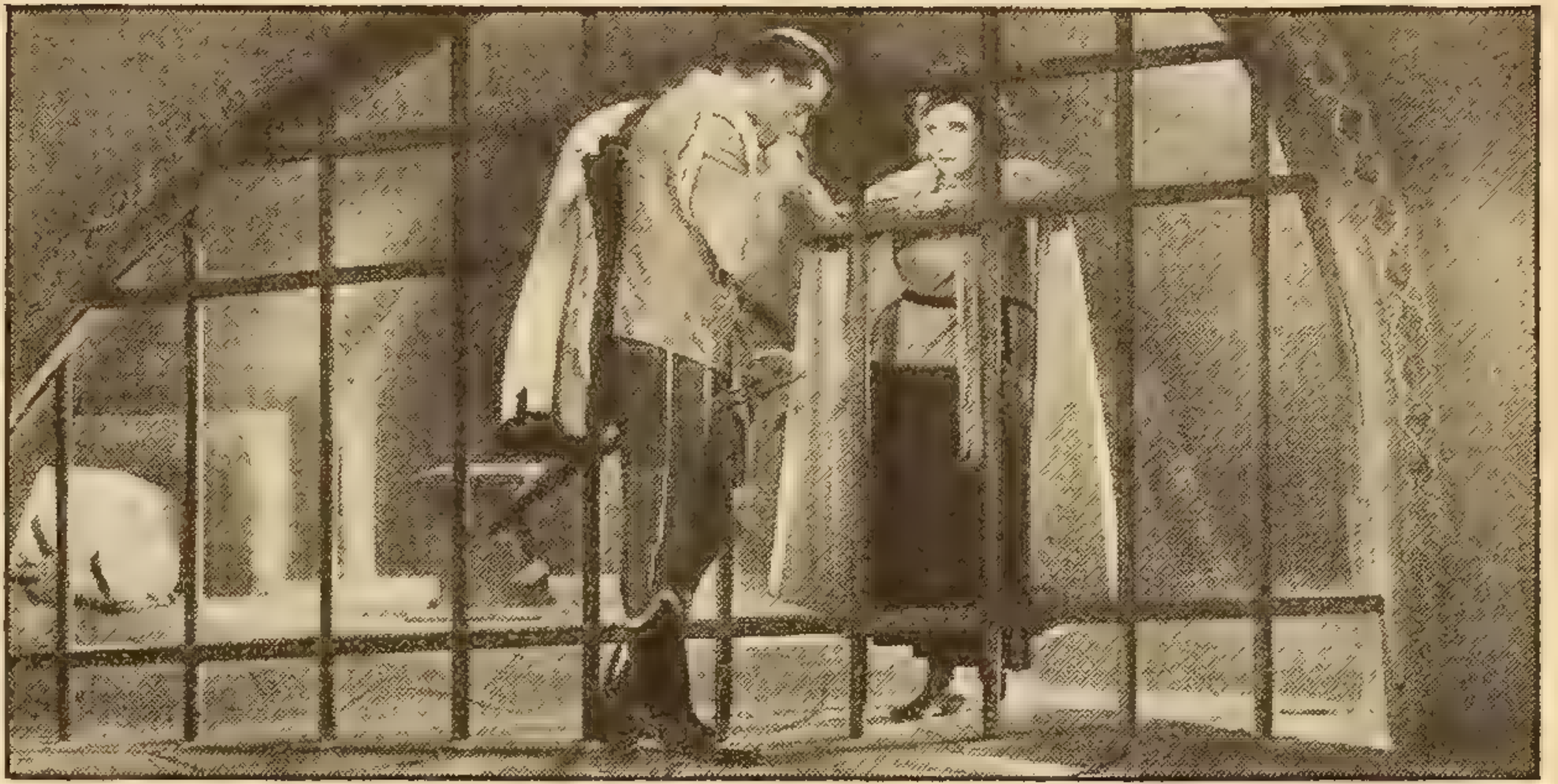
IN GAY MADRID—*M.-G.-M.*

Ramon Novarro's skill in light comedy is coming to the fore in the talkies. Until the audibles appeared, Ramon was just a romantic juvenile. The talkies disclosed not only an agreeable light tenor, but a sly and adroit—even whimsical—humor. This humor lifted "Devil May Care" out of the costume rut. It gives piquancy to Novarro's present vehicle. Dorothy Jordan is again Novarro's leading woman and she is charming. A newcomer, Lottice Howell, is the vamp. The story: a romance of love and university life in old Spain. Novarro sings several numbers delightfully, among them the tender "Into My Heart."

ABOUT THE NEW PICTURES

THE SONG OF THE FLAME—*First National*

It seems that the Russian Reds were inspired by a theme song and a peasant Joan of Arc when they toppled the Czar from his throne. That, at least, is the plot of "The Song of the Flame," which was an operetta of several years ago. Here the Russian Revolution gets musical comedy treatment and everything ends happily for everyone but Konstantin, a scoundrelly Red leader who steals for personal gain. The Reds shoot him in the midst of a song, which is hardly fair, since Noah Beery, as the crooked Konstantin, steals the picture. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray are the principals.



SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—*First National*

You know J. P. McEvoy, frequent NEW MOVIE contributor. You know his crisp humor. You probably know Dixie Dugan, his cabaret cutie who storms the portals of Hollywood. If you haven't read her, you saw her in "Show Girl." This Alice White sequel is better. There's a lot of picturesque studio atmosphere, presenting all the trials and tribulations of a newcomer trying to get a film break. Miss White grows in provocative ability, Jack Mulhall is himself and Blanche Sweet does a swell bit as an old film favorite forgotten by her public. Better put this on your list of *must* pictures.



MONTANA MOON—*M.-G.-M.*

Joan Crawford plays the spoiled daughter of a man who owns the biggest ranch in Montana. In a reckless mood, she falls in love with and marries a cowboy from Texas. Poppa approves, which doesn't help matters, and Joan decides to go her own wild way in New York. I won't tell you that the cowboy gets his bride back—or how. You probably had no doubts, anyway. Miss Crawford is as vital as the unreasonable rôle permits and John Mack Brown is the up-standing Texas lad. Ricardo Cortez is a dangerous lad hovering around. The picture has a song hit in "The Moon Is Low."



THE CUCKOOS—*RKO*

Built from a musical show, "The Ramblers," with Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey (you saw them in the film "Rio Rita") in the rôles, originally done on the stage by Clark and McCullough of bankrupt fortune-tellers in Mexico. This is an irrational musical film full of the most elderly hokum and not over-funny anywhere. Wheeler has possibilities as a screen comic. The film shows hurry and inexpertness in its production, but it has Dorothy Lee, who possesses real attractiveness, and two good musical numbers, "Wherever You Are" and "Dancing the Devil Away." This is a so-so musical film.



STRICTLY MODERN—*First National*

This was once, as a stage play by Hubert Henry Davies, called "Cousin Kate." The story of a sophisticated and daring novelist, played by Dorothy Mackaill, who has her own ideas about love. These ideas almost cost her future happiness. A slender high comedy has been taken by Director William A. Seiter and transformed into something else again, with the aid of exploding cigars, knockout drops and other tricks. Sidney Blackmer is a negative lover, but Miss Mackaill is both interesting and personable. This star needs better rôles—and no mistake. This one is just passably entertaining.





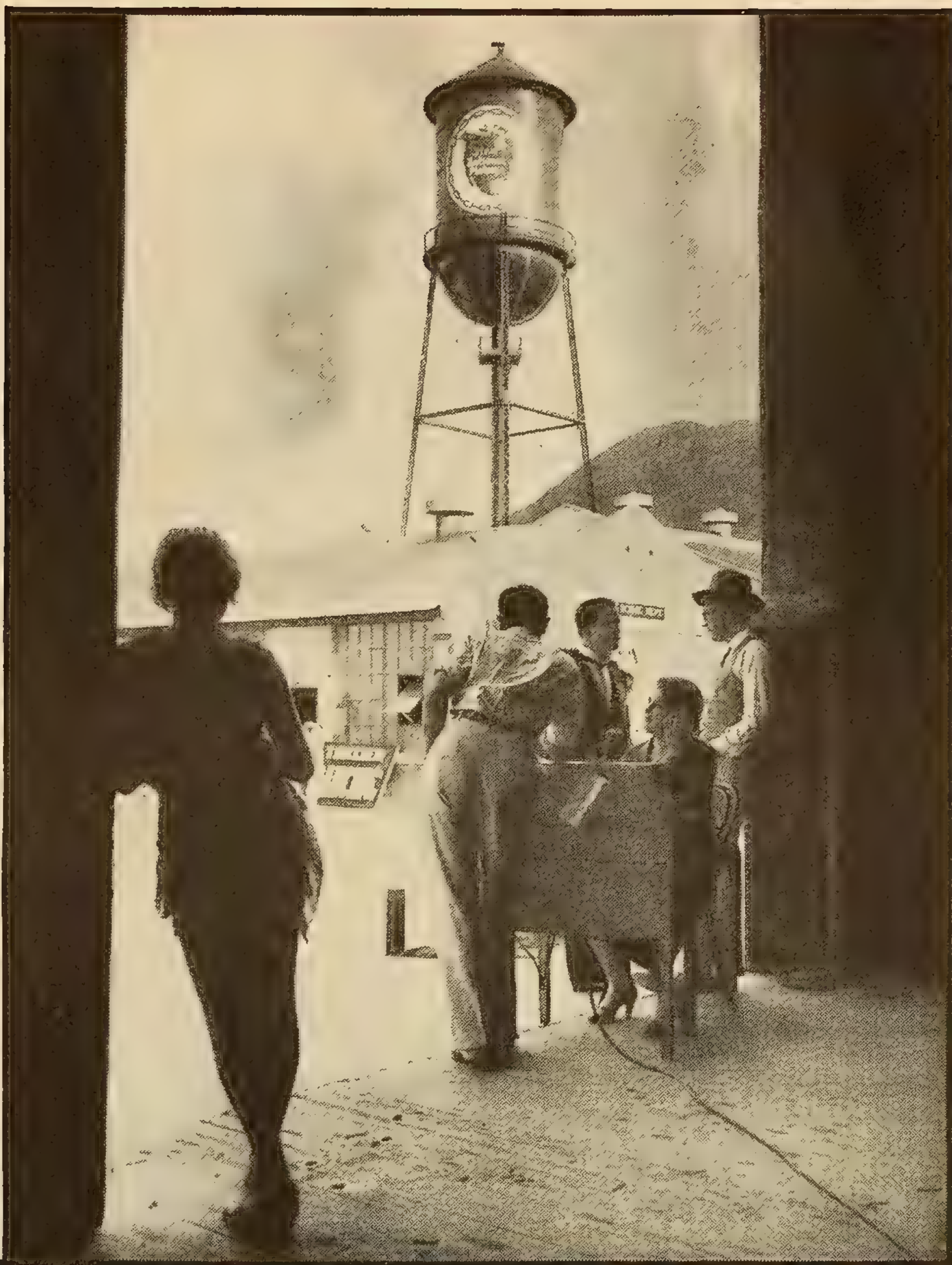
The New Movie's Own Cameraman Takes You Through the Big Hollywood Motion Picture Studios

An airplane view of the First National Studios at Burbank, California, near Hollywood. Here you see the mammoth new sound stages, the gardens and the huge out-door lots used for special exterior sets. This is one of the best equipped of all studio lots. At the right, a front view of the Main Administration Building, housing the studio executives.



At the left, the extras line up at the end of the day to receive their pay checks. This is the big moment of an extra's life. Each and every one of these extras has a definite belief that some day he will be a star.

VISITS to the FAMOUS STUDIOS



Top, looking out of a sound stage upon the First National lot. Only privileged visitors reach a sound stage, since the slightest noise can ruin an expensive scene. An unexpected sneeze costs somewhere between \$200 and \$1,000, according to the magnitude of the scene.

The First National casting office is shown at the left. A casting assistant is looking over the screen possibilities of the young woman at the top of the steps. These casting offices are the Heartbreak Headquarters of Hollywood. Until you fight your way past their guarded portals you can never get a chance as an extra.

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC TOURS OF



First National, like the other big studios, maintains a permanent beauty chorus. These girls appear in all the large musical revues now so popular on the screen. Just above, Carl McBride, dance director for First National, is rehearsing Billie Dove in a dancing interlude of "One Night at Susie's."



At the left, a story conference. This occurs before the director starts work on a picture. Here we find Director William A. Seiter, Scenarist Graham Baker and Executive Hal Wallis sitting at the head of the table while "Mlle. Modiste" is discussed.

At the right, the First National dining room—and a darned exclusive corner of it, too. Here the stars of "Spring Is Here" are eating. Look closely and you will see Lawrence Gray, Natalie Moorhead, Gretchen Thomas, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, Bernice Claire and Frank Albertson.



HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS

At the right, a production in the making at First National. Director John Francis Dillon is directing "The Bride of the Regiment" from the camera platform, which rises and lowers at command. The platform carries a telephone, too.



Just above, a scene in the cutting room. Here is the room where features are made and unmade. If a minor player doesn't land on the cutting room floor, he has a chance of making a hit—with stardom ahead. That is, if he gets by this gal's scissors.



Above, the wardrobe department, where the gowns of the stars are designed and made. Here, too, they work out Alice White's scanties, so important to every feature presenting this popular star.



The studio drafting room is shown at the left. Here the sets—big and little—are designed. The making of pictures is an elaborate and intricate business, as you can see by this photographic visit to the First National lot. In an early issue NEW MOVIE will take you through another big Hollywood motion picture studio.



The young woman, at the left, with the stuffed dove? Bebe Daniels, of course. Bebe as she was when she played opposite Harold Lloyd in his early "Lonesome Luke" comedies. In those days Bebe was a lovely foil for Harold's pioneer comedy.

At the right is one of the most interesting pictures ever published by NEW MOVIE. It shows Mary Pickford in one of her very first D. W. Griffith films, "The New York Hat," which introduced Lionel Barrymore to the screen. The scenario was sent to the old Biograph studio by a 16-year-old California girl named Anita Loos. Miss Loos grew up to be a famous writer. For "The New York Hat" she received the large sum of \$15.



The pretty bellhop is none other than Norma Talmadge. Honest! The scene is from one of those early two reel "Belinda" comedies. Then Miss Talmadge lived out Ocean Avenue way in Brooklyn with her mother and her kid sisters, Constance and Natalie. In this scene Van Dyke Brooke, a favorite character actor of the day, appears with Leo Delaney, who plays an artist.



When SILENCE was GOLDEN

Again we present Gloria Swanson in her Keystone-Mack Sennett days. The scene at the right is from "Teddy at the Throttle," in which Teddy, the famous comedy dog, was featured. Remember Teddy? What a canine personality he possessed! With Miss Swanson in this scene is Bobby Vernon. The background is a locomotive, as you've probably noted.



Remember the days of Bill Hart, whose best friend was his horse? Here is Bill bidding a tearful good-bye to his pal in one of his early Triangle melodramas. Those were the days when Hart played bad men who reformed under the uplifting influence of the beautiful blonde from the East.



THE BARRYMORE HEIR

The youngest of the house of Barrymore, a baby girl, poses for her very first picture. Later, doubtless, Miss Barrymore will be a screen star. Proud Papa John Barrymore and equally Proud Mama Dolores Costello look on approvingly. Miss Barrymore's name has not been selected definitely. It may be Blythe Barrymore, using the Barrymore family name.

HOLLYWOOD

Unveils Its

Memorial to

VALENTINO

IF Rudolph Valentino needed anything to make him immortal, anything to remind those who follow that he once lived—and died—that something was given him upon the day that would have been his thirty-fourth birthday.

Molded in imperishable bronze, plated with shining gold, a statue to his memory and honor was unveiled in De Longpre Park, in Rudy's own Hollywood, on May 5th.

The memorial cost over ten thousand dollars. It was paid for by humble and sincere offerings of nickels and dimes from thousands of his fans who sent their mites from the four corners of the earth.

IT is called "Aspiration."

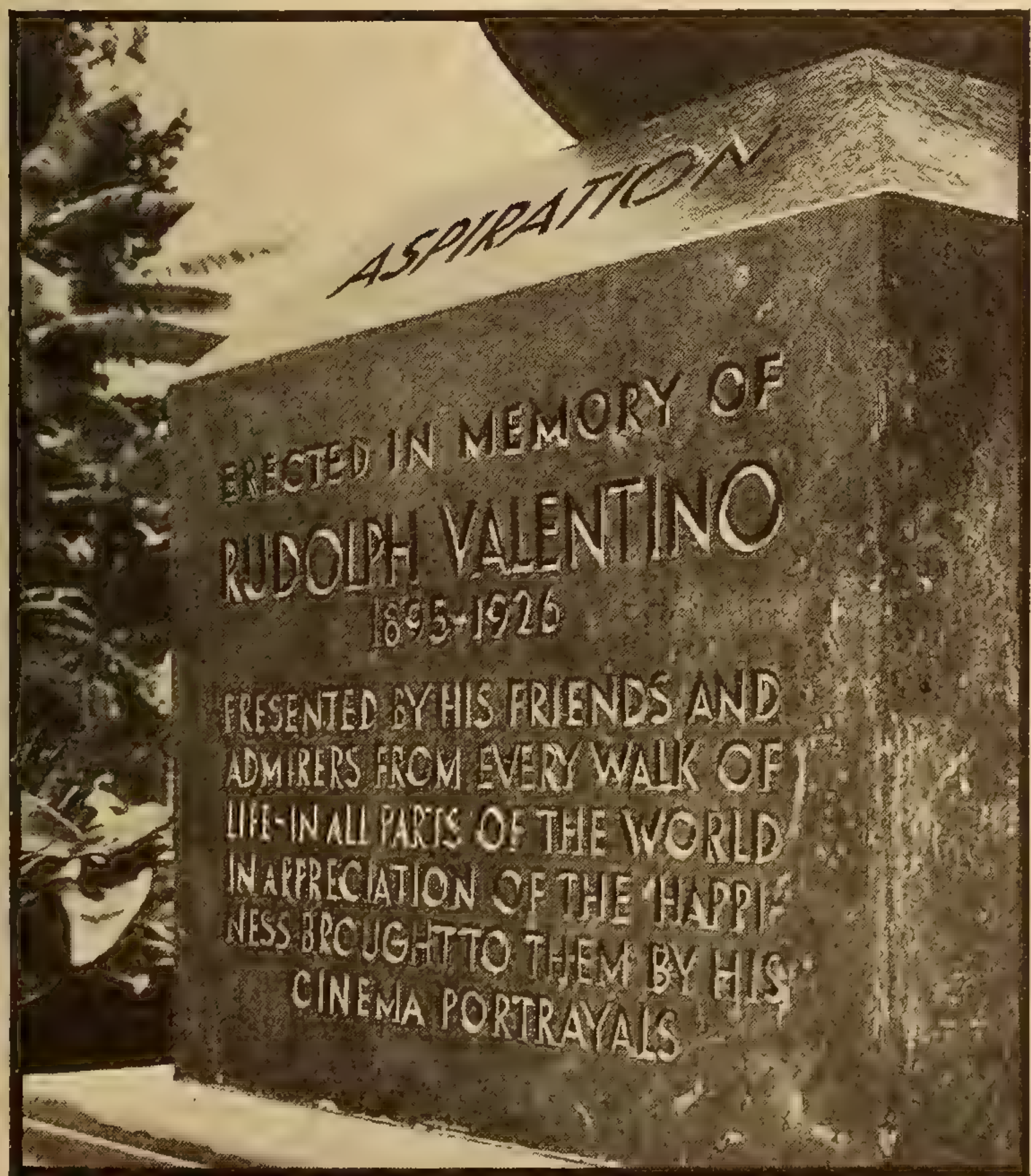
"The statue, thus named, will be a perpetual symbol of his industry and high ideals which he endeavored to carry out during the days of his life," said Alberto Mellini Ponce de Leon, vice consul in Los Angeles for the country which gave Rudolph Valentino birth—Italy.

Fifteen hundred people bowed their heads and thought back to Rudy. Thought perhaps of the beauty and romance he brought into the world through the medium of the silver screen.

For several days before the unveiling, rain had wetted the park. The morning of the day dawned gray and



Molded in bronze and plated in gold, the new Valentino Memorial, unveiled on May 5th, stands in De Longpre Park, a perpetual symbol of the spirit that carried Rudy to the heart of the world.



bleak. Those who gathered at the statue did so under lowering and threatening clouds. It seemed as though the very heavens felt sad.

DOLORES DEL RIO pulled the cord which dropped the velvet wrap from around the memorial and—call it coincidence if you will—the clouds broke and a shaft of pure sunshine struck the statue. It lit it up until it was a golden, radiant torch.

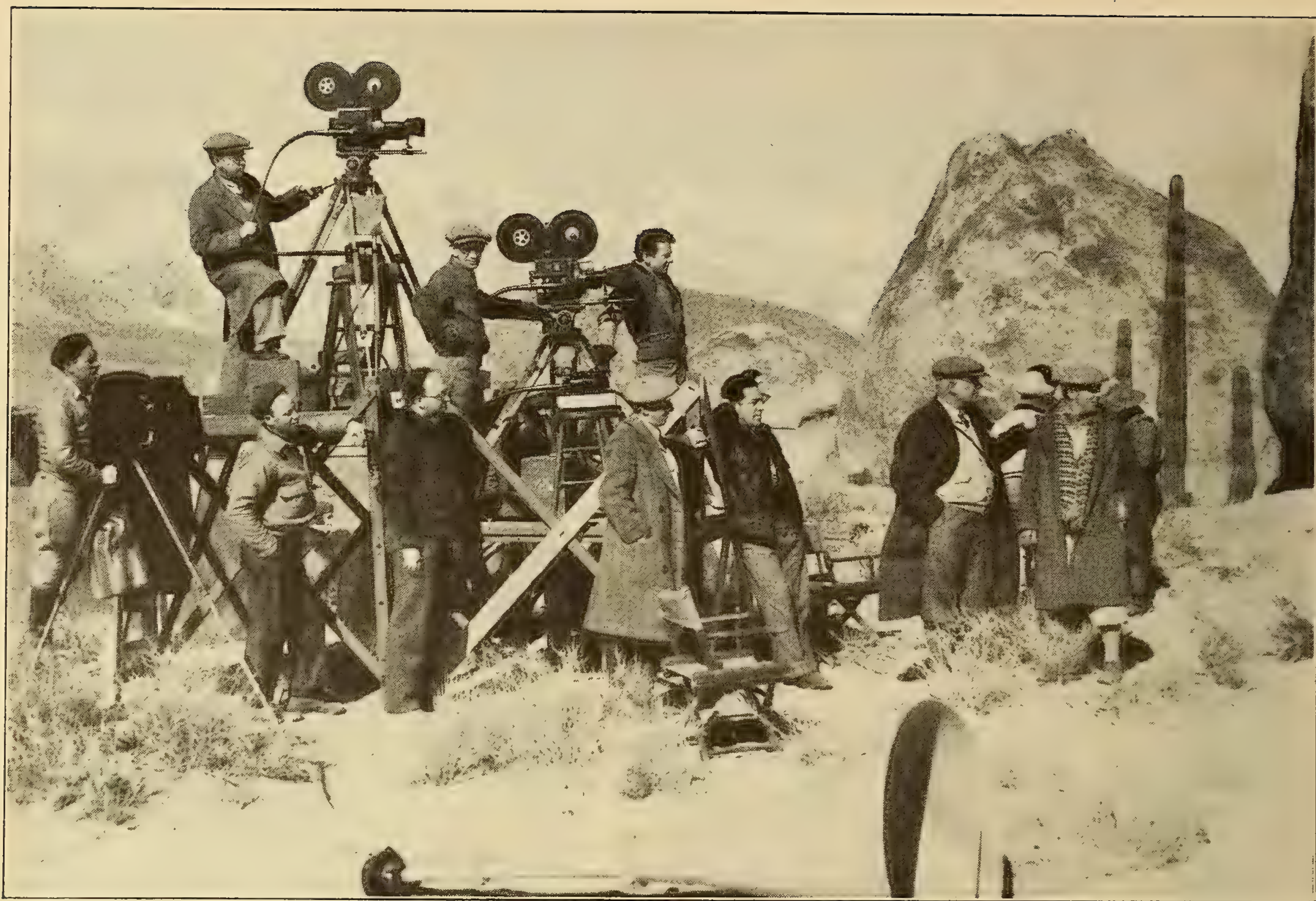
Tiptoe, face uplifted, it stood straining as though to lift itself by the very power of thought and desire to a higher level and better things.

George Ullman, who was Rudy's closest and best friend, stared straight ahead. Tears ran down his face. His lips moved. "I'm glad for you, Rudy," they said. "You will never be forgotten."

Nor will he.

The Valentino Memorial is the work of Roger Noble Burnham, formerly of Boston and now of Hollywood. It was paid for by the nickels and dimes of Valentino's thousands of fans.

Those who love the memory of Valentino can take further pride in the fact that this memorial to him is the only one to a motion picture actor in any public park in the United States. That, at least, shows what Los Angeles and Hollywood think of the departed boy who brought them so much credit during his life.



Making a sound film out in the open. On location with First National company making "Under Western Skies" near Lone Pine, Arizona. Note the huge microphone horn in the foreground.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

They left convinced that Hollywood is all they heard it was.

WELL, William Fox never forgets. He sent Sol Wurtzel, who has worked for him in the Fox studios for years, a check for ONE HALF MILLION DOLLARS. "In partial appreciation, Sol," the note accompanying the check is reported to have read, "of nineteen years of service you have given me."

A new game is much in vogue among the film colony just now. It is called "District Attorney" and was invented by Carey Wilson. One person invents a murder mystery. All the others in the group are district attorneys. They may call for and examine any witness—all witnesses being played by the one who invented the mystery. And all witnesses, except the guilty party, must tell the truth. Jack Gilbert and Eddie Lowe are champions of this new pastime.

One night an inventor began the story by saying, "Mr. So-and-So (a well-known producer) was found murdered in his office." Everyone present arose and said, "I did it."

MR. AND MRS. WALTER MOROSCO (Corinne Griffith) have moved into their new home at Malibu

Beach and are entertaining on Sundays with tennis and swimming parties. The other evening they had a delightful little dinner, among the guests Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hawks, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Glaenzer, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lehr.

UNIVERSAL is going to road-show "The King of Jazz," Paul Whiteman's picture, in tents. The reason being that many towns and hamlets in the West and Southwest have no equipment for sound. Forty of these tents will be used, each seating 5,000 persons.

A Hollywood writer was in England. He saw a play which was not a success. He bought it for 250 dollars. Came home and made it into a scenario. Then sold it to RKO for \$22,500 cash money.

WITH the coming of summer, Bebe Daniels has reopened her beach home and is giving more of her delightful Sunday luncheons, with swimming and bridge attractions.

One Sunday not long ago about fifty people came for the day, and Bebe served hot tamales and baked ham in the pretty seaside living room.

Constance Talmadge, who is so sel-

dom seen abroad since her marriage to Townsend Netcher, was there, in a simple white skirt and sweater, with a white silk beret over her bright hair. Lila Lee looked unusually well in a black and white sport ensemble, with a tight little black velvet cap, held by a bow at the back of her neck. Louis Wolheim was playing bridge with Bebe and Mr. and Mrs. Hal Roach—Mrs. Roach all in silvery white. Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher were among those present. And Mrs. Gallagher whispered the interesting news that there is to be a new Spring arrival in that family. Pauline has become very popular with the film colony since her arrival here. And, of course, Ben Lyon was there, very happy over the wonderful reports he has been receiving about "Hell's Angels."

M-G-M sent a company to Africa to film "Trader Horn," and some of the players went to bed after the company returned three months ago and have not gotten up yet. They are still sick and fever stricken and, in the meantime, the picture is held up. Not daunted a bit by this experience, Universal is sending a company into the middle of Borneo to do a picture called "Orang." Only one white man has even been in the location this com-

(Continued on page 98)

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 55)

straight. He is the most stimulating, energizing male personality I've ever encountered in Hollywood.

* * *

THIS boy Gary Cooper appears to me to have more sanity than any of the younger Hollywood generation. I have yet to hear of him twittering in a Hollywood salon. And he makes the only sound observation I've heard from a young actor: "Hollywood's a terrible place. Nobody is normal. They have such a vicious attitude toward one another. Nobody has any real friends."

This will bring squawks from the lounge lizzies, but it is the truth. Alice Terry said as much and retired to happiness on the French Riviera. Gary retires to one of his ranches as soon as he finishes work. I retire to my hacienda near Santa Barbara. When I feel in the mood for teasing vipers I shall retire to the jungles of Africa. There they are out-and-out vipers.

* * *

DISAPPOINTED in many Hollywood friends I am compensated in one, Bull Montana, who vows he will shove anyone in the face at a prearranged signal from me. Bull is my living proof that brains are denied beauty and vice versa. I herewith reproduce a letter from him which has been translated by Sanskrit scholars after many laborious nights:

"Dear Pal Herb: Well, kid, here I am in Chicago. Was out to Cicero last night with all gunmen. Give me a banket. All gunmen. Banket all gunmen. Want see the Bull. Well, Kid Herb, all gunmen like your stuff in NEW MOVIE. You are big shot with gunmen. They say Herb got right idea. Am coming back to Glendale to my wife. Love my wife, Herb. Is O. K. Good kid. Love her more than ever. The champ Dempsey was here to see me last night. The champ O. K., Herb. Am going to write my old pal Douglas Fairbanks. Greatest of all. Doug is O. K., Herb. Will see you soon. Your pal.

Bull.

* * *

MY colored boy, who goes by the name of Haywire, got bug-eyed when I read him that Stepin Fetchit would speak Spanish in a picture.

"Say, he can't even talk English," gasped Haywire. "They better had find out what he's sayin' in that picture!"

* * *

MY favorite new eating place in Hollywood is Marie's on Cahuenga, south of the Boulevard. The chef is Neapolitan. Yolanda, the beautiful waitress, named for the Italian princess, looks like Nita Naldi at nineteen. Yolanda comes from Montana but descends from the sirens of Venice who excited Byron. I learn much from Yolanda. She is studying voice and associates with movie folk. Last night, placing my minestrone, she said:



In the midst of a shower, Herb was startled when Jeanette Mac Donald's voice suddenly launched into "Dream Lover." But it was only Herb's phonograph.

"I met Charlie Chaplin's future wife at a party the other night."

"Yeah?" I muttered chumpily, "which one?"

* * *

BOULEVARDING Around on Saturday night:

Now buckling on the spats let's do an imitation of O. O. McIntyre, my favorite breakfast author.

Hoofers and crooners are performing before a mike in a shoe store. Hollywood salesmanship.

"Papers from all the leading cities of the world!" yawks a newsboy. "Pomona, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Glendale!"

California, the land of laugh and wise-crack. Sign on the back of a decrepit Ford: "Nobody hurt in this wreck."

Slim electric towers of KFWB, atop Warner Brothers theater look like twins laid by the Eiffel.

Window filled with cheap suits and movie stars' photos. They always get the gapes. Hollywood is star raving mad.

Lichter, swank tobacconist in the Chinese theater building: "A Puff from Hollywood" scrawled in Neon.

There's the photographer who made a fortune marketing stars' photos and saved the stars a fortune, because every response to a request for a photo cost them two bits.

It suddenly occurs to me I have never been hi-hatted by a star. Maybe I'm too hi-hat to be hi-hatted.

Group of homey folk playing cards in lobby of Christie Hotel.

Kathleen Clifford's flower shop, branches all over town.

Sign: "Turkey, chicken, duck dinner 85 cts." Um, um. I'm going to save up.

Buddy Squirrel's Nut Shop.

Two gobs looking wistful. . . Haven't seen their Clara Bow. I suggest a new recruiting slogan for the navy: "Join the Navy and be Bow's Baby!"

Youth with whiskers, probably an extra in a Russian picture. Wonder if I could grow such chin tail plumage.

Dashing person in white sweater, yellow muffler, blue beret, at wheel of roadster. Is it boy or girl? No color line in Hollywood.

Never saw a slimmer guy than Gary Cooper. Lindy made the slim male fashionable. Much obliged, Lindy!

Stepin Fetchit salutes me from his shining chariot, tells me he has visited Valentino's tomb: "Membered what you said, that I could do foh mah people what he did foh Eyetalians."

There is no city on earth so filled with beautiful youth, male and female, as Hollywood.

Is that a tag on my car? . . . Fines, taxes, assessments, jip, jip, jip. . . I'm going to Europe!

The Hollywood Boulevardier

by Herb Howe

is a regular monthly feature of NEW MOVIE. Nowhere else can you read Mr. Howe's brilliant comments upon motion pictures and motion picture people.



In Metro-Goldwyn's "The High Road" you will see Ruth Chatterton in a different sort of rôle. Above, you see her leading the chorus in the musical comedy sequence of this production.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 96)

pany is headed for and he said the place was overrun with orang-outangs between seven and eight feet tall.

John Barrymore and Dolores Costello (Mister and Missus Barrymore) have not yet named the pretty little girl baby who arrived at their house for a long stay, April 8th. John had a whole flock of names ready, but they were all for boys. The baby weighed seven pounds and eleven ounces.

RENEE ADOREE, who has been in a sanatorium for several months due to a pulmonary ailment, is slowly but surely winning her way back to health.

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI, Hungarian, says that motion pictures are the greatest propaganda agents in the world. "Any feeling can be aroused, and wars can be precipitated by motion pictures." But he says that the talking pictures are not so hot.

Dorothy Herzog, well-known columnist on screen matters, has a new novel

out called "Some Like 'Em Hot," which has gone into the second edition. Miss Herzog, by the way, becomes a NEW MOVIE contributor next month.

FIRE raised merry ned with the Harold Lloyd home when it burned out the kitchen and part of one wing of his beautiful new Beverly Hills establishment. He and Mrs. Lloyd (Mildred Davis) and little Gloria are living at the Ambassador until the damage can be repaired.

MR. AND MRS. HARRY EDWARDS (Evelyn Brent) had a small dinner party at the Embassy recently. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Buchanan and Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman (Helene Costello).

AL JOLSON made a speech at the opening of his latest picture, "Mammy," in which he said that, after seeing "All Quiet On the Western Front" he would never again be satisfied with anything he did.

Dick Arlen has bought a cruiser which he has named "Joby R."

ELEANOR HUNT was a chorus girl in the "Whoopie" show in New York. She was sent to Hollywood to be a chorus girl in the "Whoopie" movie. Sam Goldwyn, who is producing "Whoopie" at United Artists, saw Eleanor walking on the lot. He gave her a test. Now she is to play the leading lady in "Whoopie." She has natural auburn hair, blue eyes, weighs 116 pounds and is five feet five inches tall.

Lillian Roth has bought a new Durant roadster.

BILLIE DOVE is taking her first real vacation in years—and she hardly knows what to do with it. She kinda wants to go to Europe, yet doesn't. She is through at First National and may be seen in Caddo Films in the future.

Vilma Banky says that she is through with making pictures and that in the future the one job she will pay any attention to is that of being Mrs. Rod La Rocque.

(Continued on page 104)



IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

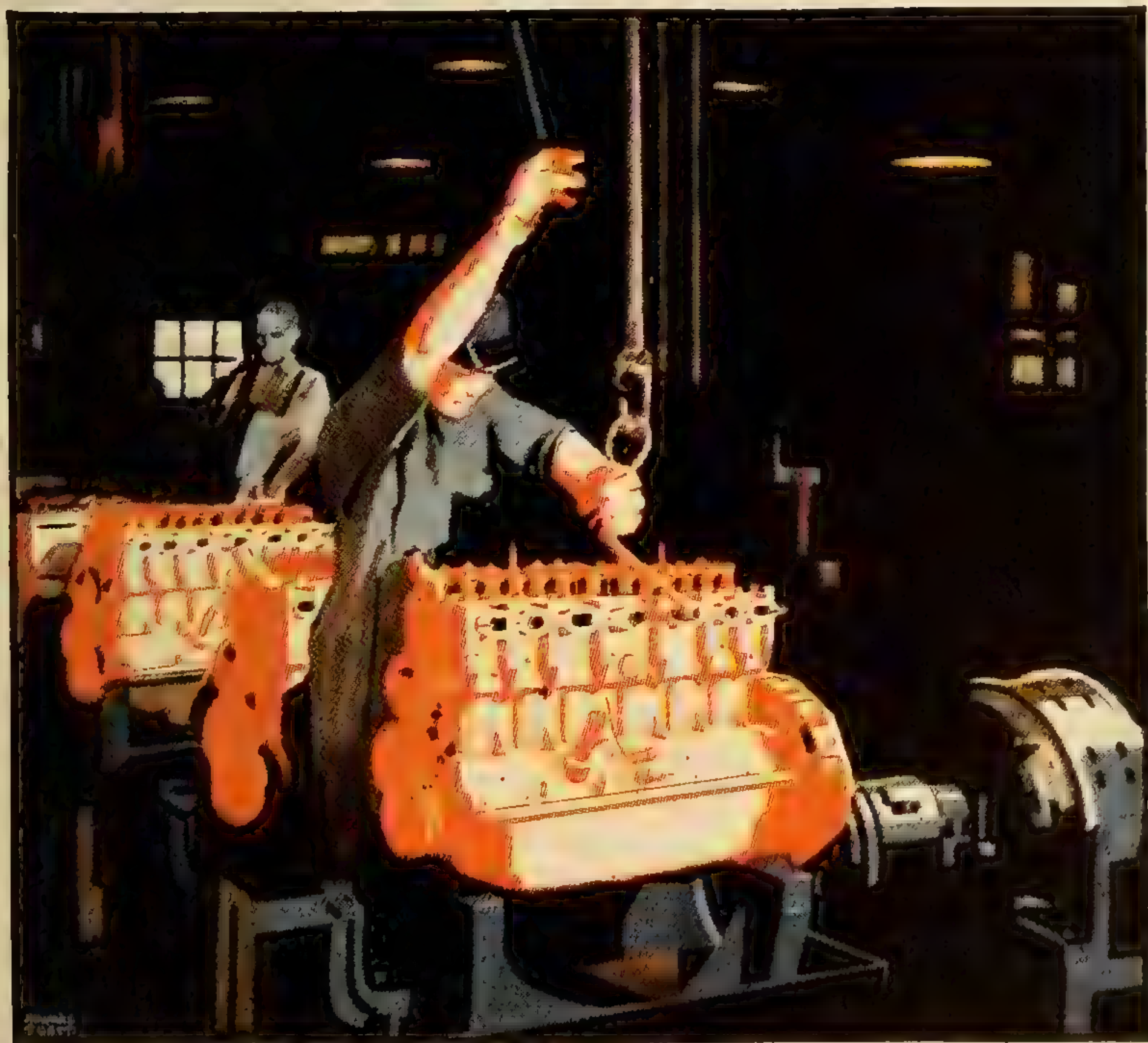
**...because so much depends on smoothness
and quietness of operation**

In the great low-price field, old ideas of motor car value have undergone a radical change during the past eighteen months. The six has swept into spectacular popularity. And largely responsible for this is the fact that Chevrolet offers buyers in the low-price field the advantages of six-cylinder smoothness and quietness of operation!

The big 50-horsepower motor operates with that effortless smoothness so essential to genuine motoring enjoyment. When you idle the motor—drive fast in second—accelerate rapidly in high gear—or travel for hours at top speed, the power flows evenly and easily all the time. Every person in the car has a pleasant and restful ride.



The Sport Roadster, \$555



In addition to increasing the enjoyment of motoring, Chevrolet's six-cylinder smoothness actually protects the car against the effects of continuous vibration. This makes for lower up-keep costs, longer life, and a higher resale value.

Yet for all these advantages of finer, smoother, more flexible six-cylinder performance, the Chevrolet Six is one of the most economical cars you can own. It costs no more for gas, oil and tires. It costs no more for up-keep. And it can be purchased on extremely favorable terms—a low down payment and easy monthly installments.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET SIX

The Sport Roadster... \$555
The Coach or Coupe... \$565
The Sport Coupe..... \$655
The Club Sedan..... \$625
The Sedan..... \$675
The Special Sedan..... \$725
(6 wire wheels standard)
Bumpers and spare tires extra

Roadster or Phaeton

\$495

The Sedan Delivery... \$595
Light Delivery Chassis... \$365
1½ Ton Chassis..... \$520
1½ Ton Chassis with
Cab..... \$625
Roadster Delivery... \$440
(Pick-up box extra)
All prices f. o. b. factory
Flint, Michigan

A PANIC OF LAUGHS



The Perfect Comedy Team
Marie DRESSLER
and **Polly MORAN** in

CAUGHT SHORT



with
**ANITA
PAGE**

Adaptation and
Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
Directed by
**CHARLES F.
RIESNER**
Suggested by
**EDDIE
CANTOR'S**
book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn — and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, don't, DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven!"

What the Stars Are Doing

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Jack Holt	Hell's Island	Ed Sloman	Melodrama	Dorothy Sebastian
Joe Cook	Rain or Shine	Frank Capra	Comedy-Drama	William Collier, Jr.
Sally O'Neil	Sisters	James Flood	Drama	Molly O'Day
Lois Wilson	Temptation	E. Mason Hopper	Drama	Lawrence Gray
Buck Jones	Man from Hell's River	Lou King	Western	Vera Reynolds
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Richard Barthelmess	Dawn Patrol	Howard Hawks	Air Picture	Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Walter Huston	Bad Man	Clarence Badger	Melodrama	Dorothy Revier
Alice White	Chicago Widow	Ed Cline	Gangster	Neil Hamilton
FOX STUDIO				
Margaret Churchill	The Big Trail	Raoul Walsh	Western	John Wayne
George O'Brien	Last of the Duanes	Alfred Werker	Western	Lucille Brown
Beatrice Lillie	Are You There?	David Butler	Comedy	Roger Davis
Frank Albertson	Wild Company	Leo McCarey	Youthful	Sharon Lynn
Irene Rich	On Your Back	Guthrie McClintic	Drama	H. B. Warner
Charles Farrell	Devil with Women	Frank Borzage	Drama	Rose Hobart
HAROLD LLOYD STUDIO				
Harold Lloyd	Feet First	Clyde Bruckman	Comedy	Barbara Kent
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
John Mack Brown	Billy the Kid	King Vidor	Western	Lucille Powers
Reginald Denney	Mme. Satan	C. D. DeMille	Comedy	Kay Johnson
All Star	March of Time	Chuck Reisner	Revue	
Greta Garbo	Romance	Clarence Brown	Drama	Galvin Gordon
Joan Crawford	Blushing Brides	Harry Beaumont	Melodrama	Ray Hackett
Gilbert Roland	Monsieur Le Fox	Hal Roach	Northwest Drama	Barbara Leonard
Lon Chaney	The Unholy Three	Jack Conway	Melodrama	Lila Lee
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Gary Cooper	Untitled	Roland Lee	Romantic War Story	June Collyer
Jeanette MacDonald	Monte Carlo	Ernst Lubitsch	Musical	Jack Buchanan
William Powell	For the Defense	John Cromwell	Drama	Kay Francis
Claudette Colbert	Manslaughter	George Abbott	Drama	Frederic Marsh
Cyril Maude	Grumpy	Cukor-Gardner	Comedy	Frances Dayde
Buddy Rogers	Follow Thru	Corrigan-Schwab	Musical	Nancy Carroll
R K O STUDIO				
Betty Compson	Inside the Lines	Roy Pomeroy	War Spy Story	Ralph Forbes
Richard Dix	Square Dice	Geo. Archainbaud	Crook	Mary Lawlor
Robert Armstrong	The Railroad Man	Geo. B. Seitz	Railroad Story	Jean Arthur
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Eddie Cantor	Whoopee	T. Freeland	Musical Comedy	Eleanor Hunt
Norma Talmadge	Du Barry, Woman of Passion	Sam Taylor	Drama	Conrad Nagel
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Dorothy Janis	Orang	H. Garson	Exploring Melodrama	A. Cannibal
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Joan Bennett	Maybe It's Love	Wm. Wellman	Comedy	Joe Brown
Winnie Lightner	Life of the Party	Roy Del Ruth	Comedy	Irene Delroy
Grant Withers	Penny Arcade	John Adolfe	Comedy-drama	Evelyn Knapp
Lotti Loder	A Soldier's Play-thing	Michael Curtiz	Comedy-drama	Ben Lyon
Al Jolson	Big Boy	Alan Crosland	Musical Comedy	Claudia Bell

FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY



By ANN BOYD

How to Achieve a Suntan Without Injurious Results

Virginia Bruce demonstrates how to keep your teeth beautiful. Brush the teeth once a day with salt, to stimulate circulation in the gums and for cleanliness. Use a vigorous up and down movement when brushing the teeth. Never employ a rotary movement, unless your dentist advises it. Eat several slices of crisp toast every day. Toast is excellent for strengthening the gums.



WITH the approach of vacation days, many girls write in to ask me how they may achieve a suntan without sacrificing the beauty of their skins; how they may acquire a coat of tan without enduring that first painful and disfiguring sunburn. Until very recently most girls avoided any sort of tan and went to amusing and inconvenient lengths to keep their pink and white complexions in face of the summer sun. Bathing suits were made with long sleeves and high necks, parasols were in great demand and wide, floppy hats were an absolute necessity in the summer-time.

When the suntan first became popular, some girls also went to foolish extremes and risked their health and good looks in order to be able to acquire quickly one of those fashionable tans.

THE first thing to remember about a suntan is that it cannot be achieved in one or two days. If, for instance, you don your sunback bathing suit and spend an afternoon under the hot glare of the sun you will get nothing but a painful burn which will annoy you when it reaches the peeling stage and you will, in discomfort and in actual damage to your health, do more harm than good.

If you want an even, painless tan, begin by making your sunbath last only fifteen minutes. You may remain as long as a half hour at the start, if the sun is not too hot or strong. Gradually increase the length of your stay in the sun until your skin has built up its own protection against a burn.

A sunburn, you know, is an actual burn. In order to realize its

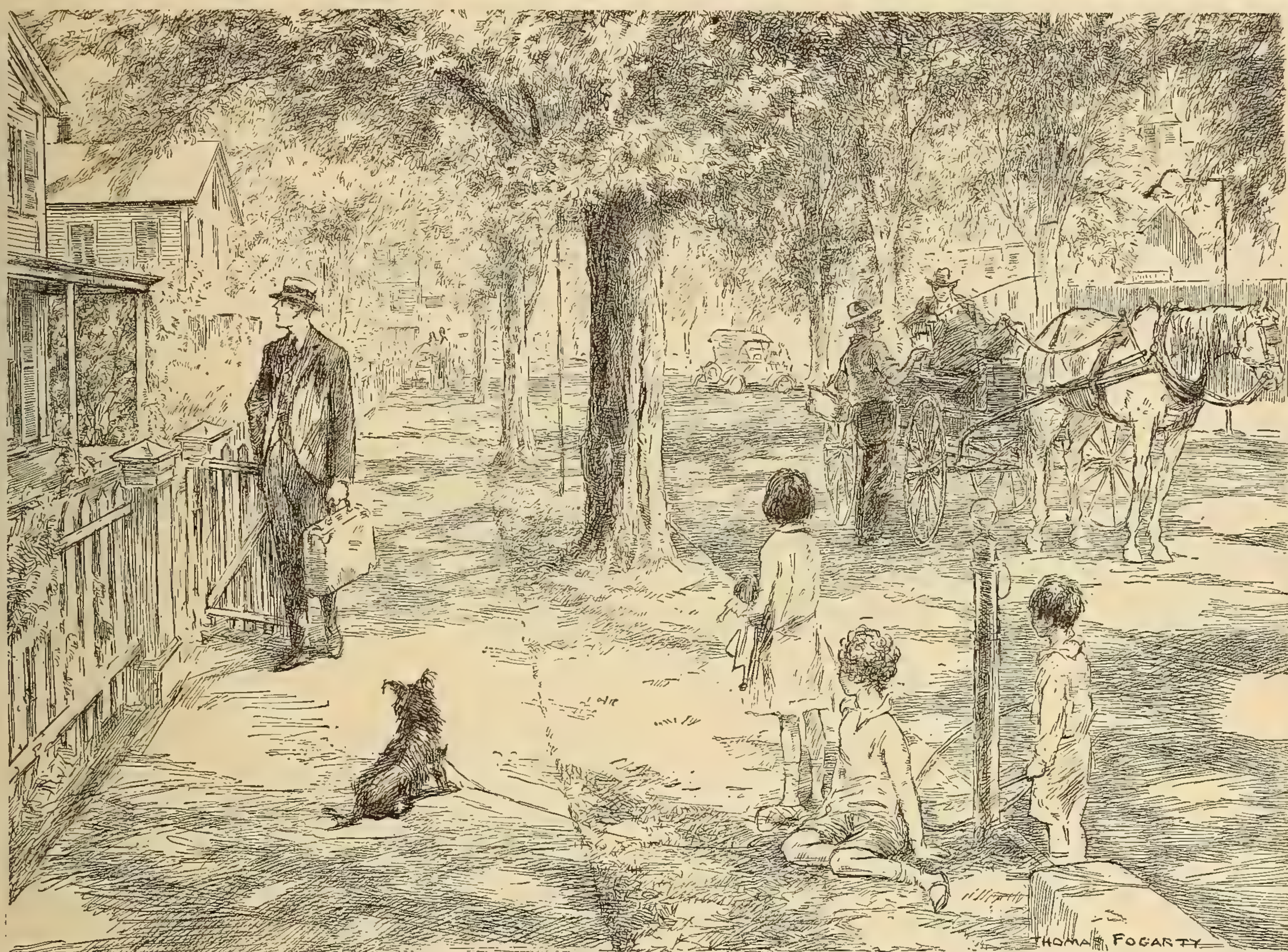
results, you must know something about burns. A first degree burn, whether received by open flame or the sun's rays, reddens the skin without actually breaking it. A second degree burn raises a blister. In a third degree burn—such as received by actual contact with fire—the skin is seared. Now if more than half the surface of your body receives a second degree burn, you are interfering with some important bodily functions. You are cutting off the necessary perspiration, besides letting yourself in for several painful days. In your sunbath, therefore, you must avoid a second degree burn which, if it is widespread enough, may require medical attention. There are various things that

you can do to protect your skin without interfering with the healthful results of a sunbath. Many movie actresses that I know rub their skins with vinegar after a sunbath. This is supposed to make the skin an even brown color. I don't know that there is any good reason for this belief, but the actresses who use vinegar insist that it is a great help.

On the other hand, there are those who favor olive oil. (We seem to run to salad dressing ingredients.) Oil, I know, is very successful, particularly with young children and with blondes who have, as a rule, more tender skins than brunettes. The oil, too, is soothing to the skin and is of minor benefit to persons who are thin or run down or whose skin is dry.

MY favorite lotion is a preparation for the hands which I use before I take a sunbath as a foundation protection for the skin. There are many such excellent lotions on the market and also a number of good protective
(Continued on page 127)





THE STRANGER THEY NEVER FORGOT

THIS stranger knocked at the door of many a home back in the early 1890's.

Politely he asked for the dirtiest garment in the family wash. Then he showed how an amazing new soap would wash it swiftly, easily, without hard rubbing—and in cool water.

In cool water—that was the big news the stranger brought. For in those days, only mansions had water heaters. Women had to heat their wash water on cookstoves. There was never really enough. And the soaps they had simply wouldn't wash clean in cool or lukewarm water without rubbing the clothes almost to shreds.

So Fels-Naptha, the soap the stranger introduced, was welcomed by thousands of women. A soap that would wash as well or better in cool water than other soaps did in hot was the biggest help they had ever had.

Fels-Naptha would also work fine in hot or boiling water. But there

wasn't any use talking about that when lukewarm water was all women had. So today, when almost every woman can have loads of hot water just by turning a faucet, many still think of Fels-Naptha as only a "cool water soap."

It isn't. Fels-Naptha washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing no matter how you use it. You can boil or soak your clothes; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha helps keep your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha working together get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in hot water so long.

Buy a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer today. You will find the

ten-bar carton especially convenient.

Use Fels-Naptha for all household cleaning as well as for the family wash—and you will know why they never forgot the stranger.

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. All you need to do is mail the coupon.

T.N.M.-7-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co.



Remember Fritzi Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste"? Remember her famous song, "Kiss Me Again"? "Mlle. Modiste" has just been filmed by Vitaphone, with Bernice Claire as the saucy belle of the drums.

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 98)

METHODS of crime shall not be presented in explicit detail upon the screen.

Revenge in modern times shall not be justified as a motive.

The use of liquor in American life shall be restricted to the actual requirements of characterization or plot.

The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld.

Scenes of passion shall not be introduced when not essential to the plot.

No film or episode may throw ridicule upon any religious faith.

Pointed profanity is forbidden.

These are some of the provisions of the new code of ethics which Will Hays' organization has put forth for the guidance of motion picture producers.

Lois Moran has just become 21 years old. As a present she was handed \$68,005 which an aunt, Edith

Darlington Ammon, who died in 1919, left for her.

MR. TOM INCE, widow of the producer who died in 1924, has married again. This time to Holmes Herbert, an actor. And in doing so at this time she may forfeit her interest in the \$2,000,000 estate left by her husband.

The will of the producer contained a provision that Mrs. Ince would lose the principal and be given only the income from it if she married within seven years of his death. She had only a year to go.

The motion picture industry employs 325,000 directly and furnishes a livelihood for at least 1,250,000 people.

AN armored truck and six detectives backed up to Warner

Brothers studio. The truck transported and the dicks guarded \$200,000 worth of jewelry which Irene Delroy was going to wear in a picture.

Warner Baxter and his wife have gone to New York and Cuba for a vacation.

A RARE event occurred at the Roosevelt Hotel on a recent evening, when Al Jolson appeared as guest of honor at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Curtiz (Bess Meredyth) following the premiere of "Mammy." Mrs. Jolson was present of course, looking very stunning in a long, tightly draped frock of pale green. Those who attended the supper were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Langdon, Oscar Strauss, Frank Fay, Alan Crosland, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Warner, Louella Parsons, Harriet Parsons and Dr. Harry Martin.

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 58)

struck by the ability of a minor character and he doesn't have any idea who it is and has no way of finding out.

Can't something be done about it? Let's hear other people's opinions.

Grace M. Custer,
2423 Clyde Pl., S. W.

Against Musical Comedies

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

These musical comedies certainly are

getting on my nerves. They're terribly much the same. The plots are weak, and serve only as a background for the boring, musical extravaganza. Many people think the same as I do. They're all right until you've seen three or four of them, but after that—phoo! Why can't we have a few talkies with real plots and less music and dancing?

Marion Conroy,
10048—115th Street

Covington, Ky.

I have just spent a pleasant afternoon reading the new MOVIE MAGAZINE from cover to cover. Such lovely pictures, interesting articles and well-known writers, a very remarkable magazine. I get so many giggles from that wit J. P. McEvoy, and Adele Rogers St. Johns is very good. Give us lots of Herb Howe and Homer Croy.
Hildreth Dickerson,
227 E. Seventh Street



CAKES BAKED IN CRINKLE CUPS STAY FRESH AND WHOLE

They come out whole, too...
they do not stick to the cup



How much easier it is to bake this modern way. No bother of greasing, no work of washing up sticky pans. Much more satisfactory, too . . . with every cake turned out evenly baked.

Bake in Crinkle Cups and every batch of cakes will be the kind you are proud to serve. Bake in Crinkle Cups and the cakes will stay fresh and moist. Use Crinkle Cups for better, easier baking.

You Will Like This Cream Spice Cake:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cupfuls brown sugar | 2 teaspoonfuls allspice |
| ½ cupful shortening | 1 cupful sour cream |
| 3 egg yolks | 2 cupfuls pastry flour |
| 2 teaspoonfuls cloves | ¼ teaspoonful salt |
| 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon | 1 teaspoonful soda |
| 3 egg-whites beaten stiff | |

Cream together the sugar and shortening until thoroughly blended. Add the beaten egg yolks, the cinnamon, cloves and allspice, and beat well. Sift together the flour, salt and soda. Add to the cake mixture alternately with the sour cream. Last fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into Crinkle Cups and bake in a moderate oven of 375° F. for thirty minutes.

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 and 10 CENT STORES



The Heart of Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 84)

Gavin Gordon shed no tears, knew no despair. His real sorrow was that he never saw Greta Garbo. Soon he discovered among the others he met that the great actress of the screen was difficult to know, even for the elect. She moved in mysterious ways, lonely ways, and there were hundreds of people right in her own studio who had never spoken a word to her. Even the girl who did stand-ins for her—to take the burden of standing for lights and camera angles from her shoulders—had never met her. No one, not even the studio officials, knew where she lived.

He had to content himself with going every night to see any picture of her that was running, sitting for hours wrapt in wonder at her art and her beauty. This woman of the silversheet filled his thoughts and his dreams.

If he could only get a chance. The friends he had made marveled at the steadiness of his ambition, the silent, smiling determination of this tall young man from the South. Knowing Hollywood, they wondered if he would be added to the thousands who have tried and failed and been heartbroken.

He might have been but for a chance, a coincidence such as fiction editors deplore on the ground that things like that don't happen in real life.

IN the dark projection room of one of the biggest studios, a group of worried people sat watching the screen. A producer, a director, a writer and a famous star.

They were looking at screen tests, sent to them from all the studios in Hollywood, searching for a young actor

who could play a certain part. All the well-known leading men had been discussed and found wanting. All the newcomers being hailed had been considered. Stage actors had been eliminated one by one. Agencies had sent candidates without number.

No one seemed to be just what they wanted and the situation was desperate. So they sat running test after test, hoping somewhere among the unknown legions to make a lucky find.

Suddenly there appeared before them on the screen a tall, well set up young man, with a stern face marked by self-discipline and reserve, and through the sound tract came a slow, deep voice, with the softness of the South held in check by a delicate precision of enunciation.

The little group sat up, when as quickly as it had come on the picture faded, the lights went up.

"I'm sorry," said the operator's voice from above them, "that's not for you. It got here by mistake. That's for Mr. Vidor, I'll be ready in a minute."

"You run that test," said the producer.

"Okey," said the operator.

They ran it four times.

"Well?" said the producer.

"That's it," said the director and the star in chorus.

TWO hours later a publicity man in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer office called a Santa Monica number and asked for a name written on a memorandum before him.

"Mr. Gordon?"

"This is Mr. Gordon."

"We wondered if you could come in some time tomorrow and have some portraits taken. This is the publicity department at M-G-M. We'll need new photographs to go with the announcement."

"What announcement?" said Gavin Gordon.

"Why, that you're to play the leading rôle with Garbo in 'Romance'."

There was a long silence at the other end of the phone. Then a voice said, "My God!" and meant it.

It isn't often that it comes to a human being to have his every wish gratified. Had Gavin Gordon been given a magic lamp and one wish to be fulfilled, he would have chosen to play Tom, the young minister opposite Garbo, rather than to be President or owner of a million dollars.

When he first met her for talks concerning the story, he found her to be even more marvelous than he could have imagined.

"She was so gracious," he told me, "so beautiful, but so kind. I had heard how aloof she was. But even that first day she put me at my ease, made me feel confidence that I could do the part the way she wanted it done. She was queenly, yes. But with the queenliness of every great artist. Far above other women, but with the greatest sweetness of manner and the most natural way of talking to you."

THE starting date of the picture arrived. Gavin Gordon hadn't slept all night and when he got into his little roadster he was in a delirium of happiness. As he drove along Washington Boulevard, keyed to the highest pitch, ready for the great day of his life, another car turned out of a side street and crashed into him.

He was thrown out onto the pavement and struck on his left shoulder.

When he couldn't sit up, he found that the pain was excruciating. His arm hung at his side helpless. Red hot daggers plunged through him. But he thought of only one thing. "I won't be able to play the part. If they know I'm hurt they'll never let me start."

The mountaineer blood told. Gavin Gordon got to his feet, set his jaw stubbornly, and drove to the studio.

With infinite pains he put on a make-up. The sweat pouring down his face, he got into his costume. Holding himself rigid, he went out on the set. For a solid hour he worked, upheld by his nearness to his idol, by his iron determination to say nothing to anyone lest the part be taken from him.

At the end of that hour he fainted in Garbo's arms.

That time when he came to, he was in a hospital. He had a fractured collar bone, a dislocated shoulder and a mass of torn ligaments. But he tried to get up. He tried so hard that the nurses called frantically for the doctor.

"I won't stay here," the boy shouted. "I'm all right. I'm not really hurt. I can stand it, let me go back."

He struggled so, weak and half sick with pain and the worse torture of his fears, that he tore loose the dressings and rebroke the bone that had been set.

Suddenly he heard a deep, sweet
(Continued on page 108)



When Gavin Gordon was able to return to the studio after his accident, he did the prologue scenes of "Romance," in which he is an aged man. Above, George Wetmore adding a half century to Gavin.

How They Met

(Continued from page 45)

arrived. John mentioned his business—and Mickey, with a look at his watch, said "I can't talk to you now. I'm giving a party down at Sunset Inn and I've got to get there. I'm late now. You come along and we'll get a minute during the evening."

John said he couldn't. His shirt was dirty, he needed a shave, and anyway he was too hot. Mickey told him there was a cute girl coming, and he could be her partner. John said he didn't want to meet any cute girls. But finally, being a conscientious Irishman, he went. At Sunset Inn he met the girl. She was Colleen Moore. Ten minutes later John had forgotten everything, and before the evening was over he had proposed—dirty shirt, whiskers and all—and been given an answer which wasn't too discouraging. That was how Colleen became Mrs. John McCormick. Now, alas, a divorce is impending.

IT wasn't like that with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joan Crawford had been meeting young Doug for several years—and she didn't think much of him, either. Their introduction took place at a Hollywood party, soon after Joan came out from New York, and later she told somebody that she thought young Fairbanks was pretty high hat. They saw each other casually from time to time, said, "How do you do," and passed on.

Then one night Joan drifted into a Hollywood theater to see the stage play, "Young Woodley." She didn't know that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was playing the rôle done in New York by Glenn Hunter. Joan's whole soul was stirred; she says, by his wonderful performance. On her way home, she stopped and sent him a wire to the theater, just to tell him how great she thought he was. The next day Douglas called up and invited her to dinner. She went. In June, 1929, they were married in New York.

HAROLD LLOYD was looking for a new leading lady. Bebe Daniels, who had filled that rôle for several years, had left to go to Cecil De Mille. Thinking it over, Harold decided that he wanted a blond who was as opposite to Bebe as he could possibly get, so that the new individuality would stand out. One night he went to see a picture of Bryant Washburn's. Onto the screen flashed a picture of a blond who looked like a big French doll. Harold let out a gasp and whispered to Hal Roach, "That's the one. There's the one I want for a leading lady."

But it wasn't so simple. The title sheet listed her as Mildred Davis, but energetic search produced no Mildred Davis in Hollywood. A studio biography revealed that she had been born in Philadelphia, but she wasn't in Philadelphia either. At last, through a newspaper, Harold located her in a girls' finishing school in Tacoma. She'd given up trying to get into pictures and gone back to school. Roach wired her, asking her to come down, and she came.

The first meeting in this case nearly ruined everything. With the picture in his mind of the lovely blond doll on the screen, Harold waited for her to come into his office. Imagine his surprise and embarrassment, when in came a young lady wearing a large

(Continued on page 109)

You can keep your skin lovely just as 511 HOLLYWOOD ACTRESSES do

JOAN CRAWFORD, delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star: "Keeps my skin so smooth."



DOROTHY MACKAILL, lovely and talented star: "I am certainly devoted to it."

BEBE DANIELS, charming Radio Pictures' star: "... a great help in keeping skin lovely."



98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap...

NOBODY knows better than the world's popular screen stars the importance of petal-smooth skin. As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, says: "Smooth skin is the most potent charm a girl can have—and an essential for stardom on the screen, with its many revealing close-ups."

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap, not only at home, but on location. For at their request it has been made the official soap in all the great film studios.

The loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, are enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. And even in Europe the screen stars have adopted it—in France, in England, and in Germany.

You will want to try this fragrant white soap. You'll be delighted with its quick, generous lather, with the smooth softness it gives your skin. Order several cakes today.



MARION DAVIES, fascinating Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star: "It is wonderful for smooth skin."



EVELYN BRENT, intriguingly beautiful star: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard my skin."

LUX Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway

—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

The Heart of Greta Garbo

(Continued from page 106)

voice saying, "Please do not do that. You are hurt, Mr. Gordon. We are so sorry. But if you will be good and take care of yourself, we will wait in the picture for you. I, Garbo, promise you that."

Looking up, he saw Garbo, wrapped in a tweed coat, smiling down at him.

Speech deserted him. He was nearer to tears than he had ever been since he was a kid. He lay back quietly and from then on he was a model patient. When discouragement or fear came upon him, when he thought of how the hand of destiny had struck him at the one moment that might spell disaster, he looked across at a big basket of roses that stood beside his bed. They had come with only a card, but on the card was the magic word, "Garbo."

What he did not know until later was that at the studio Garbo was fighting in her own peculiar way to keep the promise she had made him.

It may be that Garbo had heard all

the things he said that day in his delirium, may have looked into the boy's heart and been a little glad to be the ideal of such a man. No one will ever know that. But surely admiration of his courage and sympathy for his ambition—things she can always understand—had entered her mind. She saw at once what this chance meant to him, what a long struggle lay behind it.

IT had been a long time since Garbo had to threaten "I go home now." Her enormous popularity, the broken box-office records standing against her name, had made it easy for her to have things the way she wanted them. What Garbo wants, she gets.

Whether or not she had to threaten, she wanted Gavin Gordon given his chance, she wanted him to continue in her picture. She said so when they suggested that they could not delay work, that they must get another leading man at once.

"Gavin Gordon plays that part," said Garbo.

Having settled that, she did the fair thing to the company. With the director she mapped out all the scenes in the picture in which he did not appear—the scenes she had alone, or with Lewis Stone, who plays the other man. At no small inconvenience to herself, she shot any part of the picture that the director thought best. When Gavin Gordon was able to be up, they did the scenes in which he plays an old man, where he could bend over and ease his hurt.

"And she helped me through those scenes so wonderfully," he said. "She didn't think of herself and how it would be for her. She was so kindly, she always made it possible for me to do each scene. I have only seen her that one time outside the studio. But I know that Greta Garbo is a great woman, and the kindest woman in the world."

Maybe he is right.

The Stars Own Favorite Stars

(Continued from page 37)

see me cry! Still, that's how she hits me."

Billie Dove

GRETA GARBO, thinks Billie Dove, is one of the greatest if not the greatest living film actress. And in any case, she is her favorite.

"I never miss a Garbo picture," said Billie enthusiastically.

"She is so clever as an actress, besides possessing such infinite charm. I think actresses should study charm as well as acting talent."

Ann Harding

ANN HARDING prefers Greta Garbo to anybody on the screen. Asked why, she answered, "Oh, everything!"

Then she expanded:

"I admire her artistry, her indestructible poise, her personality. For me she creates a more perfect illusion than any other screen player.

"When I go to see a Garbo story, I believe in the leading character more truly than when any other actress fills the leading rôle. I don't find myself picking story and direction to pieces, as I often do in other cases. The illusion is complete for me, whether Garbo is playing the embittered Anna Christie or the glamorous Anna Karenina."

Nancy Carroll

HERE'S another vote for Garbo from the profession—that of Nancy Carroll.

But, unlike Ann Harding, who likes Greta because she seems entirely real, Nancy Carroll, on the other hand, admires her because she is elusive—unreal! Indeed, the Garbo must be possessed of the "infinite variety" with which Shakespeare press-agented the famous Cleopatra.

"Greta Garbo is a superb actress," says Nancy. "This, with her mysteri-

ous fascination, makes her one of the most intriguing personalities of the screen. Every time I see her she reveals a different characterization, and always a vivid one. Perhaps I like her because she doesn't seem quite real."

Ruth Chatterton

THOUGH Emil Jannings has left the country, he remains Ruth Chatterton's ideal.

"I admire him for his great artistry. I learn something every time I see him on the screen," said Miss Chatterton. "He has deep sincerity. He plans his characterizations as an engineer prepares the blueprints for a tremendous architectural achievement. Because he believes in what he is doing, he never fails to convince his audiences, and he gives them genuine, intelligent entertainment."



Joan Crawford is showing a brand new microphone to Governor Clyde Reed of Kansas, a visitor at the Metro-Goldwyn Culver City Studios.

How They Met

(Continued from page 107)

black hat heavily weighted with ostrich plumes, a long, black fur coat, and high-laced black shoes, with enormous French heels. The great comedian gasped, hedged, and almost told her to go on away, before the girl broke down and confessed. While she had been in Hollywood, she'd always been turned down because she was too young and too little. So when she came to meet Harold, she'd sneaked out without her mother's knowledge and rented a costume to overcome these difficulties. That tickled Harold, and he gave her a contract.

It ended only when Mildred left the screen to become Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

A FOOTBALL hero and the queen of the campus.

They met during their junior year. Johnny Mack Brown, star halfback of the Alabama team, and Connie Foster, who was conceded to be the prettiest and most popular girl in school. They became engaged and, unlike a lot of college romances, it lasted. When he graduated from school, Johnny took a job as assistant coach so they could get married. In the meantime, Johnny had been out to California to play Stanford in the New Year's Day game. Some Hollywood producer had seen him and he eventually was asked to come back and try for pictures. Of course, he brought his wife along—and they seem slated to live happy ever after.

In the old days, when they were both struggling young extras, and later when they were just beginning to get a few parts on the screen, Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell lived together at the Hollywood Athletic Club. They palled around together most of the time, but didn't often go out with girls together. While they were on location at Catalina Island in "Old Ironsides"—in which Farrell had his first lead and Dick was still playing bits—Farrell told Dick about a girl he'd met. "Her name is Jobyna Ralston, and she's a peach. I'm not in love with her, but I sure like her. She's so regular—lots of fun and pretty and everything. I want you to meet her."

Dick said he didn't want to meet her. He knew too many girls already. Besides, it sounded to him like Charlie really thought pretty well of this girl and he didn't want to cut in. Charlie kept on talking, and Dick kept on refusing. Finally one night, without telling Dick, Charlie invited Joby to dinner at the Club. When the two boys went down, she was waiting, and Dick found himself introduced and sitting opposite her before he could protest.

That night started a real friendship. Joby became the pal not only of Dick and Charlie, but of Buddy Rogers and Gary Cooper, too. When the smoke cleared away, however, it was found that Dick and Joby were engaged—and while they were playing together in "Wings" they were married.

THE first time Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire met, they didn't know it had happened.

For a long time, Jack had admired Ina Claire more than any other actress on the stage. For an equally long time Ina Claire had thought Jack Gilbert the best and most attractive of the screen actors.

(Continued on page 110)



the linit beauty bath test that instantly proves you can have a skin soft as velvet!



Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more

delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the soothing purity of starch from corn is regarded so highly by doctors, that they generally recommend

it for the tender skin of young babies.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you.



LINIT is sold

by your GROCER

the bathway to a soft, smooth skin

How They Met

(Continued from page 109)



TANGEE

Color Magic for the Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

For *this* is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, heals and protects.

Tangee Lipstick, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Crème Rouge, \$1. Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

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417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name.....
Address.....

Shortly after Miss Claire arrived in Hollywood she attended a party at the home of the Barney Glazers. Jack Gilbert also attended. The next day somebody said to Jack, "How did you like Ina Claire?" Jack said, "I've never met her." When told that he had, but in the crowd and confusion hadn't recognized her he had a fit.

Somebody asked Ina Claire, "Well, do you think Jack Gilbert is as attractive off the screen as on?"

"I haven't seen him off the screen," said Miss Claire.

"You have too," she was informed.

The following day, however, they met again at a garden party at Frances Marion's—and three weeks later in Las Vegas, Nevada, they were married.

NANCY CARROLL'S husband fell in love with her picture.

Jack Kirkland, now a well-known playwright, was a reporter on *The New York Daily News*, and editor of the Ocean Edition of *The Chicago Tribune*. Sitting at his desk one day, turning over the pages of the latest edition, he saw the picture of a pretty show girl, and under it the title, "The Cherub of Broadway." It turned out that her name was Nancy Carroll.

Jack knew he was sunk. He started a campaign to meet her. Finally he discovered that she had once attended the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School. So he asked Gordon Gibbs, a friend of his, to arrange a meeting. Gibbs gave a party and invited Nancy Carroll, just so Jack Kirkland could meet her. He did—and it was worse than ever. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married just before Nancy joined the Passing Show in 1924.

AT least one war romance.
In the office of a well-known pub-

lisher in Chicago was a pretty, dark-eyed secretary, who had just graduated from Northwestern University. Two or three times, a tall, handsome, blond actor came into the office to see the publisher. The quiet secretary smiled at him—and he began coming oftener than there seemed to be any reason for an actor to see a publisher.

Finally one day he invited her to come to the theater and see his show. She went. She went again. They met—often, but very quietly. Then the war came and the actor enlisted. He came, in his uniform, to bid her goodbye. But before he left, they were engaged—and as soon as he came back, they were married.

The marriage license read, "Conrad Nagel and Ruth Helms."

ONE day—probably it was raining or something and she was bored—Ruth Chatterton decided that she wanted to do a musical comedy. She'd been successful and idolized on Broadway in everything else, and it would be something new, something she'd never done. Ruth is like that. Hazards appeal to her.

It didn't take her long to convince Henry Miller and the Shuberts and they started plans to star her in "The Magnolia Lady." Then came the problem of a leading man. Finally, the producers decided that the only man to play it was Ralph Forbes, a young and handsome English actor who had come over from London to play the lead in "Havoc." But Mr. Forbes laughed at them. He wasn't a musical comedy actor. He could, yes, but he didn't intend to. They went disconsolately to Miss Chatterton.

She said, "Send him to me."

Now it happened that Mr. Forbes had wanted to meet Miss Chatterton—who



Presenting our old friend, Bill Hart, as he is today. The visitor in sombrero is Charles Mack, of Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows." Mr. Mack's estate is close by that of Bill Hart, at Newhall, Calif.

hasn't, for that matter?—and so, still firm in his resolution, he went to tea at her New York apartment. In ten minutes he told her he thought it would be a great experience for him to play in musical comedy and he'd love to do the part. In two hours, he had told her that he loved her. In ten days they were engaged. In ten weeks, they were married.

These Englishmen. They're so slow.

JUST the opposite was the romance of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.

For five years they knew each other well, were in almost daily contact in their business and social relations, moved in the same social circle—and then one evening fell madly in love.

While Norma was in New York playing her first pictures, she first heard of Irving Thalberg. In fact, she received an offer from Universal to join that company, and it was signed by the general manager, whose name was Irving Thalberg. She didn't take the offer—and that was that.

Later, she did sign with the Louis B. Mayer Company. On her first visit to the studio, she introduced herself to a slim, good-looking young man in the reception room and asked him to show her the general manager's office. He ushered her in—and then sat down behind the desk. Later, she confessed that she thought he was the office boy, he looked so young. That was her first meeting.

For the following two years, they worked on the same lot and Miss Shearer, as an ambitious young actress and Thalberg as a progressive executive, saw each other frequently. After that, she was starred for two years and he was in direct charge of her pictures. They had many consultations about stories, cast, directors, etc. But they were just friends. As a matter of fact, they still called each other Miss Shearer and Mr. Thalberg.

A year later, Mr. Thalberg's secretary called Miss Shearer one day and said that Mr. Thalberg would like to have her attend a picture opening with him that night. She did. On the way home, he called her Norma. And she fell in love with him.

The courtship ended when they were married in September, 1927.

BEN LYON and Bebe Daniels aren't married yet—but they soon will be, so we'll include them.

When they first met, they took a positive dislike to each other. Which is funnier than ever because nobody ever disliked Bebe and very few people don't find Ben attractive. They were introduced at a party Bob Kane gave in New York. Bebe thought Ben was conceited and upstage, and Ben returned the compliment.

They didn't see each other again for several years. Then they met on a rainy Sunday afternoon at Mae Sunday's and played bridge. Both were amazed to find how mistaken they had been. To himself, Ben said, "I must have been crazy. Why, she's lovely. And so gracious and sweet." Bebe said, "This is a charming boy—so sincere and simple. I like him. I was certainly mistaken that first time I met him."

That afternoon Ben asked her to go somewhere with him the following evening. That week-end she was going on a big party to Agua Caliente. He followed her down there. And in a few weeks, they were engaged.

The favorite
of Famous
Film Beauties..

Betty Lou

POWDER PUFFS

10¢

How they sing the praises of Betty Lou—these captivating stars of screenland! Nothing but the finest may touch their delicately priceless complexions... And so they use *only* Betty Lou Powder Puffs—silky-soft, caressingly fine!



Mary Brian
says, — "I always keep Betty Lou near at hand. Its smoothness and silkiness are remarkable!"



Joan Crawford
tells "her public" — "I never make an appearance without Betty Lou's support. She's with me every time I shoot a scene!"



Sue Carol
enthusias, — "I always use Betty Lou, because I consider quality in my powder puffs just as important as in my cosmetics."



Nancy Carroll
says — "I always keep a supply of Betty Lou Puffs on hand, in the studio, on location, and at home"

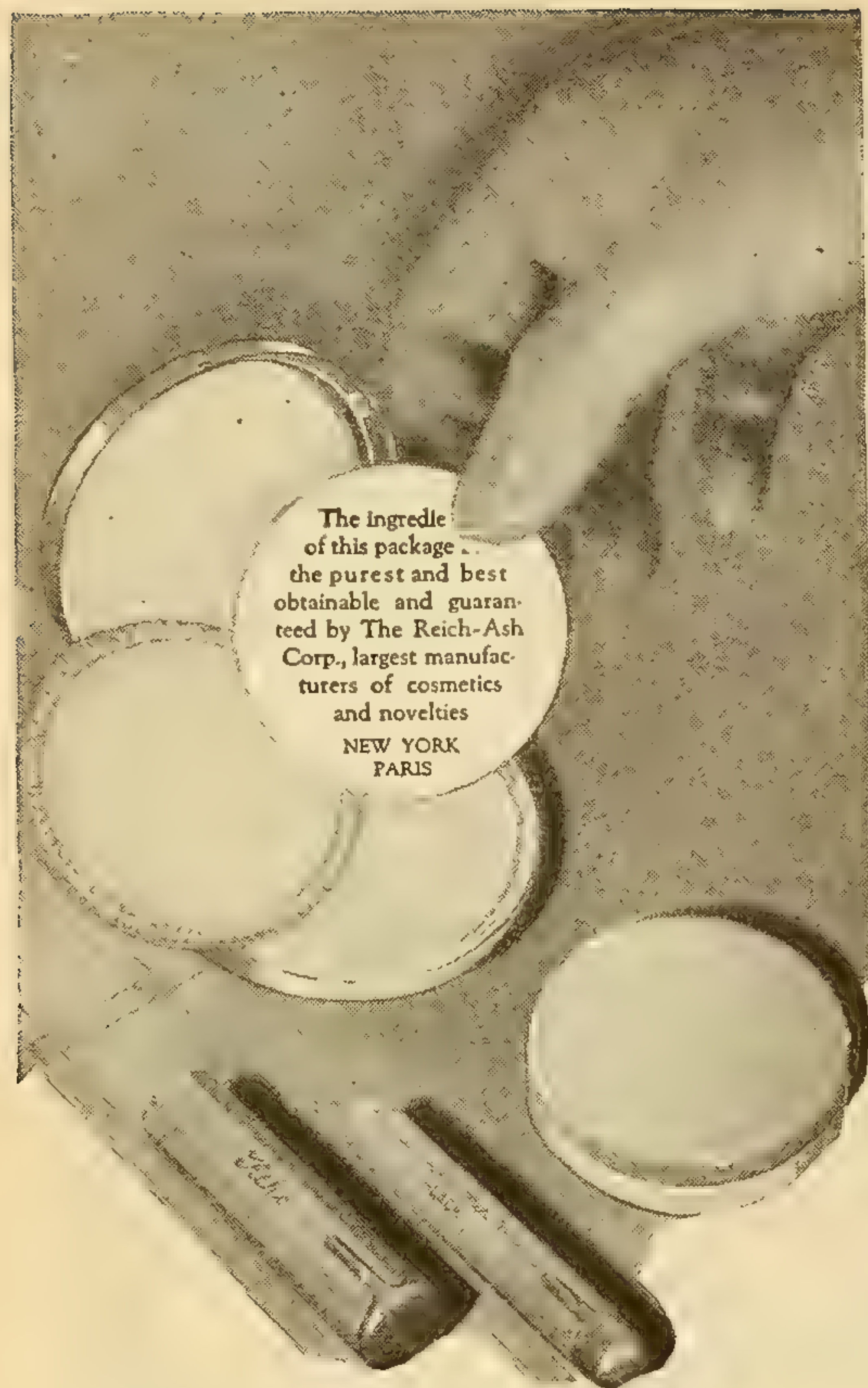
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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO

5 AND 10¢ STORES

The Low-Down on Hollywood High Life

(Continued from page 43)



The Priceless TAG

When in search of value buy "Ash's" and "Deere" cosmetics—the only tag you need look for is the buff colored guarantee slip found in every case—it's priceless. "Deere" cake, loose, rouge powder and lip salve compacts all may be immediately recognized by this slip. "Ash's" lipsticks and eyebrow pencils are equally easy to identify by looking for the name stamped in script on the cases.

When you see either trade mark you know at once that you are purchasing an absolutely perfect compact or lipstick, that the ingredients are the purest obtainable and that the price represents the most amazing values imaginable.

Most every chain store carries the smart beauty aids, pictured, in distinctive red and green cases. There are other equally attractive "Ash's" and "Deere" cosmetics too—priced from ten cents to one dollar.

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I CAN remember the first butler in Hollywood—rather in Beverly Hills, since that is the real home of stars and not Hollywood at all. He was engaged by Charles Ray along with seven other flunkies. Everyone hooted, for those were the days when men were men and helped themselves. People would ring Charlie's bell and then duck in the agapanthus just to see the butler and to give him what we now politely call the "bird." He was of a terrifying British deportment and little by little everyone came under his spell and took to imitating his English. That was the beginning of head tones in Hollywood. Now you can't tell hosts from butlers, we all speak such good English.

Wally Beery is another elegant whom Thyra should have met. The dexterity with which he handles peas on a knife has caused duchesses to raise eyebrows so high that their coronets toppled off backward. Of course, he's a charlatan, as are all persons who seek to impress with society manners. The knife, of his own invention, has a slot the length of it; this enables the peas to hold their balance. In the bluff sincerity of his home Wally uses a fork; but he always carries the knife to banquets for visiting celebrities.

MRS. WINSLOW was not invited to Bull Montana's wedding. I happen to know she was not. It was very exclusive. It differed from the nuptials of the *nouveaux* who broadcast invitations by radio. I recently received an expensively engraved bid to the wedding of two celebrities whom I never had met. I didn't go. Many others likewise failed. The house was so poor, in fact, that the church doors had to be thrown open to the public in order to make a boxoffice showing.

Bull's wedding transpired in his casa in Glendale. Gifts and telegrams were spread out on a bed upstairs. They came from Doug Fairbanks, Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor, Mabel Normand—everyone who can be counted a person—I don't recall but it seems to me Queen Marie sent something she made herself.

It was a lovely wedding, best described in the succinct Italian of Signor Montana himself: "Sure, sure, sure, everything swell, Herb. Nobody fight, nobody get sick."

Bull wore the conventional checks with red cravat caught up by a diamond horseshoe, a family heirloom which Bull got from a burglar friend for a song in his barroom bouncing days.

Bull and the signora visited me at my hacienda near Santa Barbara on their honeymoon trip to Canada. They visited me again on return. Bull was a bit upset, as bridegrooms so often are. He said the madame wanted to make a

gentleman of him. Wha'th'ell! She wanted him to take a bath every day. His father in Italy never took a bath in his life and he is eighty years old. She also insisted he shove the spaghetti to her before helping himself. Bull wanted to know how long she was staying. He felt the fall guy, the sap, getting married to such an exotic. Like Vasquez, he was for going through the panes head first. But instead he has bowed to modern convention and gone through with marriage. Another testimonial to the social sportsmanship of Hollywood, though, alas, not to its early traditions.

I HAVE saved to the last, true orator I am, the clinching argument for Hollywood's social integrity. Permit me to present Madam Aileen Pringle in the person not the picture. She is to Hollywood society what Leo, the lion, is to Metro-Goldwyn Mayer. The trademark, the pillar, the very cornerstone. The integrity of Hollywood's brilliance rests on her. She is the brow, let the rest be what they may. The intelligentia of the world bent on a Hollywood holiday clusters to her cote as the bees to the flower, the birds to the tree, the flies to the keg. I mean she's IT without help from Paul Whiteman's band, Paul Howard's nursery, or Europe's hungry defunct majesties.

You shall know her as Pringie. She will apprise you at once that her hair is colored, that at birth she was the most misshapen mess ever handed a horrified mother, that her god is Julie, who happens to be her mother and who can work necromancy with old Basque recipes as she did with beauty recipes in recreating Pringle, that she is so near-sighted she waves at everyone for fear of snubbing a friend and so makes many strange acquaintances, that she has a circle of loyal courtiers on whom she bestows the same equality of affection and solicitude she does on her chow dogs.

All this you learn instantly that you may feel at home or grope for your galoshes. Everything is all right with Pringie, so long as you don't bore her. If you haven't wit or humor, or the appreciation of same, I advise you do a Vasquez through the window into the gulch below. Several have made a clean getaway that way. But I can't be responsible for punctures in the pantaloon.

PRINGLE is a show in one—like Chic Sale. In the loveliest English you ever heard since your presentation to Queen Mary, she recounts Hollywood episodes more graphically than the Specialist. She will tell you that a certain little Yiddish producer has the greatest picture mind she ever en-

Do you read HERB HOWE in NEW MOVIE every month?

O. O. McIntyre, the famous columnist, says of Mr. Howe: "Herb Howe, the Hollywood chronicler, knows every motion picture star by first name."

countered, that another power is the greatest so-and-so that ever bluffed a naive world, that a touted author has the inferiority complex so bad he snarls out of fear and that a great lover of the screen after writhing with her on the tiger skin leaned close and panted, "We're opening our new church next Sunday and would like for you to attend?"

Pringie's Spanish castle clutches the rim of Santa Monica canyon where it may enjoy each evening the suicide of the sun as it plunges into the Pacific, bloodying sky and water. I particularly like the cozy card room with modern furniture in bright red leather. On the wall is an etching of a popular sash-weight murder and another, the title of which I forget but the significance of which is dead men tell no tales. There are also Japanese prints and glowing lamps on low tables. It is a room of revelation for kindred spirits after dinner.

The dinner. Pringie has a new set of servants every other month. I imagine she is connected with the League of Nations, because one month they are Slovak, the next Italian, then Afric, Chinese, Hawaiian, bounding Arab. Each set is taught the recipes of Julie and so no matter the nationality the food is as exciting as the conversation, which is supplied almost wholly by the hostess.

ONE dinner for instance: The butler this time is Italian with sideburns. The guests are male, save for Madeline Hurlock. Pringie stands at the head of the table carving a turkey. I sit next Pringie. It is like a ringside seat at a Mexican revolution. The butler mutters. Pringie mutters louder. I try to remember where the chapeau is. The butler enters operatically flourishing a knife. Pringie with a shout abandons the bird's remains and bounds upstairs. The butler pursues. There is a volley of verbs. We all go on eating the bird with perfect social equanimity, like doughboys in trenches. Miss Hurlock is guiding the conversation gently, as I recall, while Pringie is being threatened through the barred door of her boudoir. Eventually the frustrated butler appears on the balcony and commands attention. "Listen!" he yelps. "You so-and-so movie stars. I don't give a—bad word—for any of you! As for you, Matt Moore, you big loafer you've been eating here regularly and never give me a dollar. And you, Herb Howe, if you could write like you can eat. . . ."

Pringie, the perfect hostess, projects courageously at this point and shrieks, "Oh sing Il Trovatore, will you? . . . You mean horse!"

The butler looks that. He considers singing, too, for he has been taking vocal like all of us in Hollywood. But in the act of inflating the diaphragm he notes we are going on with the dismemberment of the turkey with that fine aplomb that betokens people of gentility. Enraged he stamps down the stairs snorting, "I'm through. I wouldn't yes nobody. Least of all you movie stars. Drtybsds and snsfbchs!"

No one flinched, no one lost hold the wing, the leg, the neck of the turkey. Presently Pringie reappeared, her nose repowdered, and descended the stairs. She and Miss Hurlock served the rest of the dinner as though nothing untoward had occurred. Show me a Vanderbilt or Mountbatten who has such *savoir faire*, such grace under pressure.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, published monthly at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y., for April 1, 1930.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. E. Flynn, who, having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, J. E. Flynn, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Catherine McNelis, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Marie L. Featherstone, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only).

J. E. FLYNN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1930.

LAURETTA E. GANLY.

(My commission expires March 30, 1931.)

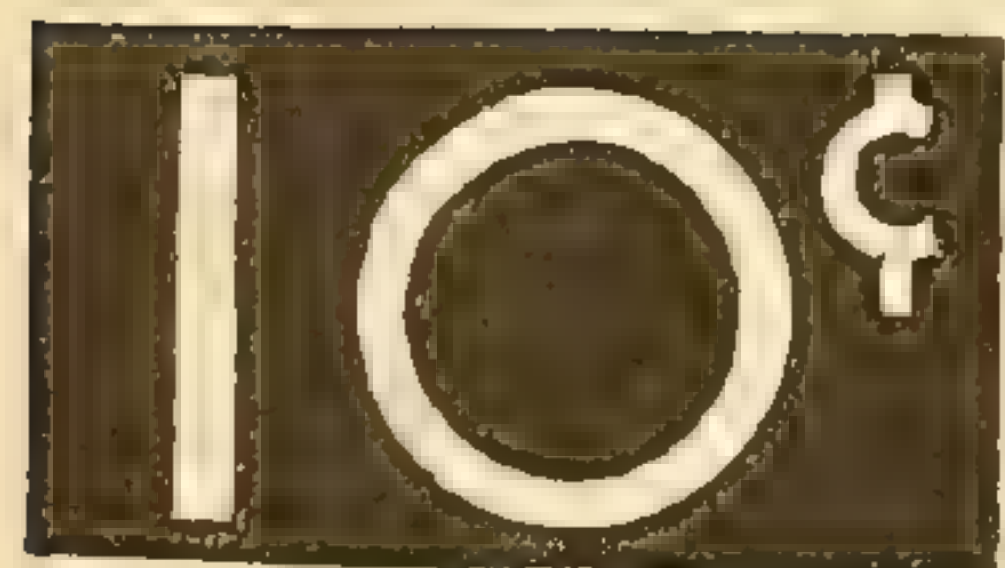
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You Can't Get Away From It

(Continued from page 48)

land, not to mention Europe. Rudolf, the senior Schildkraut, began with a traveling repertoire company, followed that with five years of being buffo comic in the Viennese Opera, then for years played Shakespearean rôles at the Dramatik Theatre in Hamburg. Max Reinhardt brought him to Berlin where he played Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, and Shakespeare. Then came a call to America, and a glorious career here and abroad following.

His son, Josef, played with his father abroad, and the training of the son has always been near the old man's heart. Concerning this it is related that during Josef's early days in films a director was having a rather bad time of it with the cocksure and supercilious young fellow. The story is told as having happened with D. W. Griffith during the making of "Orphans of the Storm." True or false, it has the point in hand; papa came in and watched Josef doing the scene. Whenever Griffith would attempt to tell him how it should be done, Josef would with obvious restraint tell him tenderly that he was all wrong. Finally papa could stand it no more; he took Josef to one side, and it is related that he used harsh words to the son of his heart, ending by telling him that he was a very bad actor indeed. Josef wept at that blow and listened to reason from then on. His later successes prompt one to believe that the hand of Papa Schildkraut has often been of help in this career.

ANOTHER father and son relation is that of Willie Collier, Sr., and his son, Buster Collier. Willie Collier has been famous on the legitimate stage for some thirty years or more, stretching

from the old Weber and Fields era to the present; he is now working in pictures. Buster, his stepson, has had a long screen career himself, and though he does not do the sort of rôles that made his parent famous he is a celebrity on his own account. His mother played on the stage.

Mae Busch came from an Australian theatrical family.

Francis X. Bushman, Sr., and Jr., and the daughters of Bushman, all worked in films. Bushman, Sr., was a leading stock man in Columbus, Ohio, before making his sensational hit as the screen's first heavy sheik, co-starring with Beverly Bayne. Lenore Bushman, one daughter, has married and retired, but played in films for a time. All the children played child parts in their father's films.

Leila Hyams is a real child of the theater. Her mother, Leila McIntyre, of the team of McIntyre and Hyams, awaited her arrival back scenes, while the father played a single until the big event was over. The fateful night that little Leila was born, her mother was rushed from the theater across the street to a hospital in New York City. Later years found tiny Leila sitting on her little red chair in the wings, watching her parents do their vaudeville skits and songs together. She would run out to bow and take the curtain with them. At five she went into the act; at sixteen she decided to get a job on her own and while she could not connect with a theatrical job she posed for advertising.

Florence Lake and her clever brother, Arthur Lake, are children of a vaudeville family. The parents, Arthur Silverlake and Edith Goodwin, toured circuits for years. The two children have



An unusual camera study of Sammy Lee, director of dance ensembles for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, selecting girls for the chorus of a forthcoming song-and-dance film. All the studios maintain permanent choruses, which are augmented from time to time for big ensemble scenes. Here's the reason why Broadway is losing its prettiest chorines.

done dramatic stock and vaudeville since the age of four.

Ralph Forbes and his mother, Mary Forbes, are another two generations of stage family. Both are in pictures now.

There are several actors and actresses who have come to the screen from old circus families. Renee Adoree with her sister was born and raised in the sawdust ring in France, touring all over Europe in the troupe with her father.

Rod La Rocque is the son of a famous circus family. Though the lineage goes back to a title in France, the family is proud of its success for at least two generations in the field of entertainment. Esther Ralston comes of a circus family.

Polly Walker, who played the feminine lead in "Hit the Deck," is a Broadway player who is plentifully besprinkled with sawdust. Her uncle who raised her was a famous clown.

BUSTER KEATON is the son of Joe Keaton of "The Three Keatons," an act which included his mother, his father, and Buster. The act was a knockabout act which toured vaudeville for years, in which Buster was thrown about in a way to make parents in the audience cringe at the thought of the impending fatality. It would have been fatal for a child who had not been taught most carefully how to take his falls, as Buster was. Then when he got too big to throw about he went on his own, finally winding up in films with Roscoe Arbuckle in comedies in 1917. His wife, Natalie Talmadge, sister of Constance and Norma Talmadge, has two small sons who show every sign of taking up dramatics. Their best sport is to go home after seeing one of their father's pictures and re-enact whole scenes. Some stunt will so appeal to them that they will be at it for days to the distress and anguish of all the members of the household.

Charley Morton is another son of vaudeville. His mother and father toured as Mudge and Morton, his father, Frank Mudge playing in an act in which his mother, Augusta Morton, sang. He traveled with his parents and played in their act from his earliest years.

Eliot Nugent and his father, J. C. Nugent, are members of two generations of a stage family. All the Nugents, Eliot's brothers and sisters, have been on the stage.

Wallace Reid, one of the screen's unforgotten heroes, was the son of Hal Reid, a playwright, and his life was bound up with that of the theater as a child. He diverged from this as he matured, but went back to it as a young man and achieved a success rarely paralleled. Some of the plays his father wrote were the most popular melodramas of a melodramatic age. One of these was "The Night Before Christmas" and there were many others.

THE second generation of Foy has certainly carried along the tradition of their father, Eddie Foy. All the Foy children are in dramatic work, with the son Bryan writing and doing various sorts of things for films, mostly at Warner Brothers.

Raymond Hackett, the young actor who played the son in "Madame X" with Ruth Chatterton on the screen, is the son of a stage mother, Mary Hackett.

Richard Barthelmess claims no drama
(Continued on page 116)



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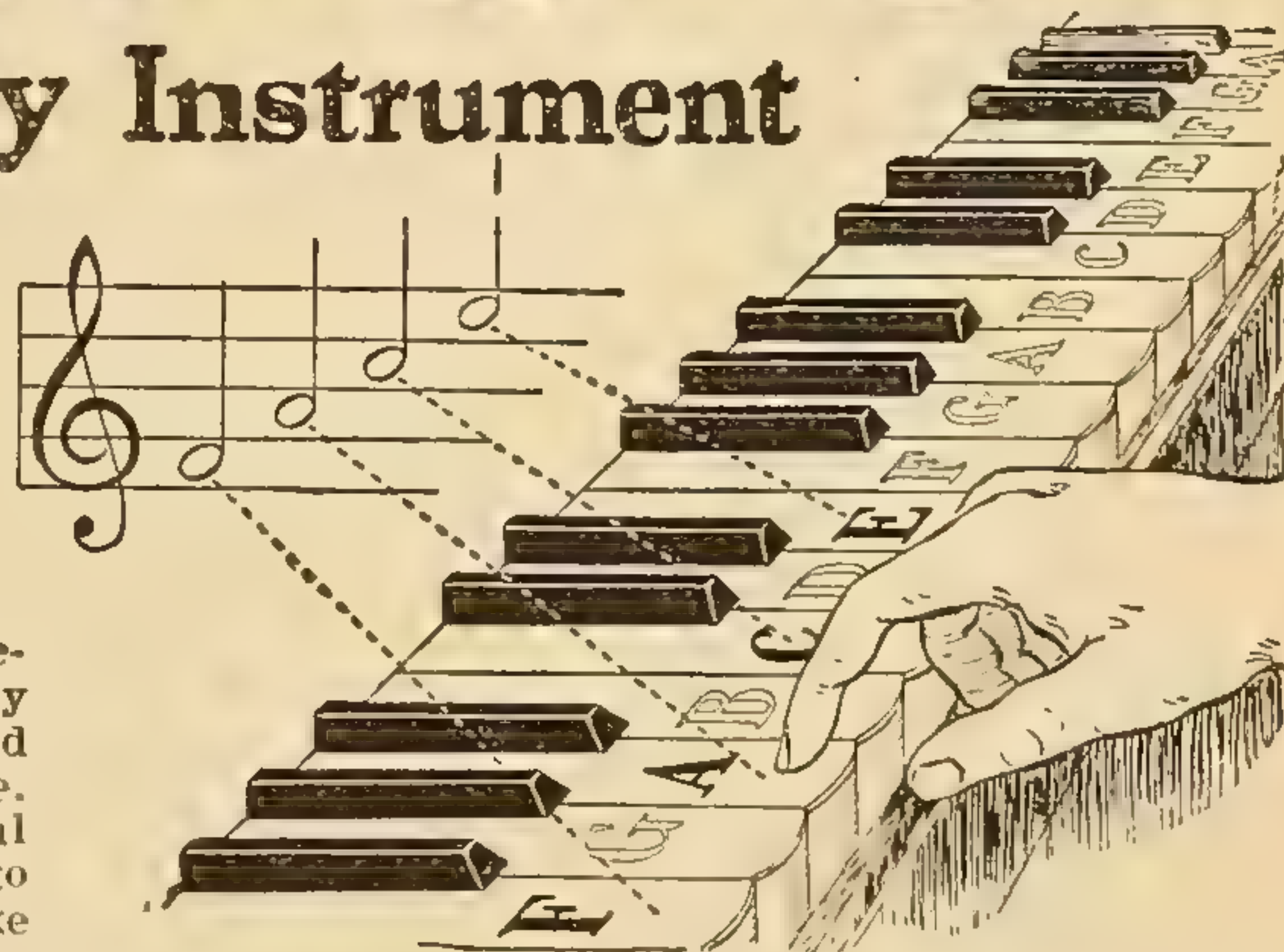
WASHES AWAY HAIR

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You Can't Get Away From It

(Continued from page 115)

matic ancestry on his father's side, but his mother, Caroline Harris, was a noted character actress for years in New York. Her career began when Dick was a baby and half orphaned by the death of his father. The young widow turned to the stage as a means of livelihood, and did so well that she was soon known favorably in stock and road show companies. She played with Mme. Nazimova, with Sidney Drew in "Billy," with Mme. Petrova in "Panthéa," and with Thomas Ross in "The Only Son."

When Dick was school age there was the yearly routine of stock in Summer, and the road in Winter. Summers he spent with his mother, and often played small bits in the productions when there was need of a child, though he was in no sense a child actor. He grew up, then, with this knowledge of the theater as his background. It was not surprising that when money was scarce and he had an offer to go into "War Brides" that he left college in his junior year and started a dramatic career. He then became a leading man for Marguerite Clark and in 1918 went with D. W. Griffith, where he first achieved success.

Mary Hay Barthelmess, daughter of Mr. Barthelmess and Mary Hay, musical comedy star, is receiving all the training in dancing and music that she wishes and her father will put no obstacles in her way if she should decide, as she probably will, to take to the footlights as a career. She is a tiny, dainty, beautifully formed child, and it looks as if her destiny is sealed.

RUTH ROLAND, for years a serial star, now making a return to films, has two generations of theatrical folk behind her. Her grandmother, Barbara Sherer, was a well known Tyrolean yodeler; her mother, Lillian Hauser, was called "the California Nightingale" a generation ago in San Francisco. She was a protégé of Adeline Patti, who wished to send her to study abroad, but marriage ended all that. The little daughter, now Ruth Roland, also had a maternal aunt who gave up a budding and a successful career on the stage to marry. Ruth herself has grown up in the circus, on the stage, and in pictures.

A little actress getting a good grip on a career over at Paramount is little Mitzi Green, the child who appeared in "Honey," "The Marriage Playground" and other things. She is the daughter of stage parents, Joe Keno and Rosie Green. Rosie Green was a Ziegfeld Follies specialty dancer and was featured at the time that Mae Murray, Fannie Brice, Nora Bayes, Grace La Rue, were being featured.

Mitzi's father, Joe Keno, started out with a troupe of Arab acrobats in Coney Island when he was thirteen. He traveled later with his own act all over Europe. He originated the silly kid in Gus Edwards' "School Days," appeared in Henry Savage's "Have a Heart," in Sam Harris's "Honey Girl" and in comedy rôles with the Mitzi Hajos shows.

Mitzi started out by urging her father to let her do an act in an actors' benefit when she was five. A vaudeville scout nabbed Mitzi for the Interstate and Orpheum Circuits. Then came the movies.

TAYLOR HOLMES and Phillips Holmes, his son, are scions of a stage family, with film fame as well. The father went on the stage at seventeen, as an entertainer, and then into stock companies. He was playing in New York when he met the actress, Edna Phillips, a Canadian, then bound for England. They were married a year later. Miss Phillips appeared with Sothorn and Marlowe and with Richard Mansfield. Taylor Holmes was starring in musical comedies and farces in New York. After Phillips was born, Mrs. Taylor returned to the stage several times, but retired in a few years, permanently, after playing with her husband in some of the first films made in Chicago, notably, "Ruggles of Red Gap." Holmes himself continued in films for a time.

All the Taylor Holmes family are now living in Hollywood, where Phillips Holmes is under contract at Paramount. His father plays in legitimate productions and makes some talking picture shorts.

June Collyer is the third generation of a stage family, beginning with Dan Collyer, her grandfather, Broadway stage star in years gone by. Dan enjoyed a fifty-four year career, beginning at the age of eleven years. June Collyer's mother was an actress for three seasons before her marriage to Clayton Heermance. She was with her father for two, then was starred in a melodrama, "Lost in New York." June, the daughter, started her career in school plays, and was overjoyed when she was offered a contract for films at the Fox studios.

KAY FRANCIS has a family behind her with stage fame. Her mother was Katherine Clinton, well-known repertoire player who has been on the stage most of her life. Kay decided not to be a stage actress early in life, and it is in films that she has had her greatest vogue.

Katherine Clinton took the child with her on her tours, and they lived together while she was playing stock.

Robert Armstrong comes by his dramatic background through his uncle, Paul Armstrong, a well-known producer in New York. The yen for the stage had developed in Bob while he was in college and three months before graduation he left college with a vaudeville sketch called "The Campus Romance." Thence to New York where his uncle was producing "The Man Who Came Back," "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Escape." With his uncle he learned all the elements of his art, both as manager and by acting in various productions. After the war he ran across James Gleason while he was playing in stock and Gleason was managing a stock company in Milwaukee. The two teamed up and produced "Is Zat So?" which brought them to the fore in the theater.

William Janney is another boy who got the stage virus through having a producer in his family. The father and son blossomed forth from what would not be considered a promising family tree from which to expect actors. The grandfather was a professor of mathematics and astronomy in an Ohio college; Janney's father, the professor's son, is a producer, notable



Richard Barthelmess plays a dashing aviator in his newest film, "The Dawn Patrol." When plans were announced for this air picture, Dick frankly stated that a double would do the sky stunts. He was in an airplane mishap some years ago—and you can't get him into the air again. That time his pilot died of heart failure while he was bringing the ship to earth. Dick had a narrow escape and doesn't want another.

among other successes for "The Vagabond King." As a child, young Janney attended the School for Professional Children. There he was a classmate of Marguerite Churchill. He organized a children's production of "Merton of the Movies," presented at the Cort Theater, a performance which Alexander Woollcott referred to as "completely beguiling." Following this he joined with Glenn Hunter's troupe in the real "Merton" and his career was under way. Though he met with constant objections from his father, who desired him to go to Yale, young Janney forged ahead, and his first picture break will be remembered as the young brother of Mary Pickford in "Coquette." The laugh is that now father and son have got the professor grandpa into the theatrical business, managing some of the producing projects of Russell Janney. This is pretty near the only example of the virus working back in the family tree.

ALICE WHITE is the second generation of the theater in her family. Her mother, Marian Alexander, ran away from a straight-laced family and joined a chorus. After her marriage and the birth of Alice, the ambition continued, but destiny said no—and the brave little troupier died when her daughter was a baby of three. Alice herself felt dramatic aspirations futile, but she came to Hollywood just to stick around and see what would happen. It did, and the little script girl and switchboard operator fought her way up to stardom by sheer pluck and hard work.

The mother of Lupe Velez, the fiery little cabaret entertainer who came up from Mexico City and stormed Hollywood with marked success, was just such a singing, dancing entertainer as her daughter.

Marguerite Churchill is the daughter

of a producer who owned chains of theaters including some in South America. Marguerite grew up in the atmosphere of the theater, in the Professional Children's School in New York, always with the inspiration of her maternal aunt, Charlotte Cushman, among the most famous actresses of her generation. Marguerite distinguished herself as a child in several New York productions and, at the early age of sixteen, played leading lady in "The House of Terror," in which she shrieked so charmingly that she went on into other successes. Her work in films has been under the Fox banner, her most popular to date being "They Had to See Paris" with Will Rogers. "The Valiant" shows her in a more dramatic rôle.

There is every likelihood that the children of Will Rogers will follow his career; they all have been given training in singing, dancing, riding, and in trick roping. Dorothy Stone, daughter of Fred Stone, who is such a pal of Will's, followed her father to the stage.

Leatrice Joy, who has the custody of little Leatrice Joy II, daughter of John Gilbert, feels that she will be very happy if her daughter follows a dramatic career. She says that a woman can have a much freer and fuller life on the stage than in any other walk of life. She is not hedged round with the smothering and petty atmosphere found in so many lines of work for women, and may develop her personality and carve out a most satisfactory life for herself on the stage or in films.

This seems to be the opinion of many people interrogated as to whether they would wish to see their sons and daughters follow their lifework. Nearly all feel that their children could not do better. To them the theater, the stage, the films constitute a nourishing, cherishing and encouraging mother.

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Home Town Stories of the Stars

(Continued from page 53)

in the basket would fly all over the room. He would apologize as if his stumbling had been accidental. Another favorite trick of his was to deliver a sack of eggs, and after putting them in a chair he would almost sit down on them.

"He always was mimicing people, and whenever he thought about it, recited. He was downright funny and everyone liked him, although he didn't make a success of delivering groceries."

"If 'Pete' was fat he lost the extra weight before I knew him very well." Mr. Gray had regained the floor. "He was a pretty hard nut to crack, believe me. He was extremely fond of his mother, but he wasn't a mama's boy by a long shot. Say, you should have seen him box. He always wanted to take on the big boys and he did it very neatly. I remember one day when he boxed with a fellow named Pettijohn, who was one of the greatest ends the University of Minnesota ever had. This football player was big. That didn't bother 'Pete'. He pulled on the gloves and gave Pettijohn a good wallop."

"**PETE** was a hockey player when he went to Central High School, but he wasn't a whiz. There's no use making a Jim Thorpe of him. He was just an average boy. That reminds me of 'Pete's' method of 'crashing the gate' at the Hippodrome on the Minnesota State Fair grounds where we used to skate. All of us, except 'Pete', had season tickets and we went skating every night during the winter. 'Pete' never missed a night, and he never paid a cent to skate. We'd walk in in a bunch with 'Pete' in the center. The gate keepers knew we had tickets, so would wave the mob by. They never caught the 'lame duck.'"

"Being a pretty good boxer gave 'Pete' a taste for action. He liked a rough-and-tumble fracas, and never spurned an opportunity to expend his energy in one. I remember one instance, however, which almost cooled his ardor for battle."

"It was a Saturday afternoon and the gang was fooling around the agricultural school campus. We were looking for trouble, and found it. The

college cadets were drilling in the Armory. The big double doors were open because it was warm outside. We stood around outside and watched them for a while. Then someone suggested a snowball fight. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and it was ripe for throwing. That suggestion evolved into a better one: to pelt the cadets. We made armfuls of snowballs and advanced toward the Armory. 'Pete' gave the command to fire and the barrage began. I think 'Pete' aimed at the captain's jaunty hat. His marksmanship was superb. Sock! The icy pellet whisked the hat off the captain's head and carried it clear down to the floor. Meantime, the drill-floor was pretty well snowed under. The captain made a quick decision. He commanded the company to break ranks and re-form outside.

"In less than a minute our gang was on the defensive. Two hundred and fifty cadets poured out of the Armory, and we took to our heels. They were fast and in a few minutes every one of us was being dragged or carried into the Armory. What followed was long remembered if not felt. We were made guests of honor at a "red eye" session, meaning that we were turned over barrels and lambasted with paddles. Oh boy! It didn't make any difference to those cadets whether or not we were just kids. Whew! I remember that 'Pete' said he ate dinner standing up that night. I'll bet he slept on his stomach, too. I did, and the rest of the gang followed suit. That episode took all the ginger out of us for a while, 'Pete' especially."

"**PETE** never did any acting until he was in high school. Then he did it all the time. He could entertain a crowd and he never got the stage-fright. Ask old 'Doc' Johnson. (Mr. Johnson is a veteran trolley conductor in St. Paul.) He'll remember 'Pete'."

"It was election night and the gang decided to go down town. We got on 'Doc's' car. Everyone took a seat but 'Pete'. He walked up to the conductor and took his cap. 'Doc' just stood and looked at him. Then Brimmer took 'Doc's' coat. He took off his own hat

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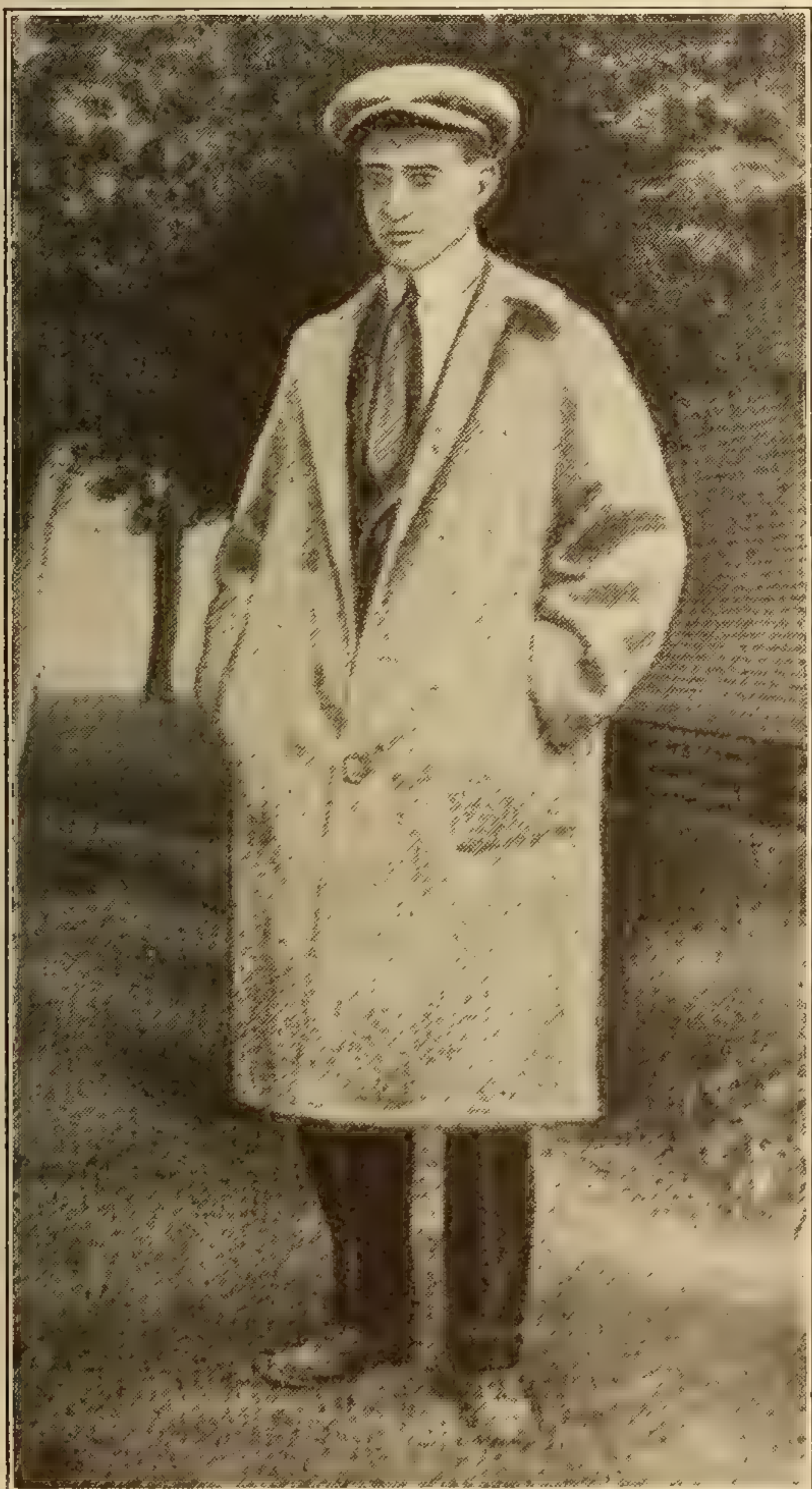
and coat and put on the conductor's uniform. Then he started down the aisle and collected the fares. He called out streets and rang the bell. I'll never forget 'Doc.' He stood there with his mouth open. Didn't say a word. The car was crowded and everybody was laughing hilariously. 'Pete' never smiled. He was all business. When he had collected fares he went back and rang them up. The trolley had traveled more than a mile before 'Pete' relinquished the conductor's cap and coat.

"We rode back home with 'Doc' that night. He told us that 'Pete' didn't make a single mistake in collecting the fares. But, he kept his weather eye on Brimmer. Just a block away from our station 'Pete' started in again. When we left the car it was a mess. 'Pete' had piled the cushions in the middle of the aisle.

"That ought to be enough to indicate what kind of a boy he was," said Mr. Gray. "And let me say this: 'Pete' Brimmer as Richard Dix is a real man. Nothing high hat about him. He is regular. Last summer he demanded that he be called 'Pete.' We wouldn't have called him anything else, for he's just plain 'Pete' Brimmer to us. We never miss his latest pictures and think he is getting better all the time."

WHEN 'Pete' entered Central High School, in 1909, he had not the slightest idea of becoming an actor. He studied expression with Helen Austin as his instructor. Within a few months he became imbued with the desire to act. Miss Austin, who still is a member of Central's faculty, coached and advised him. He was apt, and except for one or two displays of pardonable indolence, made rapid progress in his dramatic work.

Thespian Brimmer made his first stage appearance the latter part of his



Richard Dix, as he looked when he made his first trip back home after adopting the stage as a career. Doesn't look much like an actor? You never can tell.

freshman year. He was inconspicuous as the policeman in Richard Harding Davis' play "Miss Civilization." He advanced a notch in 1910, to portray a sailor in the operetta "The Mocking Bird." Even though the part appears to be insignificant, "Pete" gave it a bit of color.

In 1911, the potential film celebrity, rose to stardom. He was "Voochamba" the principal character in the operetta "The Cingalee."

"Ernest (she prefers to call him that) was very good in this part," Miss Austin recalls. "He gave a very convincing performance and became the idol of the girls. Ernest was a nice boy. He was slim and handsome. Of course, he had lots of spirit and was in his element as an entertainer. I have followed his career very closely, and I think he is a very polished actor."

Out of High School "Pete" was set on a stage career. His father harbored a perfectly natural abhorrence of the thought of his son as an actor. He spoke very frankly about it, too. "Pete" was resolute. His mother understood. She counseled him to have patience. Father Brimmer said something about Ernest going to work. "Pete's" brother, the late Dr. H. M. Brimmer, obtained employment for his brother in a wholesale house. The youngster worked for a while, but he was too much of a clown. His personality and wit demoralized the rest of the employees and he lost the job. He didn't care. "Pete" was thinking of the stage.

OVER-RIDING parental objections young Brimmer enrolled in the Northwestern Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art, in Minneapolis. He played in the school productions of "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Romeo and Juliet." He was acclaimed as a "find" by Twin Cities critics. It was during his work in the school that the episode at the musicale occurred.

The acclamation of St. Paul and Minneapolis theatergoers was the straw which broke the camel's back. Parental objections to a stage career were withdrawn. After a season with a St. Paul stock company "Pete" turned his face toward the East and Broadway. He assailed New York booking offices as Richard Dix. His first part was in "The Moth and the Flame." After this he worked for Belasco and Arthur Hopkins.

The West beckoned the rising young actor. On his way to Los Angeles to become a member of a stock company there, he stopped for a visit with his parents, who now live in his Hollywood home. He also called on his old pals, and held a few new babies. The old gang half expected to see a sophisticated and arrogant fellow in the young actor. His head hadn't enlarged a particle. Just the same "Pete" Brimmer who skipped out for New York a year before.

Less than a year later he made his motion picture debut with Helene Chadwick in "Dangerous Curves Ahead." The St. Anthony Park crowd attended the first St. Paul showing in a body. Several went back to see it a second time. A few of the girls had discovered "that silly Brimmer boy" was handsome. They never miss his latest pictures.

But, only in motion pictures can "Pete" Brimmer come back to the old home town as Richard Dix.



She'll never, never Tell

Her lovely eyes, so enchanting, so expressive...her dark luxuriant lashes, lustrous and softly curling...her delicately arched brows that form a perfect setting for her shadowy eyes...Her friends are envious admirers. They seek her secret. But she'll never, never tell...All the riches in the world could not make her eyes, her lashes and brows one bit lovelier. But for her mascara and eye shadow, for the pencil that so deftly shapes her eyebrows she comes to the 5 and 10-cent store. For there she has found cosmetics of unquestioned purity and of undoubted smartness...Heather Cosmetics are her secret.

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The Drama of Lila Lee

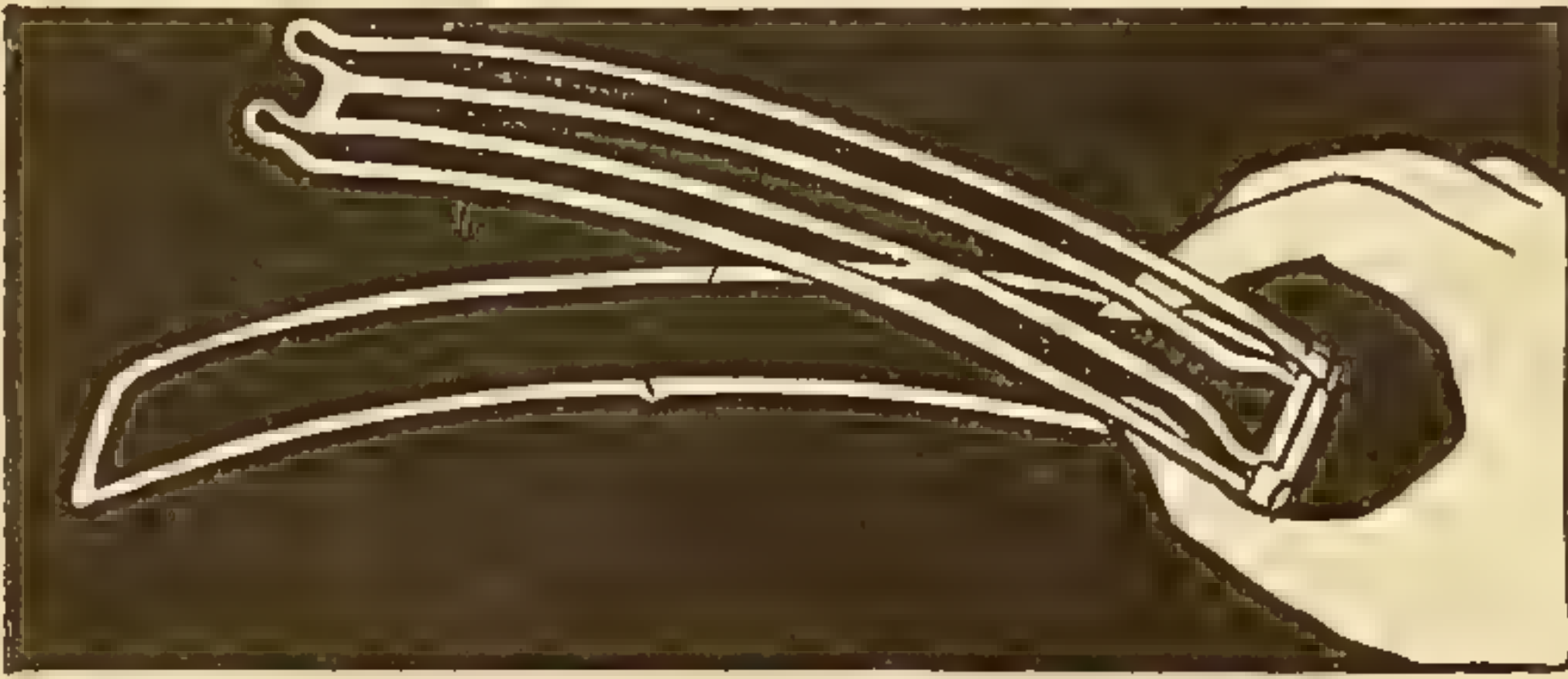
(Continued from page 30)

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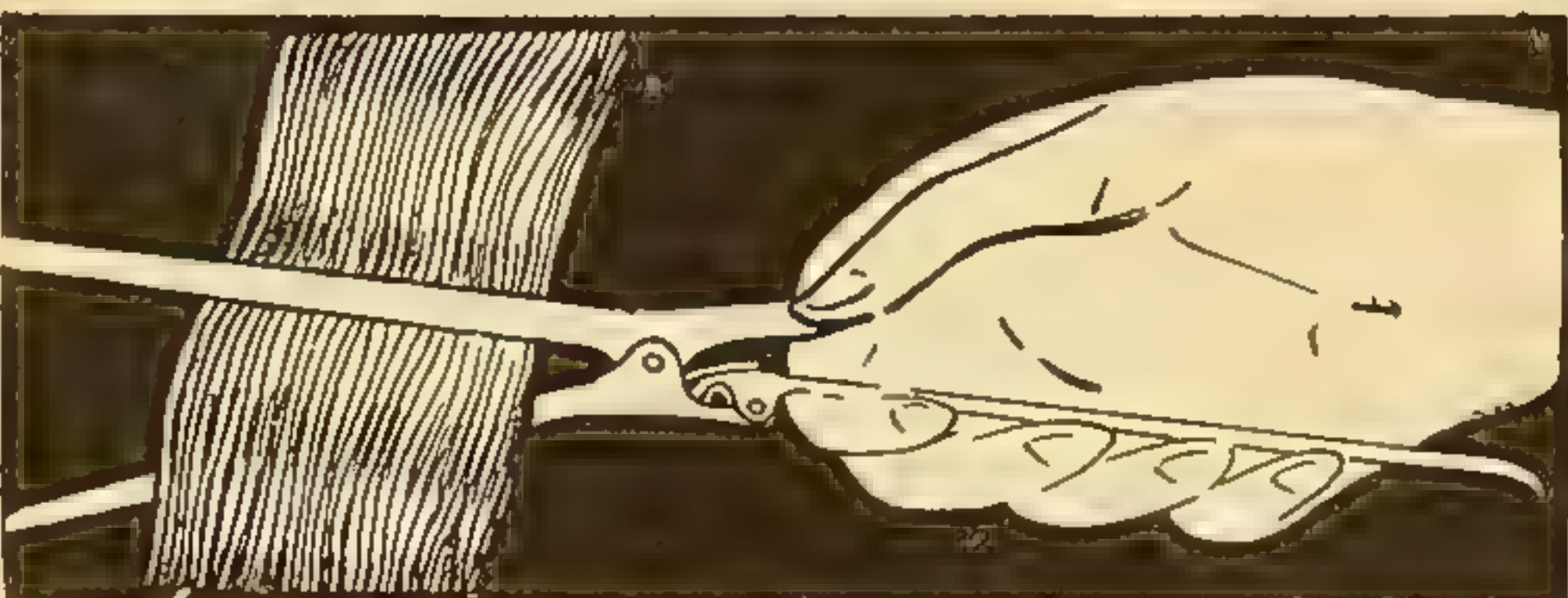


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"Let her stay in the act while we are here," said Gus Edwards.

She stayed. In those few days, two things happened which were to change her life entirely. Without either of them, she might have stayed on in Union Hill and married some young man and the American public would have missed two idols—Cuddles and Lila Lee.

Her success with audiences continued. On the third night they gave her a little business in one of the skits and she brought down the house. She was so very little, and so very solemn, and she looked exactly like a dark-haired Alice in Wonderland. From all I can find out, there never was a cuter or more lovable small child on the American stage than this one. Her appeal for audiences was like that of the child Jackie Coogan.

More important even than this, Mrs. Gus Edwards had fallen madly in love with her.

**L**ILLIAN EDWARDS was—and is—a remarkable person. No woman connected with vaudeville has ever been more deeply loved, more thoroughly respected.

Before her marriage to Edwards she had been a rich widow of definite social position. A highly educated and traveled lady, with a background somewhat different to that of her husband or most of the other people who followed the vaudeville profession. Into this new world where love had led her she brought the same graciousness and tact and sweetness which had made her popular and beloved in her own. It wasn't many years before Lillian Edwards became a tradition in vaudeville theaters—a mother confessor to many harassed girls, a friend in need to many a man.

The one great disappointment of her life was that she had no children. Always she had longed for a little girl of her own.

"Everyone always seemed to want blond babies," she told Lila once, "but I didn't. I had always dreamed of a little girl with long, black hair and a little round face."

Three days after she first saw little Gussie Appell she knew that no other child would ever take the place of the child she had never had.

"I must have her, Gus," she said, "I love her already. I'll be so good to her and make her so happy."

They put it up to Mr. and Mrs. Appell.

This story has nearly always been told wrong. Over and over it has been written how the Edwards found the tiny child in the gutter, ragged, hungry, dirty and neglected. How they adopted her and cared for her and she didn't even know who her mother and father were.

**"P**ROBABLY it would make a better story that way," says Lila Lee. "But the truth is different and very easy to prove. There are many people who know it. I believe anyone who likes me on the screen would rather have the truth—even if it isn't quite so romantic. We were not rich. Far from it. My people were—just folks. They both worked hard. But I wasn't a waif by any means. I would be grateful if you would tell it as it really happened, in justice to my mother. The other story has hurt her very much. She was always a good mother. She loved me dearly and never lost sight of me, and when in the end I needed her she came to me at once and has always stood by me. She gave me up because she thought I would be better off and have more of a future with Mrs. Edwards."

"Like everyone else who ever met Lillian Edwards, my mother adored her. She realized that she had character and money. She understood that a woman like that could do more good for me than she could. She had always dreamed that I might some day see the world, and have an education, and not have to work at hard, unpleasant things all my life as she had done.

"America hadn't fulfilled her dreams. But she thought that with such a start she might see me have what she desired for me. So she allowed me to go. But we were never wholly separated and I was never adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. My mother would not allow that."

**M**UCH of that was to come out years later in a court suit which took up many headlines and at last freed the little girl from many misunderstandings and much confusion.

Who is the most dreaded actress in Hollywood?

Whose name is poison to every film star?

Who steals every film she is in?

**MARIE DRESSLER**

Adela Rogers St. Johns tells you all about the real  
Marie Dressler in next month's **NEW MOVIE**



There was a long talk that night in the little hotel lobby after Gussie had gone to bed. The father was willing enough. If it had been a boy, that would have been a different matter. But girls were a problem for poor folks. It was a great chance for this little thing, to be taken by such fine people and trained in a business where there was much money and prestige.

But the mother was silent, her hands folded over her stomach, her fat, placid face drawn with pain and indecision. All night, after her husband had begun to snore peacefully at her side, she lay awake, thinking. In the morning, she said that the child might go.

"So, it is best for her," she told Lillian Edwards.

A LITTLE frightened, but altogether intrigued by this amazing new life, Gussie Appell left Union Hill and became a child of the theater. She wasn't quite five years old. She ceased then to be Gussie Appell. She became "Cuddles" on the billing and in everyday life.

That name, which was to be known to vaudeville audiences, in every big town and most small ones all over the United States and Canada, came into being automatically. Somehow she suggested Cuddles. Everyone wanted to



Reginald Denny, dressed as an English woodman of olden times, in the masked ball sequence of Cecil De Mille's "Madame Satan." Probably you saw Denny's many Universal comedies. Here is a histrionic departure for him.

cuddle her. And she accepted it all with childish philosophy. Too young to miss her mother and her home after the first week or two, she turned the whole love of her heart to Lillian Edwards.

For six years, Lillian Edwards was her mother in thought, word and deed. They were never apart. To this day I am sure that Lila Lee loves her foster mother better than any woman on earth. The formative years, the sensitive years when impressions are deepest, belonged to Mrs. Edwards and she built up ties that were stronger than those of blood.

"I can never forget all she did for me," Lila told me. "She was a beautiful character, unselfish and kind always. I owe her a debt I can never repay. The trouble that came later was in no way her fault and it never touched the feeling between us. She knew that I had to do what I did and she has such justice that I know she loves me still."

With the departure from Union Hill began eight years of a strange and unusual life, a life very different from the one usually followed by children.

I have never believed much in the stage as a place to bring up youngsters. The picture has often been painted blacker than it is, but at best it does something, as a rule, to rob children of that precious gift of childhood. They are too soon forced into a grown-up world. The adulation, the showing off, makes them precocious and destroys the simple sweetness too soon.

But that was not true of Cuddles. It may be that she has a naturally humble and simple nature. It may be that Mrs. Edwards counteracted the poison. But it is undoubtedly true that no stage child was ever in and yet so little of the theater as this small prima donna.

The very essence of Gus Edwards' success lay in the fact that he did not allow his children to become stagey, did not want them to act nor to show off. Always he strove for naturalness, for simplicity. If he could get them to behave on the stage like real kids, he was tickled to death. They were dressed like stage children and they never used make-up.

WHEN Lila Lee came to Hollywood to be a star in pictures for Lasky-Famous Players in 1918, she had never had a bit of make-up nor a speck of grease-paint on her face and she had been on the stage for eight years.

Twice a day she went to the theater, that is true. For six years twice a day she put on little white piqué or white organdie frocks and Mrs. Edwards tied the wide sashes about her little stomach. Then she went out on the stage and won her listeners with her little songs and skits. They didn't teach her to dance—they just allowed her to go out and dance as a kid would. Her singing was slightly off key, but it was the real kid stuff, with imitations of which the Duncan sisters later made themselves famous.

That was all Cuddles knew of the theater—those brief intervals daily of half hours.

Outside that she lived in the best hotels with Mrs. Edwards as a constant companion. When they traveled from one town to another she and Mrs. Edwards shared a drawing room. A tutor accompanied them everywhere, and Cuddles received an excellent education.

(Continued on page 122)

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# The Drama of Lila Lee

(Continued from page 121)



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GEORGIE PRICE, her partner in the act, was her playmate, almost like a brother to her, and there were a number of other children in the act. In many big cities the Edwards—especially Mrs. Edwards—knew the nicest people, and Cuddles and Georgie were allowed to visit their beautiful homes and play with their youngsters.

The theater itself was just a place to play. There she and Georgie worked out funny imitations of other acts on the bill, just as kids at home imitate their sedate elders. And she and Georgie were a very close corporation. They might turn on each other, kick, scratch, claw and bite. But let an outsider stick his nose in and they presented a united front.

Of course, there were things which happened outside the normal experience of children.

Once when they were making an unexpected tour of one-night stands through Texas, they encountered an unusual theater. The basement was the jail, the ground floor was occupied by the theater and the fire department, and the second floor was the courthouse. The police officers served as jailors, firemen, and in this emergency, as stage hands.

When Cuddles, her tender heart touched by their plight, requested that the officers allow all the men in jail to come one night and see the show, the gallant Texans complied. The entire population of the jail occupied the gallery and cheered Cuddles to the echo.

"They behaved beautifully," she told me. "I was so sorry for them. I spent all my money—and so did the other kids—giving them things to eat. We tried to let them all out before we left, but fortunately we didn't get away with it."

DURING a Southern tour when she was nine, Cuddles had her first love affair. He was twelve, the son of some old friends of Mrs. Edwards' and Cuddles thought he was the nicest boy she had ever met. While they stayed in the Southern city, the affair waxed

apace and afterwards they wrote for weeks and made plans to be married as soon as he could support her.

But one day he wrote her a letter in which he mentioned that another girl was "stuck on him." Cuddles didn't approve of that. So she never answered the letter, and she never saw him again until after she was a famous movie actress and had married James Kirkwood.

Then, being in Los Angeles, he telephoned her and went to call. But the old spark was dead. They had nothing to say to each other—and parted as quickly as possible.

There was the time, too, when Cuddles herself was arrested. That was in Rochester, New York, and after the advent of Minnie.

In 1916 Gus Edwards stopped acting himself and began to produce and direct a number of acts. So Mrs. Edwards no longer accompanied Cuddles. In her place she sent Minnie, who was afterwards to become famous in Hollywood as a fighter and a watchdog of the first water. Minnie was a big German woman, motherly, fearless, absolutely uninterested and unimpressed by anything except Cuddles. That was her weakness and woe betide anyone who crossed her trail there.

IN Rochester, as in many other places, it was necessary to get a permit from the Gary Society before a child could perform. The stage manager had procured a permit for Cuddles, but he didn't know that in Rochester there were permits and permits. Cuddles' permit allowed her to appear on the stage and talk, but it did not permit her to sing or dance.

When she came off the stage after her first number, a large and determined detective was waiting and proposed to take her forthwith to the Detention Home for Wayward Girls. But he found himself facing Minnie. He pulled Cuddles one way, and Minnie pulled her the other. Minnie won.

"You don't take her without me," said Minnie.



Paul Lukas is a screen villain with a happy home. Just to prove it, we reproduce Paul's Hollywood home, with Paul and Mrs. Lukas on the steps.



The battle was hot and heavy for some time. Minnie finally was allowed to go along. Outside the stage entrance, the detective—"I wish I could remember his name, he was so mean and cruel to me" says Lila—had the "Black Maria" waiting for this eleven-year-old child. And they took her to the Detention Home.

But it happened that Gus Edwards was in town and he got bail for her. The next morning she was to appear before the judge.

"We knew," Lila said, "that they'd keep me there a long time. So that night Mr. Edwards put on a long fur coat. I sneaked in under it behind him, and we walked out of the hotel right

under a policeman's nose. I was so little they never saw me. We got on a train and went back to New York. Mr. Edwards finally got it all fixed up."

**W**HEN Cuddles was twelve, she began to get mash notes and invitations to supper. Minnie took them all and threw them into the waste basket. She didn't realize that over the footlights Cuddles looked a slim and lovely sixteen.

But in Washington, D. C., they encountered a young man who was not to be put off. Unanswered notes, ignored invitations to this and that, did not deter him. Finally he wrote that on a certain evening he and all his fraternity brothers would be waiting at the stage door and that they intended to take Cuddles to a college dance.

True to his word, he appeared. With him were twenty other stalwart young collegians. They waited—and waited. Finally they asked the doorman for Cuddles.

"Why, she went out 'bout half an hour ago," he said, "didn't you see her? She walked right by you."

The youth protested. He considered. Finally he said—"Not—not that little brat in sox and a blue tam-o-shanter?"

"Sure," said the doorman, "that was her."

"I don't believe it," said the young man. "I thought she was putting all that on."

**I**t was in New York in 1918 that Jesse Lasky, head of the leading studio of Famous-Players-Lasky, approached Gus Edwards, with an offer to star Cuddles in pictures. He had seen her act at a big New York vaudeville house and he thought he had a great find.

They discussed terms and finally a five-year starring contract was signed by Gus Edwards as Cuddles' legal guardian. Several long sessions were held to find a name for her. And just as she had left Gussie Appell at Union Hill, when she boarded a train for Hollywood with the faithful Minnie, Cuddles was left behind.

Miss Lila Lee had come into being. Jesse Lasky had selected that name for his new star.

No girl ever came to Hollywood with such a fanfare of trumpets, such advance publicity, such predictions for instantaneous success. Lila Lee was the Great Find. Without ever having seen a camera, she was a star. Without knowing what a stick of grease-paint was for, she was to be raised to stardom. Without ever having played a rôle in her life, she was to carry an entire story and startle the world.

The beauty which had developed in this thirteen-year-old child, with her long cloud of black hair and her great dark eyes, her wonderful personality that had always swept across the footlights and fascinated audiences, had convinced the entire Famous-Players-Lasky organization that she would need no preparation.

At thirteen she was a movie star. Hollywood had been conquered without a blow.

She made one starring picture and was the biggest flop the motion picture industry has ever known.

(Next month NEW MOVIE will present the second installment of Lila Lee's life story, relating her stardom at thirteen—and its tragic consequences.)



Catherine Moylan, recently of the Follies and now of Metro-Goldwyn, enjoys a few hours at the beach. Luckily, a photographer for THE NEW MOVIE was close by.

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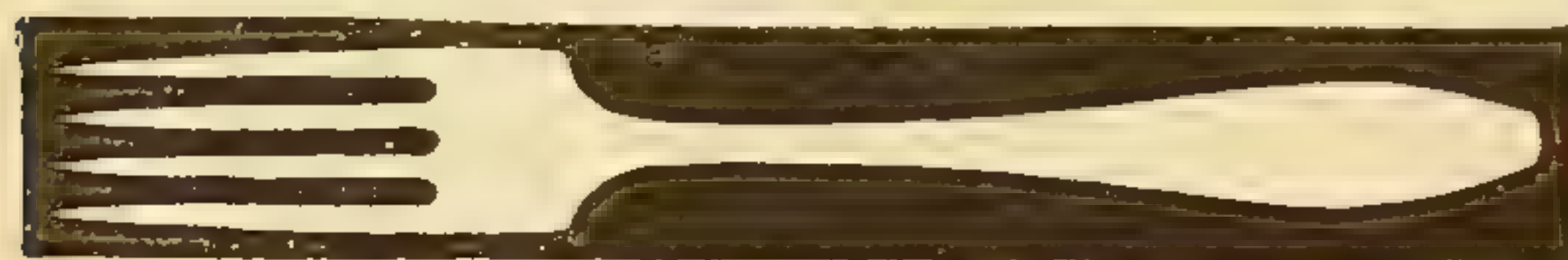
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Buy Pepto-Bismol in the 3-cornered bottle, at your druggist's. Only 50 cents—and it transforms discomfort into ease and serenity—or your money back!

# Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF  UNGUENTINE

# Hollywood's Younger Generation

(Continued from page 34)

Mabel Normand, when she first arrived in Hollywood in 1914, you were stopped by her beauty and her inescapable genius for laughter.

(Please remember now that I am talking entirely from the point of view of the screen—of making motion pictures—of talent for stardom which is really great.)

WHERE are we going to find another Gloria Swanson, who can't be downed by bad pictures, absence from the screen, competition of any kind?

There wasn't anything very polished about Gloria Swanson when she was a kid in Hollywood. But even then, she had an arresting quality, a unique appearance and personality that made your eyes follow her when she walked across a room. Somehow it seems to me now that there was more power and more courage in her awkward and untaught youth than there is in all these exquisite young creatures who photograph so beautifully.

Where among them are we going to get the versatility and elegance, the strong dramatic art, of the woman who could play "Smilin' Thru" and "Within the Law" and "Kiki" and "The Eternal Flame"? The woman who could go on year after year in any story and always give a fine performance and always delight your eye and your poetic sense? Norma Talmadge still stands on her long past record as the best all-around actress we have had on the screen. Greta Garbo has equalled, perhaps surpassed her, in execution, but it remains to be seen whether she can carry on as Norma has done.

Marion Davies, Bebe Daniels, Lillian Gish—you couldn't mistake one of them for the other.

And, when it came to daring, when it came to the bizarre, the startling, the younger generation doesn't seem to have much on Mae Murray of "The Merry Widow."

THE foreign importations, leaving out always Garbo, who is without time or nationality to me, don't reveal to me the equal of Pola Negri when she first arrived and before she was killed by rotten pictures and bad handling. What an actress, and what a person! Grant them their very best, grant them ability and beauty and a right to a certain kind of stardom, but can anyone honestly place Lupe Velez, and Lily Damita, and Dolores del Rio, and Fifi Dorsay beside Pola?

The decade just passed, the decade which ended in the creation of talking pictures has seen the definite establishment of certain great stars, who will probably hold their position on the screen, as stage actresses have held their public, from generation to generation. Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Greta Garbo, Mary Pickford, possibly Norma Shearer, seem headed for permanence such as Ethel Barrymore and Mrs. Fiske have enjoyed on the stage.

Corinne Griffith and Colleen Moore, with full lives and solid fortunes, may retire from hard work after glorious

careers. Constance Talmadge has definitely left the screen. Norma Talmadge's fate is in the balance and she knows it. If she makes a great picture of "Du Barry," she will join the group of those whose fame continues. If she doesn't, I think it is doubtful what her plans may be.

Clara Bow is also "on trial." The latest of the really great stars—or perhaps she and Garbo are contemporaries—she has all the essentials if she cares to use them. Unless it proves that the public recognizes her only as a type and not as an actress. "Type" stars never last very long. The flair dies down and they vanish. But Clara is a fine actress, if she's given a chance. It remains to be seen.

The talkies seem to have frightened Janet Gaynor, but she should survive them. Mary Nolan is the most colorful, the most beautiful, of the newcomers. If her health or her temperament don't wreck her, she may be one to reach the old great heights. Joan Crawford and Nancy Carroll are good bets—but I think they've reached their limits. Maybe not.

MORE and more, the picture is becoming the thing. Girls are selected for parts, not parts for the girls. The younger generation is fitted into the giant scheme of making good box-office pictures for the public. In the old days, the brilliant group who became the great names of screen history fitted the motion picture industry around themselves. They weren't selected by a producer to do such and such things, to fill such and such a place on the program. They shot up into public demand, and a producer began to make plans for them, and find stories to exploit them, and directors to bring out their best work. Now the director looks about for someone who "looks the part," or can sing a song, or dance a dance a certain way.

It is bound to submerge personality to some extent. It is also bound, I believe, to be satisfied with less. The picture now carries itself and the actors. Ten years ago, the star carried everything.

This won't last. From somewhere big talent will come, as Ruth Chatterton came—as Clara Bow and Garbo came—because the public can't love the best picture impersonally as much as it loves the great figures that stood out. The success of Maurice Chevalier proves that.

William Powell, Ronald Colman, Chevalier, Bancroft, prove the desire of the audiences for strong characters—definite and unmistakable characters. There is only one Colman, one Bancroft. The need for such things as were offered by stars like La Marr and Swanson, Lillian Gish and Pickford, will in the end bring outstanding girls and women forward.

But they're more apt to come from the barber shops of Sweden or the streets and tenements of Brooklyn, as came Bow and Garbo, than from the present crop—the so well-behaved and so ladylike younger generation of Hollywood.





Girls, Bill Powell has shaved off his mustache! Look above, at the left. You will see Powell, sans mustache, in "Facing the Law." At the right, the last appearance of Bill's mustache, in "The City of Silent Men." The mustache was exactly five years old at its demise.

## The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 26)

WHEN not working, which was half the time, it was his custom to telephone from his Beverly Hills mansion each day and request that certain of his employees be sent to him. If the order came late in the evening, we considered it from "the little genius," our pet name for him.

One Saturday afternoon I was called for, and upon arriving was told that I was to accompany him to dinner that night. He had suddenly grown tired of two other men and had suddenly desired my company. I saw that he was in a dark mood and, sensing tedious hours ahead, I looked about for a means of protection.

Leaving the mansion to go on an errand in Hollywood, I had the good fortune to meet Lita Grey at the studio. Knowing that if she should "accidentally" drift into the Montmartre, where I guessed we would go for dinner, that he would probably invite her to dinner and send me home, I asked her to come to the restaurant. She agreed to make it appear accidental. The plan nearly worked.

At eight o'clock that night Chaplin took me to the Montmartre. As we walked nonchalantly toward his accustomed table, he stopped suddenly. For there sat the two men of whom he was tired.

Chaplin turned about, saying "No more privacy than a shoe clerk," and walked with me out of the restaurant. We went to another café. It also was crowded.

His Japanese chauffeur followed us in the car.

Chaplin decided to go to the Ambassador Hotel.

ONCE there, we remained at the same table for over five hours. I was completely talked out.

Chaplin watched the dancers gliding about.

At last a Spanish girl began to flirt with him. My heart beat fast. If she would only come to his table, he might excuse me. I praised the girl's beauty for an hour. She danced every now and then, while the comedian's eyes followed her. Finally, in desperation, I said, "Why don't you chat with her, Charlie? She's very lovely."

And the little genius answered, "I'm not in the mood, Jim. It's lovelier just to watch her."

He took me home early in the morning.

Lita Grey arrived at the Montmartre on time. She found the two men at the table. *We had come—and gone.*

He is the greatest inarticulate ironist on earth. The petty platitudes of lesser men do not conceal from his keen eyes the great truth that life is a bitter business and that mankind does a goose step to the grave. He has the first-rate man's sense of futility.

MY ingratitude to Chaplin has long been a byword in Hollywood. It has been said that I arrived here a tramp and was befriended by film people, subsequently biting the hands that fed me. This is not true. The two men who made the early days easier for me in Hollywood were Paul Bern and Rupert Hughes. Both are still close to me. My second book was dedicated to Rupert Hughes, my last to Paul Bern.

Until this moment I have never troubled to answer any man's charges. My old grandfather used to say, "Kape your head up, Jimmy. Ye've the blood of a wind-rovin' Dane." And so through all the mêlée of words I have always smiled, and thrown another brick. If it missed, I threw another one.

"Payple respect ye more whin they're a little afraid," my grandfather used to

(Continued on page 126)



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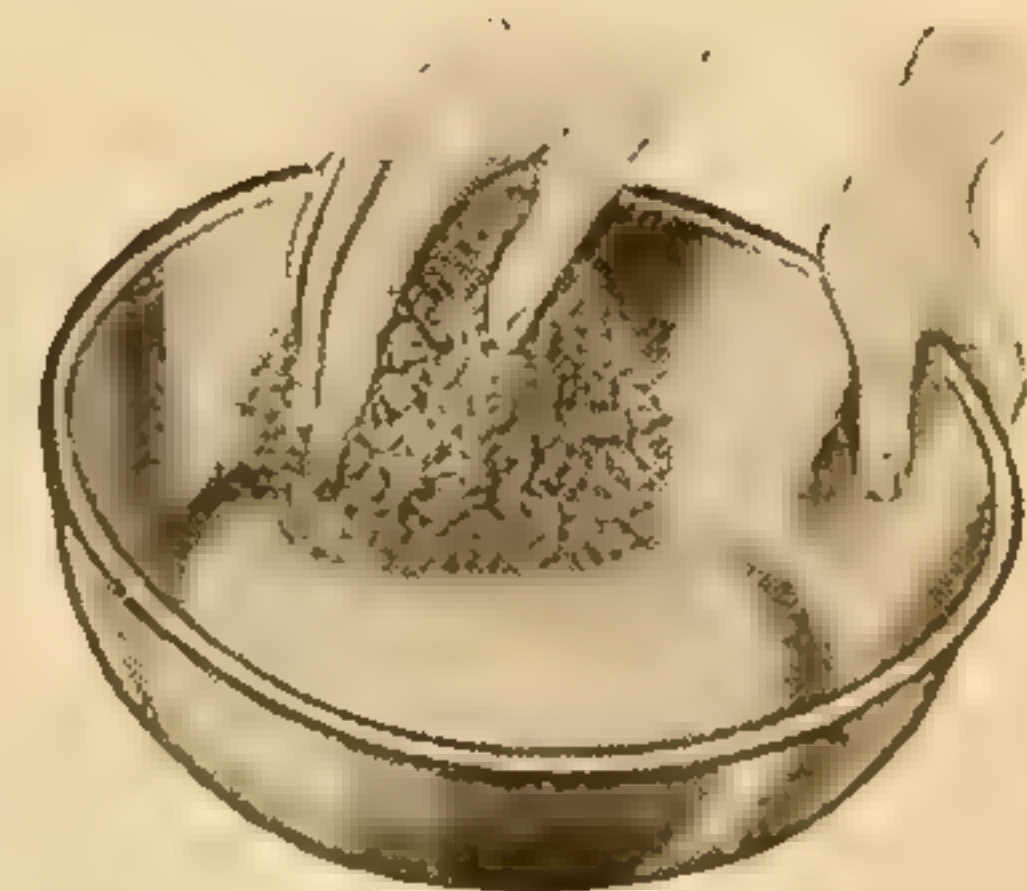
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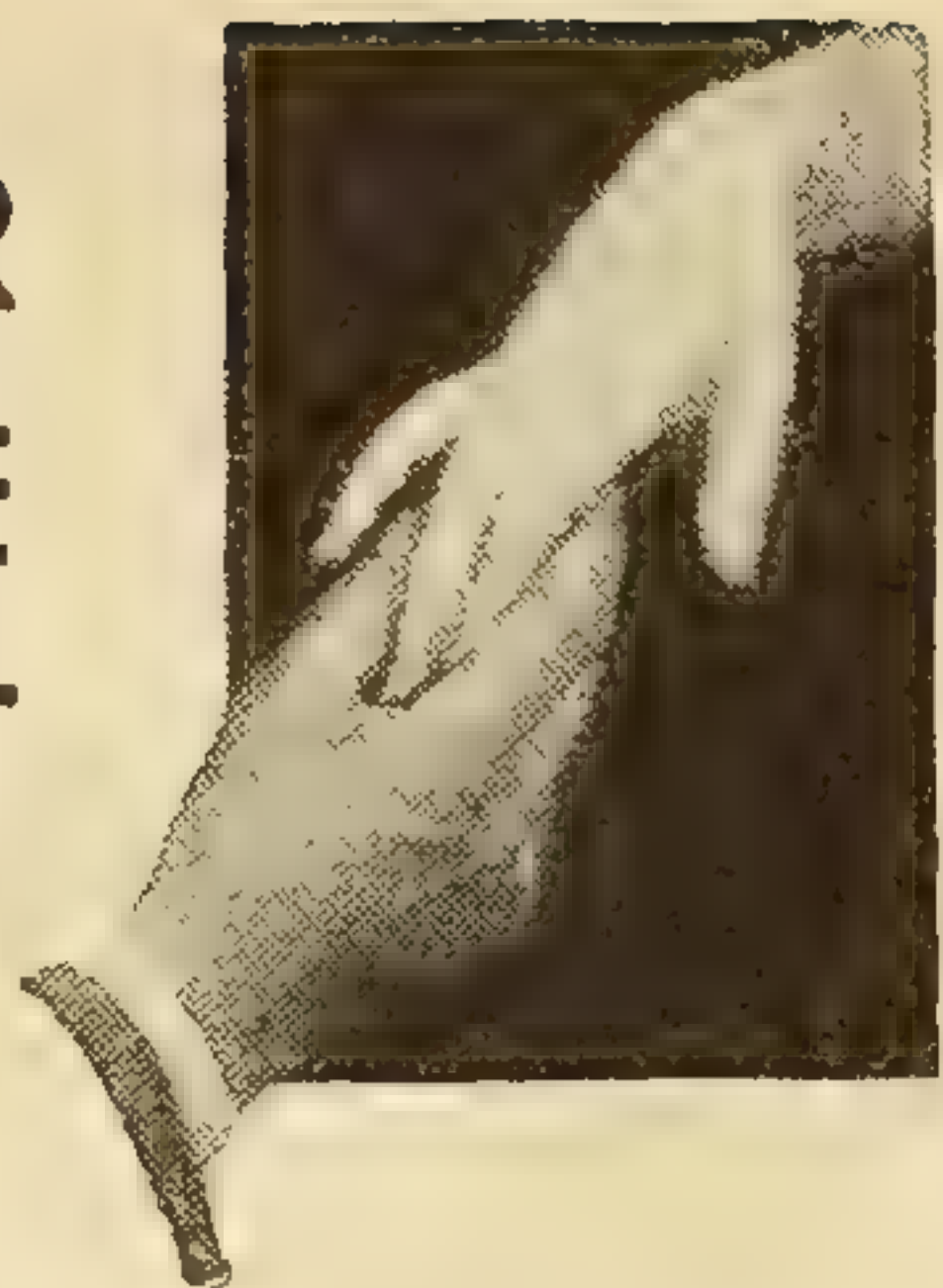


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# SUNBURN

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Captain Damico, leader of the Atlantic City Beach Patrol, says, "We have used Noxzema at our First Aid Stations for seven years. It takes all the fire and pain out immediately—prevents torturous blistering."

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# NOXZEMA

"Feel It Heal"



Ramon Novarro and his recent house guest, Grandma Baber of Oak Park, Ill. This visit followed years of fan correspondence, during which Grandma Baber adopted Novarro as a grandson. Novarro repaid her interest by showing her Hollywood as his guest.

## The Unknown Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 125)

say. He was a ditch-digging man of the world, doomed to canker out his life in the saloons of a miserable Ohio town. There was always in his big and turbulent and troubled old head a slight feeling of contempt for everything and everybody. He early inculcated in me that feeling, and begged me to try like the devil to compel life to make way for me. I obeyed the magnificent, mud-bespattered old brigand, and I put him in a book just as he was and sent him to the far corners of the world. If I whimpered in explaining myself now, he'd kick a board out of his coffin.

CHARLES CHAPLIN and I quarreled over a matter which the intervening years have taught me was my fault. I was entirely to blame. But growth is not given to Irish mortals in a day.

Long after we had separated, I was invited to the home of Frank Dazey, with whom I was writing a play.

When I arrived, Mrs. Dazey said to me, "Jim, I know you'll be a good fellow, as Charlie Chaplin is coming. Marion Davies telephoned and asked if she could bring him. I knew you would understand."

Always self-conscious in company, I wondered how I would act. The newspapers at the time were full of news concerning our quarrel.

Chaplin arrived soon afterward. He was charming as sin. Never in all his life had he been more considerate with me. In the presence of all the guests, he put his arm about me. A sublime actor, one can never be sure when he is in or out of a rôle. Cynical of most things, I still believe that he was sincere that night. If not, he was charming, which is just as well.

Later in the evening a charade was played. Charlie picked me for his side. In choosing a word, he said, "Let's pick one of four syllables." And then with pantomime and a look of deep concern, he said, "Lord, I don't know any."

The game over, many of the guests chatted in the living room. Wondering if he had changed I began to talk upon a pathological subject. Soon he drew his chair near mine and we talked for a long time. As of old his powerful mind wondered at subjects probably never to be understood.

SINCE meeting him at the Dazey home I have seen him but once.

At the time of his greatest trouble, I met him walking in the gathering dusk down Sunset Boulevard.

His cap was pulled low over his eyes. His shoulders were drooped. His hands were shoved deep in his pockets. His chin was buried on his chest.

There was no one within a block of us. My first impulse was to say, "Hello, Charlie," and put my arm about him.

I was positive that he would have welcomed me. And yet I hesitated, for some unaccountable reason.

Soon his lonely figure melted into the night. Somehow at the time he reminded me of Victor Hugo's line on Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo. That Man of Destiny was found wandering aimlessly in a field, in Hugo's words, "the mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream."

(Next month Jim Tully will describe and analyze the great comedian, Charlie Chaplin, in further detail. You doubtless read his brilliant description of the famous jester with great interest—and you will want to follow Mr. Tully's summation in next month's NEW MOVIE.)



# First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

creams which you may use both before and after the sunbath. If you get a real burn—and the skin on your arms, shoulders and face is apt to be affected first—I find that witch hazel is of great help in avoiding blisters and also in reducing the fever.

The best procedure is to apply the lotion and cream before you don your sunback suit. Then, after the sunbath, and before you dress, use some sort of cream or lotion again—first applying witch hazel if you like—and then sprinkle yourself with talcum powder. Your skin will feel fresh and cool and you will avoid any possibility of a bad burn, unless you have been too indiscreet about staying in the sun.

Many girls find it difficult to use make-up over a suntan. But the movie actresses aren't afraid of the suntan because, in the first place, they are careful to get an even tan and because the movie make-up can be applied evenly and effectively on any skin, provided that the fundamental texture is good.

However, in summer, it is good practise to use a different shade of make-up than your winter shades. If your skin is darker, you must select a deeper rouge and lipstick. The more artificial shades of rouge, which are all right for evening wear in winter, do not go with a summer complexion. Your powder, too, must be a more natural tone and the exotic shades of powder, which are effective under electric light, are naturally all wrong under the summer afternoon sun.

I HAVE not spoken of the health aspects of the sunbath. They have been too widely exploited to need any word from me. But I should remind you again, perhaps, that during your summer vacation you may store up a precious element known as Vitamin D; you may protect yourself, in the warm days, against winter colds and minor ailments. There are some persons, doctors tell me, to whom sunbaths are

dangerous. There are some malignant diseases which are not helped by the sun's rays. If you have anything seriously wrong with your health, do not take sunbaths without the doctor's consent. It is always well, just to be on the safe side, to consult a doctor before you go on a vacation.

But persons who are inclined to colds or who have weak lungs may achieve immense benefit from the sun's rays. If you are underweight or run down or nervous, you cannot find a better—nor cheaper—treatment.

ELSA K., Savannah, Ga. There is no correct length for the hair. The extreme boyish clip, however, is no longer popular nor fashionable. On the other hand, very long and heavy hair is an annoyance because it is hard to arrange to fit under the close hats. The best bob is neither too long nor too short, but should fall softly about your head. As for long hair, most girls are content with arranging it in a knot placed low on the back of the neck.

MRS. I. J. T., East Orange, N. J. With your hair and eyes you ought to wear greens—blue greens—rose, brown and warm tans. You should avoid harsh blues, black and gray.

MARY OF MANHATTAN. White is always pretty for a summer evening dress and is especially becoming to young girls. Moreover, you are not apt to tire of it, and it is less conspicuous than extreme colors. You are rather young to wear spangles, but you may have a touch of glittering trimming about the neckline or a few beads sprinkled on the skirt.

H. I. N., San Francisco, Calif. Vaseline is the best thing to grow eyebrows. Apply a little every night and brush your brows with a small brush. If you are worried about your light brows, you might use an eyebrow pencil—a light brown one—to line your brows.

## THE NEW MOVIE Next Month Offers:

GARY COOPER, a remarkable character study by DICK HYLAND.

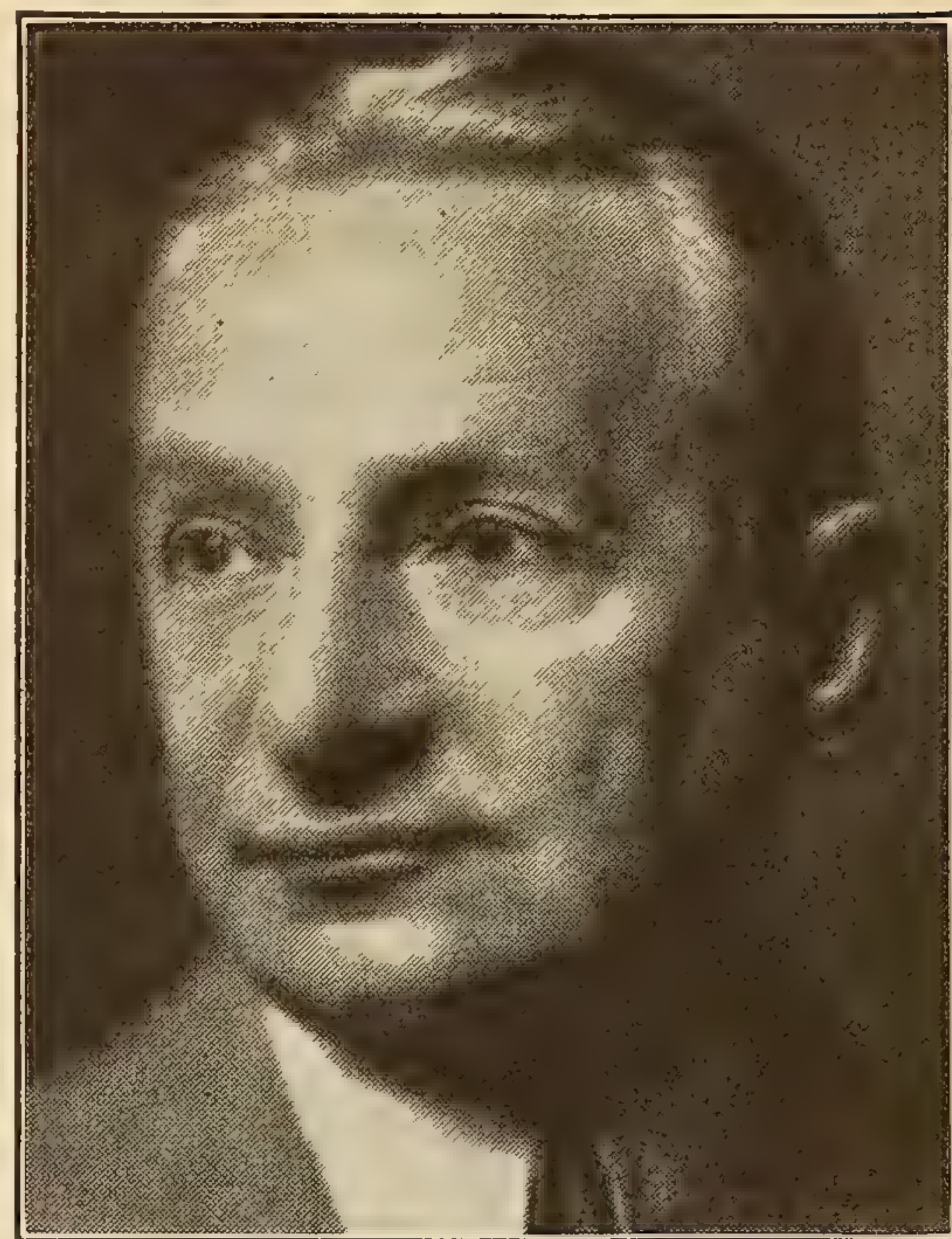
THE HIGH HAT GIRL OF HOLLYWOOD, depicting one of the striking personalities of the movie colony, by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

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THE NEWEST IN FASHIONS, posed especially for NEW MOVIE by the leading stars.

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whose "glorification of the American girl" has received international recognition, says:

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The glory of lustrous hair may be yours through the use of Hennafoam, the shampoo that contains a pinch of henna. Buy a bottle at the nearest druggist or get large trial size at most Woolworth Stores. The Hennafoam Corporation.

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# The Penalty of Beauty

(Continued from page 51)

## FRECKLES



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After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream, you will find that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It's seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these unsightly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove every last freckle and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

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called for any acting. They did not want Fay Lanphier in that picture. They wanted 'Miss America.' It was the first time I ran into that.

"I wonder if you know what it means to be wanted not for yourself? How it feels to know that people are interested in you not because you are you, but because you are something? Perhaps, if that something is a real accomplishment on your part, you can take pride in it and so feel all right. But I couldn't.

"I WAS 'Miss America' only by accident, by a condition not of my doing. I did not build myself. I just happened to be like I am. Or was." She corrected herself and smiled across the luncheon table. And there was no apology for her extra weight in that smile and those quizzical, lifted eyebrows. I asked her how she happened to get into her first beauty contest, an affair in Oakland, California, sponsored by Paul Ash, who was then playing in a local motion picture theater.

"It was just a shot in the dark," she replied. "I had no hope of winning. I merely wanted to do something, anything, to better myself. I was in a rut and knew it.

"I got second in that contest; which was far better than I thought I would get but not good enough to be sent to Santa Cruz for the state-wide contest. So I entered another one in San Francisco which started the day after the Oakland one closed. And they sent me to Santa Cruz.

"Then the trouble began.

"I looked over that group of girls—the pick of the entire state of California—and the old inferiority complex came to the top. I knew darn well I had no business being there among those beauties. I did not rate it. I was just Fay Lanphier.

"When the time came for me to walk out upon the stage and be judged I could not do it. I got stuck in the wings. My legs just would not function; would not carry me. I was scared stiff and showed it. I know I had gooseflesh all over me.

"THE man who had put on the San Francisco contest was standing in the wings with me. He was talking to me, but I could hardly hear what he was saying. Finally he gave me a push which sent me out onto the stage and yelled into my ear as he did, 'Smile all the time, Fay. And KEEP MOVING! Don't stand still out there. SMILE, do you hear?'

"There seemed to be a million people in that audience, and all I could think of was to smile and keep moving. I did. I smiled and smiled, and moved around and around. And for some unknown reason the audience suddenly burst into a roar of applause.

"I won that contest and they sent me to Atlantic City.

"But before I went I had the best time I have ever had from any of the contests or any of the glory gained

from them. I realize that now. I went on a clothes orgy. Buying a complete outfit—lovely evening dresses, filmy afternoon frocks, traveling suits, everything. It was the first time in my life I had been near such clothes and believe me it was fun. And I did not have to pay for a single stitch of them. The contest people paid for them all.

"I did not win at Atlantic City that year, but I stayed in the contest long enough so that they recognized me when I came back the following year, 1925. And I think that helped me win it. Anyway, I did.

"Then trouble came in earnest.

"Long months of going here and there. Stage appearances. That terrible flop in pictures. Style shows. Dances. Rush, worry and fear.

"Rush, because if you were late or did not put in an appearance when asked—no matter how many places—people would be mad and say you were high-hat. Worry because no matter where I went I was continually on parade. Fear because I was afraid people would be disappointed in me. I was 'Miss America.' Judged to be the most beautiful girl in the United States, which I never felt I was. And I was always afraid people would agree with me too much.

"I DON'T think—unless you have actually had it happen to you—that you can possibly know what it means to be continually on exhibition. Never to be able to go into a restaurant without having everyone stare at you as you eat; never to be able to go to a dance without having every woman in the place size you up and every man look you over with a critical eye; never to be able to go to one place from another without a fanfare of publicity."

Fay Lanphier's eyes seemed to be focused upon something at a great distance as she spoke. She remained silent for a moment. Then she gave a little laugh.

"I thought those things would be perfect—once," she said. "But not after I had them. I don't think any normal girl would."

So she gave them up. Willingly. Gladly. Despite the fact that with the physical heritage that is hers she could have remained "Miss America" or very close to that august person for many years, basking in the spotlight of masculine admiration and feminine envy which is always given the girl who is handed the wreath as America's "most beautiful."

"In one way," Fay Lanphier said, "it was as great a struggle to give up being a beauty as it was a relief. It is not easy to do something you know will cause you to be talked about—and not in any complimentary way. Because I was 'Miss America' people expect me to be beautiful. When I am not they talk—I've heard them.

"Why look at the size of her, my dear! She weighs a ton!" I overheard that sweet remark in a dressing room the other day. Well, I am heavy and

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Our representatives on the scenes in the movie capitol flash the latest news for each new issue. Our own photographers, too, send us special poses of the stars and exclusive views of their homes.

The most famous writers on screen activities and personalities con-tribute to The New Movie by ex-clusive arrangement.

It goes on sale in Wool-  
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THE  
NEW MOVIE  
MAGAZINE

I don't care who knows it. Because with that weight I have put on—nearly thirty pounds—has come great relief. I am no longer 'Miss America.' No longer competing for beauty prizes. No longer worrying about whether I am looking just right. I'm no longer in the race.

"I'm just Fay Lanphier again—and happy."

She told me that she was really too heavy. But that for a while she en-joyed being that way. "For the same reason, I suppose," she said, "that a person dying of thirst would overdrink when he first got at a tank full of water." She weighs 157 now. She tipped the scales at 128 when she was "Miss America." She is a tall girl, and even the additional weight cannot hide the fact that she is proportioned along the lines so admired by the ancient Greek sculptors. She said ten or twelve of those pounds were coming off. Not because she cares how she looks, but merely because she thinks them too much to carry during the heat of the summer.

"I'm through working my head off for the sake of my appearance. You'll never catch me getting the same ail-ments some of the girls who win beauty contests work themselves into. Fif-teen pounds overweight is more healthy than ten pounds underweight. So that is that. If they want me for the stage as I am, all right. If not, that is all right, too. Work is all I want now. Being 'Miss America' has been a won-derful experience. It has given me a background I could not have gained otherwise. Now that it is behind me I am glad I did it. But I do not want to do it again."

I LOOKED at this girl and wondered. Here she was in a studio lunch-room. She was one of a hundred ste-nographers on the lot. Fay Lanphier, who had been judged the most beautiful girl in America. She was attractive—very—yet. But a great part of that at-tractiveness was her perfect ease of manner, her restfulness, her joy of liv-ing. She ate what she wanted and how she wanted. She had not a care or re-gard about whether or not strangers were looking at her. She was herself, completely relaxed.

And then I looked around that lunch-room. Here and there was a star. Among their own kind, in a studio noon hour, they could relax if ever. Some of them looked as if they were. But not one of them had the carefree ease of manner possessed by Fay Lan-phier. Each and every one of them was conscious, perhaps but subcon-scious, that someone they did not know was looking at them, judging them; and no one being judged on sight by a stranger can be relaxed or completely natural.

Thinking over what I had just been told by Fay Lanphier about the worry and fear which go hand in hand with such a situation, I wondered if the large salaries given some of the motion pic-ture stars made up for that being con-tinually on parade, that curse of never being able to relax in public.

I—well, no matter what I thought about it. We can have one definite answer. Fay Lanphier, having had the glory, the additional dollars which go with the spotlight of fame, has decided that the prize is not worth the game. She desires not to be "Miss America"; she wants to be plain Fay Lanphier. Who can say she is wrong?

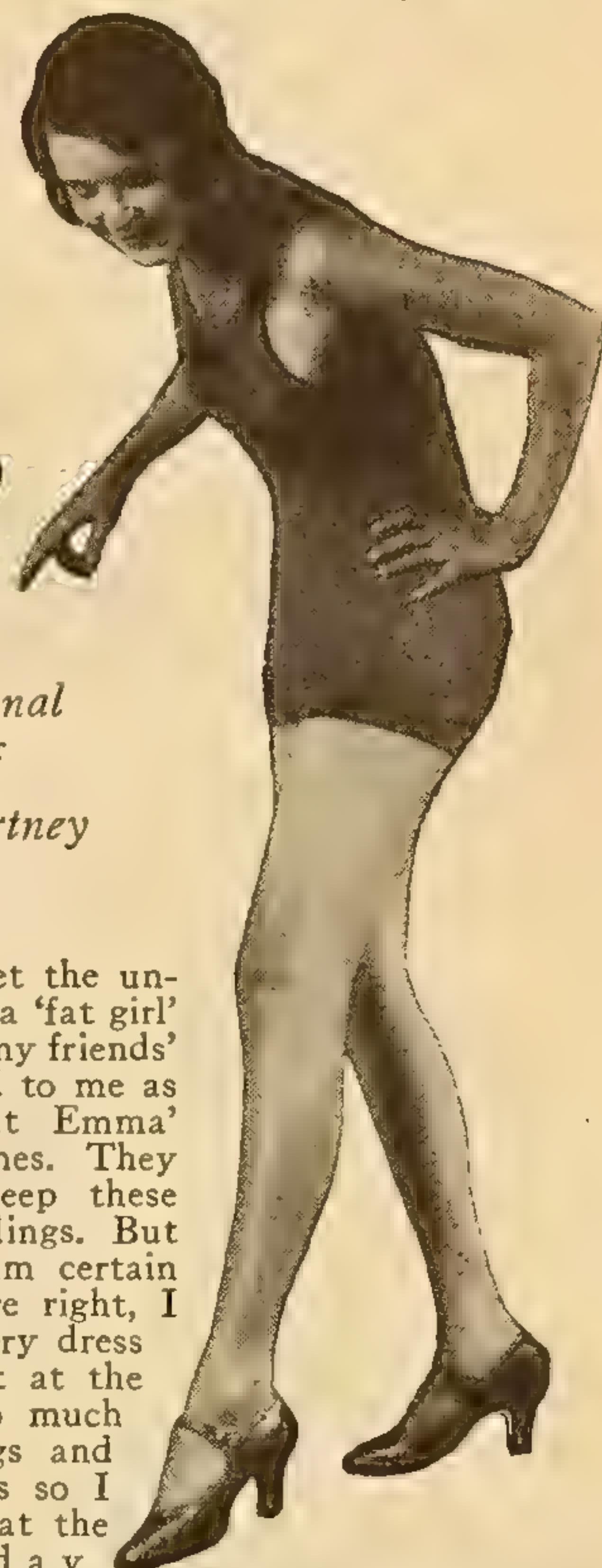
# They Used to Call

Me

"FAT

EMMA"

The Personal  
Story of  
Emma Courtney



"I will never forget the un-happy days when as a 'fat girl' I was the butt of all my friends' jokes. They referred to me as 'heavyweight,' 'Fat Emma' and other odious names. They never knew how deep these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right, I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for 'fatties'."

"I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was des-perate and didn't know what to do."

"Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Keller-mann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful,' and a lovely personal letter explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youth-ful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living."

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Annette Kellermann, Suite 856  
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Dear Miss Kellermann:

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Lillian and Anne Roth came together professionally for the first time in several years during the making of Cecil De Mille's "Madame Satan." For years the popular Roth Sisters played successfully in vaudeville. Then Lillian scored in pictures and the two trod separate paths.

## Up From Poverty Row

(Continued from page 67)

IF anything, she was more beautiful off the dance floor than she was on it. It was hard for us to believe that possible, but it was true. And we found further that Dorothy Valergo was a darned fine kid. As fine a kid as Dorothy Revier was to look at.

She was a native daughter, born in San Francisco and educated there and in Oakland, across the Bay. She had just finished high school and turned to dancing as naturally as a duckling turns to water. Her father had been a musician, her aunt, Ida Valergo, an opera singer. Dorothy Valergo, half English, half Italian, had heard music in her house from the day she was old enough to listen. And from the time she could first toddle she had danced to that music. Little, childish things at first. Meaningless except that they showed a desire for the expression which flowed naturally into a dance. Later came actual training. Russian and Italian ballet, aesthetic, eccentric.

The Dorothy Valergo we knew then had no thought of Hollywood. In fact

she had little thought of the future at all. She—had she thought about it at all—might have pictured herself a famous dancer. But the mere joy of living concerned her most. I rather think we were all that way at that age. But sooner or later we pick ourselves a course, or have it picked for us, and things begin to happen. They did to Dorothy Revier.

A MAN named Harry Cohn saw her dancing, talked to her, and signed her name to a contract. Dorothy Revier was to go to Hollywood and become a motion picture star. Cohn had said so and there was the contract. For a time after that Harry Cohn appeared to have been an Evil One. For he took Dorothy Revier from her dancing, took her from home and the beautiful surroundings of Tait's.

And brought her to Poverty Row. Hollywood has a glamor, justly earned. It spends money like a drunken sailor, it revels in exhibitions of gorgeousness never rivaled by the kings

## Who is the High Hat Girl of Hollywood?

Adela Rogers St. Johns will tell you all about her in an early issue of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.



of France at Versailles and Fontainebleau. Hollywood has automobiles twenty-two feet long, Hollywood has butlers and chauffeurs and maids. This was the way Dorothy pictured it all. She thought and dreamed that she was to become a part of it.

Any girl, starting out for the Hollywood she had imagined and finding herself on Poverty Row, can be excused for appearing stunned. Dorothy Revier was, those first few months.

The saving of pennies where she had thought—any girl would—she was coming to the grandeur of Hollywood—it was a shock. But she did not quit, nor did she tear up her contract and return to her dancing. Having started, she stuck.

During the days that followed, Dorothy Revier was Poverty Row's one constant figure before the camera. Other newcomers broke in, became disgusted and departed; former stars, great names rapidly sliding to obscurity, came to the Row for work which would enable them to eat. They, too, quickly passed; Dorothy Revier—remember where we saw her first in all her loveliness—spent two unrecognized years in this atmosphere of cheapness and squalor.

AT the end of that time she was the undisputed Queen of Poverty Row.

But she was a queen without a name. Hollywood did not know her, although Hollywood knows many people. The public did not know her, although every time they saw her picture they remembered her as the pretty girl they had seen somewhere, sometime, before. Hollywood did not know her because Hollywood considered it not the thing to do—to know anyone on Poverty Row. The public did not know her because publicity, that intangible, valuable commodity which makes so many names great, was a thing unknown on the Row. The Row had barely enough money to make pictures, much less exploit actors and actresses.

Dorothy Revier lived quietly alone, as, being that sort of a person, she preferred. If she has a hobby, which she denies, it is music. A thing easily understood when you remember that Dorothy Revier is a Valergo. At times she would have a few people in for an evening of singing. For the most part, however, all she did was work. All any one on Poverty Row did was work. Work made up for the handicap of lack of money.

One night a big-time producer, seeing one of his pictures previewed in a small neighborhood theater, caught a glimpse of Dorothy Revier on the silver screen during the picture which preceded his. He asked who she was; told his secretary to get her to come to his studio. Dorothy Revier came. The next day Harry Cohn, very wisely as is his wont, had given his permission for her to play in one of the big producer's pictures.

It was the start up. Dorothy Revier, brought to the attention of the larger studios, worked twenty-one weeks out of the nine months off Poverty Row—at a thousand dollars a week. Big money for a player under contract to a Poverty Row producer.

THEN the talkies descended upon Hollywood and turned the industry upside down over night.

When the uproar had quieted a bit, Dorothy Revier found that she had come to the end of her reign as Queen of Poverty Row. She had graduated.

Harry Cohn pictures were no longer made on Poverty Row. Columbia Pictures (Harry Cohn's company) had a schedule as long and as impressive as any studio's. Players were borrowed from First National, Paramount, and M-G-M. just as those studios borrowed from each other. Money is needed for that. Columbia Pictures now had money and having it they were no longer on Poverty Row.

Harry Cohn was as happy as a baby with a new rattle when the talkies appeared. He knew that all of Hollywood had suddenly been put upon one level. No one knew anything about talking pictures.

"Work," he said, "work is the thing now. And Columbia Pictures will get a break there because I can and will work harder than any of the big or little."

Columbia's list of stars and productions today proves the wisdom of that statement of Cohn's. Columbia is far from Poverty Row today. Its rise, made possible by Harry Cohn, is one of the romances of modern Hollywood.

And, coupled with it is Dorothy Revier.

THOSE long years of work, work, work. Those hard months on Poverty Row are telling now. Dorothy Revier knows what it means to work, and does. Temperament is foreign to her. Which double reason is partially responsible for the fact that producers are breaking their necks today trying to get Dorothy Revier into their pictures.

Dorothy Revier is not a star. She says she does not particularly want to be. "It's more fun to just work," she told me.

It is strictly in character for Dorothy Revier to have been married for a full year before anyone knew it. To Charlie Johnson, a Los Angeles business man.

And—looking at her beauty—it is also in character for her to be following in the footsteps of the immortal Barbara La Marr.

Barbara had little fame in Hollywood until Doug Fairbanks, after scouring the town, cast her as Milady in "The Three Musketeers." Then she started the rise which, after a time of schooling, flashed her across the screen as the most beautiful woman in Hollywood.

DOROTHY REVIER, although she had been in Hollywood two years, was very, very little known until that same Doug Fairbanks started to make the sequel to "The Three Musketeers," "The Iron Mask." And then he started another search, because Barbara was dead and he needed a Milady.

Stars submitted to tests they would have scorned for any other man than Fairbanks, extras hung about his studio hoping, hoping, that he would see them as he had the great Barbara. Production was held up. Doug would not start until he had the one person he was seeking.

He finally found Dorothy Revier.

I know I could have saved Doug a lot of trouble had he asked me who to get to play the part. Because I would have thought at once of the beautiful vision who floated out onto the floor at Tait's, who came to Hollywood and buried herself in the drabness of Poverty Row for those hope-killing years, who survived those years and has emerged one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood.

And I'm telling you now. Keep an eye on the kid. She has only just started.

## SOOTHES EYES AFTER SPORTS



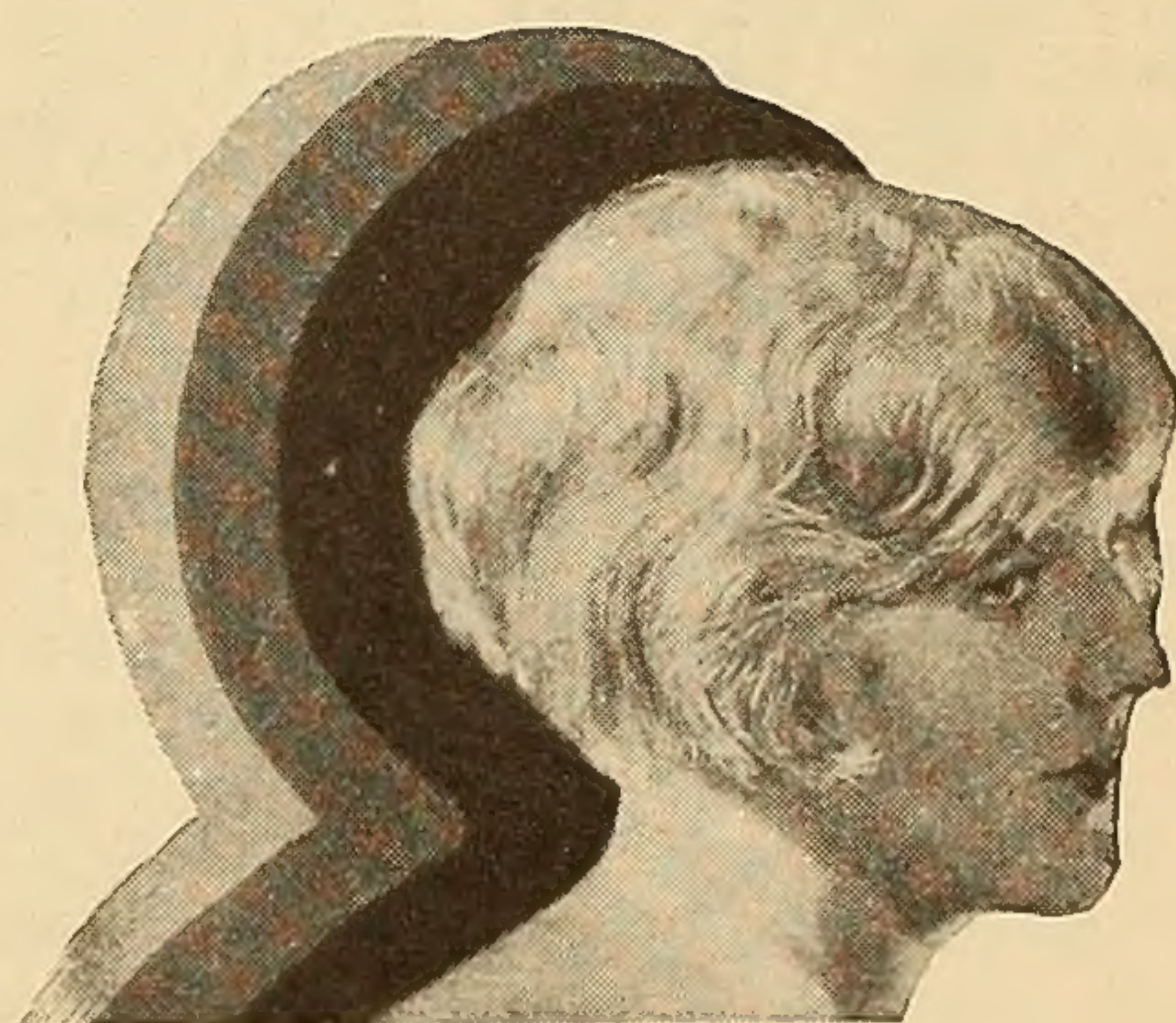
Why suffer with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes after tennis, golf, motoring and other outdoor activities? It's needless when a few drops of harmless *Murine* will instantly end the irritation and soon make your eyes clear and fresh again.

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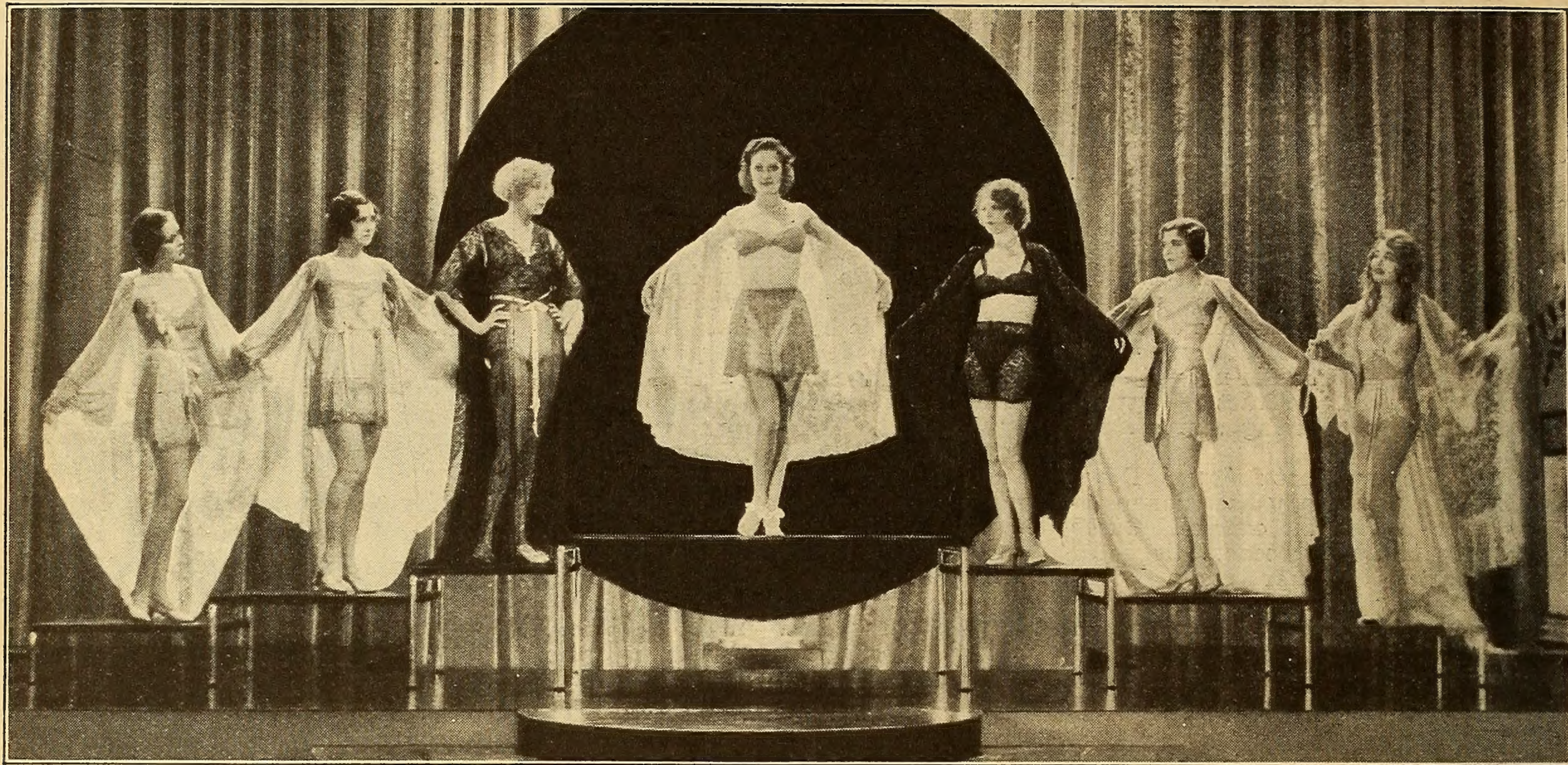
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Bridal trousseaux as they are revealed in "Our Blushing Brides," Joan Crawford's newest starring vehicle. Joan may be glimpsed in the center of the group. Also present are Gwen Lee, Mary Doran and Catherine Moylan.

# We Have With Us Tonight

(Continued from page 57)

**LEW AYRES:** Friends, I will now introduce the youngest and shyest guest of the evening—LEW AYRES himself.

Lew Ayres appeared in public for the first time at 2927 West 44th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the date, if you wish to make a note of it, was December 28, 1908.

Lewis Ayres was his name, his father also being Lewis Ayres, but when he started to school he changed it to "Lew" Ayres because the other boys at school called him "Loose Airs," and so that's how it all came about.

When he was ten years old he picked up and moved to San Diego, California, and was soon in high school. Up to this time he had been regarded as normal in every way, and then it was noticed he was acting queerly. A few days later it was discovered what was the matter—he wanted to become a banjo player.

His mother was a proud woman, and bore up bravely and heroically, although goodness knows a canker must have been eating at her heart.

After graduating from the San Diego High School, he went to the University of Arizona and played the banjo, in spite of all that could be done, and while the tears rolled down his mother's face.

The itch to get into pictures began to gnaw at Lew, and packing up his banjo he came to Hollywood and got a job playing in the orchestra at a café where the movie people go.

He was seen, was given his chance, and now managers knock each other down in the street to get his signature.

Girls, I have good news for you. He is not married, and lives alone in an apartment in Hollywood. He is easy to cook for, and does not throw cigarette ashes on the floor. Send telegrams prepaid.

**NORMA SHEARER:** My friends and fellow banqueters, you no doubt have given a great deal of thought to the question of what becomes of all the pretty girls who have danced with the Prince of Wales. Well, the answer is before us tonight as we gather around this table.

*They grow up and become great movie stars. Or, at least, one of them did.*

I refer, of course, to Norma Shearer, who once made the Prince of Wales think Canada was the finest country in the world.

Norma Shearer made her bow to the public at 507 Grosvenor Avenue, Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904.

And this is her real name, for Norma is not one of those persons who thinks she has to go to a solemn looking lady in a turban and have her name changed in order to succeed.

Norma remained quietly at home, living on a liquid diet, and going out but little and then usually on a pillow. But at last she grew up, as girls in Canada will.

It was when she was a student in the Westmount High School that she danced with the Prince of Wales.

After a time, Norma crossed the Wine and Liquor Line and came down to New York. Slim pickings at first, with most of her housekeeping done out of a paper bag, but at last somebody with sense saw her and put a blank contract in front of her and turned his back.

Her theme song then was, "Goodbye, Broadway—Hollywood, Here I Come."

Now comes the bad news, boys. She belongs to another man, the sad day having been September 29, 1927. The lucky dog is Irving G. Thalberg, a big shot at the M-G-M studios. It would be just like him to live to be a hundred. Otherwise, hooray for Norma.

So when you think of Norma, think of a Canadian girl who danced with the Prince of Wales, and who now walks at the top of her profession.

**RAMON NOVARRO:** Girls, this ought to be a wonderful evening for you, as we have with us tonight two bachelors—all rich, all handsome and all willin'. The other is RAMON NOVARRO.

Look on him as he sits there so nervously playing with his knife and you will see an unusual person—a Mexican movie star who has never pretended he was Spanish. Hollywood is full of noble and aristocratic Spaniards—from Tia Juana and points south. Another queer thing about him is that his father didn't have a ranch of a million acres. So rest your eyes on him—he's one in a million.

His first appearance as Ramon Gil Sameniegos, on the stage of life was at Durango, Mexico, and the date of his premiere was February 6, 1900.

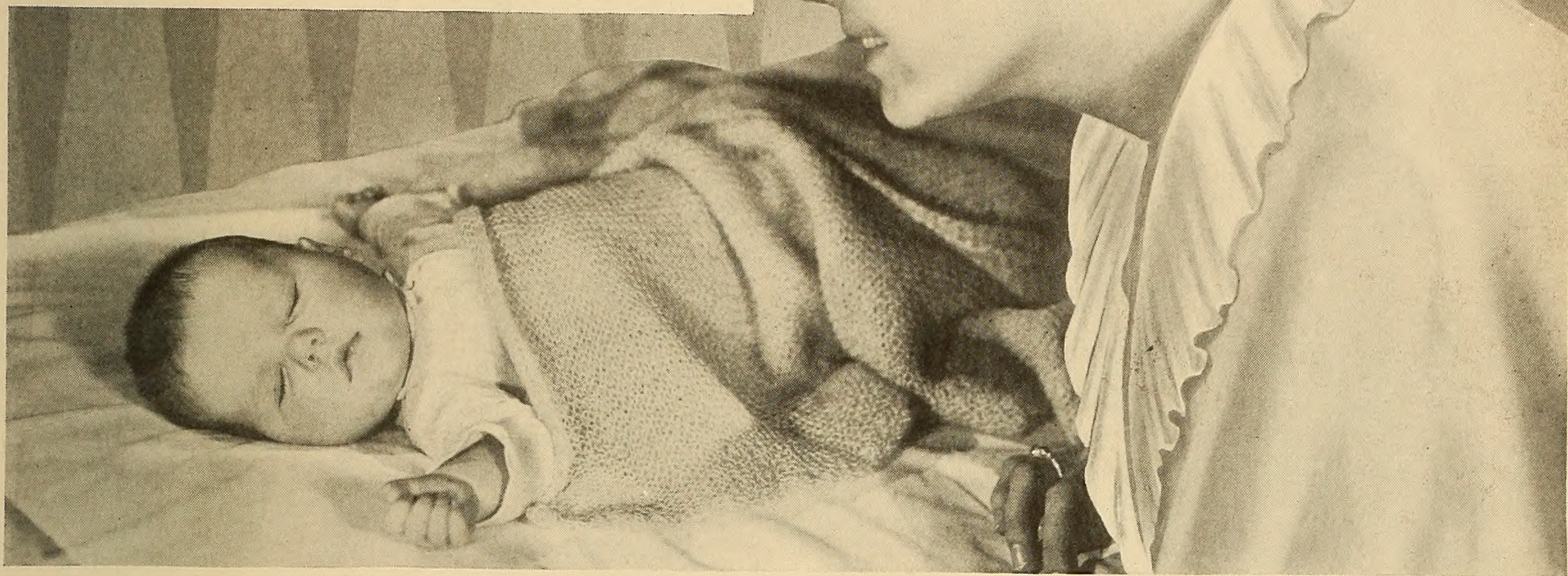
The 3999th revolution came along in Mexico, and the Sameniegoses, or however it is, had to clear out. Ramon went to El Paso and then drifted into Hollywood. Hollywood did not welcome him with open arms. While in Mexico Ramon had developed the habit of eating and this clung to him after he arrived in Hollywood. Finally he got a job in a restaurant, singing "Poor Butterfly." He could have put more feeling into "Poor Tummy."

And now he has a French valet!

Also in his house, where he lives with his mother and other members of his family, he has a private theater with ushers. But he doesn't live in Hollywood, where most of the movie stars live, but in Los Angeles like the rest of Southern California, and the exact address, girls, is 2263 West 22nd St. Good luck, girls!



# A LITTLE KISS EACH MORNING



*but... be sure your  
mouth is sweet and  
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"UNCLEAN TASTE"...did your mouth have it this morning? No one is safe from it, except perhaps in babyhood. Brushing your teeth won't remove it. It's most disagreeable, but there's an agreeable way to end it. A quick mouth-rinse of GLYCO-Thymoline is the certain, pleasant way to mouth freshness.

GLYCO-Thymoline is soothing, non-irritating and effective and because it is an *alkaline* solution it helps to restore normal taste to the mouth.

GLYCO-Thymoline is *different*. Do not confuse it with highly flavored mouth washes that merely replace one

taste with another. Neither should you use harsh, stinging solutions upon the tender membranes and glands of your mouth. Do not irritate or attempt to spur them into action...but let GLYCO-Thymoline help them function pleasantly, naturally, normally. As safe to use in baby's tender mouth as in your own.

For these reasons alone GLYCO-Thymoline earns a place in every bathroom cabinet. But GLYCO-Thymoline has other and equally important uses. It quickly relieves soreness...that dry, tickling feeling in the throat. It keeps the voice clear and normal...free from huskiness.

Physicians and Dentists have prescribed GLYCO-Thymoline for over 30 years. *They will tell you your mouth wash should be alkaline!* Use it daily when you brush your teeth. At all Druggists. Kress & Owen Co., New York



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THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"  
(*Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844*)

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